

Klimt 1918, Disco Awayness

This is you on your first day of school
when you were too young to understand
how this country rapes and offends us all.
This is you when you were small and pure
when you were a dreamer. yes, for sure!
Still you didn't know the taste of blood.
This is you when you played in your lonely room
when you were just a fucking armless teen.
And everytime you gazed your shoes.

This is you when you kissed her on the mouth
and she kept your secrets safe for a while.
Then you cried when you broke up.

And now it's so different. Yes, you know
why is it so different?
Dance to put you out of mind
you can see. It's our only cure.
Now you sing in English in your band
you try to seem like people pretend.
Sometimes you feel so much shame for yourself.
Now, you have learnt the lesson in life for sure.
You have to fight for your dream when it all seems gone.
These are just the cards you get.
it's clear, they don't give a fuck about you,
don't mind.
'Cause you don't give a fuck about them, you'll try.
Dance to put you out of mind.