

Fiction Plane, Running The Country

If I don't do my homework you'll say it's not my fault
I will tell a story and you will add the salt
forget the institution that judges us by day
we don't need to bother
we're rich enough to pay

and we'll be running the country
into the ground
into the ground
we'll be running the country
all is allowed
all is allowed
we'll be running the country
mummy is proud
daddy is proud
we'll be leaving the country
living in clouds
living in clouds

the soft electric blanket makes me feel so warm
I won't swap it for money if we need that we'll print more

if everything is easy and there's nothing much to do
I'll bet that someone else has been fighting your wars for you

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into the clouds
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we'll live on the beach in Australia
our parents won't let us be failures
we'll take to the stars with these talents of ours and we'll feel so high
we'll feel so high
we'll feel so high

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