

Oceansize, Saturday Morning Breakfast Show

Unfortunate positions
That I have held
They pale in to insignificance
Now that I have experiences
A Saturday that's cold and black
Is not the same
And sulphur black rings around the eyes (ice?)
All leave black rings around the eyes
Oh and how I long to be elsewhere
And start again
I leave behind all I despise
All the way
On Saturday
You think you cut me down to size
Who the fuck are you to criticise?
And Ill set a day to get away
And start again
But I, I'm not one for long goodbyes
All the way
On Saturday