

# 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But Esperanto's out of date  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.

You're hiding for months  
Dodging the seas  
You spent the day scheming  
You're a Houdini  
Train has pulled out  
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