

Ladytron, Season Of Illusions

Obliterate the Sunday you've been cherishing all week
Obliterate the Sunday, is a pleasure you can keep
I thought you'd let me speak today
But Esperanto's out of date
It's just another Sunday
Now Top of the Pops is dead

And if the morning gets you down
And then the evening lets you down
Obliterate the Sunday's fair play.

Obliterate the Sunday
Just keep your phone away
Supposing wrong intentions won't make it easier to wait.

A Season of Illusions
A pocket full of doubts
A night of fading stars and a legacy of clouds

Obliterate the Sunday
The glass is out of reach
The heat was low relief, you'll find a palm tree in your sleep.

You're hiding for months
Dodging the seas
You spent the day scheming
You're a Houdini
Train has pulled out
Light has pulled in
A chance of escape
Come right up the street.

Obliterate the Sunday
You've been cherishing all week
Obliterate the Sunday is a pleasure you can keep

Season of illusions
Pocket full of doubts
Night of fading stars and a legacy of clouds

And if the morning gets you down
And then the evening lets you down
Obliterate the Sunday, fair play.

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