

Thomas D. "White City"

Visit "[White City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Keith was the sole inhabitant
Keith was the sold inhabitant
Keith woke beside the fountain
From his dreams of china mountains
Far from the chatter of these autobanks
That keep chucking up money!
It turned into the kind of joke
That Keith feels isn't that funny

The White City
The White City

Keith talked in alphanumerals
Keith talked in alphanumerals
Keith built a drug cathedral
Shape of an octahedron
Where he could hide from young Orwellians
Who would trample their brothers!
A thin white powder film on everything
But soot is the colour

Of the White City
The White City
The White City

So - are you happy
With this vision you've created
Should have known you'd never rest
Til we're all incinerated
And you know you are the best

The White, the White City
The White City

[VOICEOVER]

Where was I? Bedfordshire. That's a lousy place, since
the A45
You go round and it's utterly flat. I can't see how you
can have any, any enthusiasm
For that sort of thing at all...
My idea when we started out was to have a, you know,

rising up, and falling, kind of an
Undulating, ovulating ground, which you don't get so
much nowadays...
Everything tends to be sort of piecemeal and
staggered
Which I don't think's really very exciting, do you?
Ah, you're not there either.

Visit [Thomas D.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.