

## Turin Brakes

### "Soul Less"

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At the end of the day  
When the noises die down  
And I'm left on my kness  
On the ground that I pound  
And with only the sounds in my brain

A non-linear frangmented soul  
In an ocean of info clinging on to its woes  
As the darkness becomes visible

You'll be alright  
If your soul less  
It turns out nice  
And comes of roses

I need much more than my name on the door  
A company car and the rules from the board  
And a favours for favours routine

I'm taking a stand from standing in line  
I'm sick of the sickness I'm serious this time  
I'm burning to break free

'Cause it's alright  
If your soul less  
It turns out nice  
And comes of roses

Oh...

Oh it's alright  
If your soul less  
It turns out nice  
And comes of roses

Oh it's alright  
If your soul less  
It turns out nice  
And comes of roses

