

Futureheads, The

"The Baron"

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So here we are, queuing on the street
The ground keeps sticking to your feet, it's early.
The queue is a thousand strong
The town is closing down
Businesses are turning to the shadows
As the shutters go down

I hate to say I could be sold
The shutters I was leaving here
Nice to meet you, on your way

I'm gladly watching the walls come tumbling down
What you pulling out your hair for?
Let's dance as it hits the floor. (x2)

Every few decades the plans tend to go astray
The blue is turning to the grey, it's the end of the
headache
Everybody is at home, and the streets are alone
The only sound is papers that are blown
By the winds from the sea

I hate to say I could be sold
The shutters I was leaving here
Nice to meet you, but on your way

I'm gladly watching the walls come tumbling down
What you pulling out your hair for?
Let's dance as it hits the floor. (x2)

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