

Magic Dirt, Cold Kiss

There's no time to tell you
No space to occupy you
No gang to terrify you
No song to mystify you
No man to rectify you
No scene to dignify
There's always something wrong inside
It can't be worse than this
That's right
It feels so rough
When you walk around tough
Thinking all you need is your cold kiss
There's no time to buy you
No aeroplane to fly you
No sign to signify you
No mysteries to lie you
No histories collide you
Hang your head and cry
There's no time to change you
No time to re-arrange you
No fad to come and craze you
No bad to come and faze you
No couch potato laze you
Hang your head and cry