

Turin Brakes "Feeling Oblivion"

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Cubscouts are screaming,
Needing icescreaming and all the pleasures of June
IãfÂ;Ã...Â Ã,Â! in a parked car.
Flowers seem friendly and people in hall ways feel
walls.
Now it is night time maybe weãfÂ;Ã...Â Ã,Â®e cruising
avoiding the anti-cruise.
Oh I donãfÂ;Ã...Â Ã,Â° really know where we are.
If things get real promise to take me somewhere else,
By the time fear takes me over will we still be rolling
and feeling oblivion.
Once in a while the lie in the laughter can burn through
a hole in my ears,
Like a man with glasses catching a sunbeam and
burning the skin of a kid.
Hypereal fragments disturbing the stagnants of
almighty fear.
Well IãfÂ;Ã...Â Ã,Â£I just go under the water.
If things get real promise to take me somewhere else,
By the time fear takes me over will we still be rolling
and feeling oblivion.
So donãfÂ;Ã...Â Ã,Â° leave me here on my own.
So donãfÂ;Ã...Â Ã,Â° leave me here on my own.
If things get real promise to take me somewhere else,
By the time fear takes me over will we still be rolling
and feeling oblivion

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