

# Blur, Under the Westway

It was a quite day in my city today  
Everything was sinking, says it with come on sunday  
The old school and the traffic grew  
under the west way

Where I sat watching comets lonesome track  
Shining up above me  
The jet fuel it fell down the road

So gather the day they've...  
'Cause many yellow jackets out.  
.. inside my dreams  
And all they need so...  
For along the... changing ways we all communicate  
So standing out... somewhere they ride in space  
... and the house some...  
Another west way

Give me magic carrot city above  
Do you... so standing in...  
In the flights coming down  
... town just like a... some further way my... without you  
Paradise not... it's... I apologize  
But I am not a saint  
Now the new... singing out loud singing