

Simply Red, The Death Of The Cool

My shyness, my misunderstood
My misunderstanding
My destiny is grounded, by confounding weights
As Hollywood greats inspire me to keep my body whole

Since I've been the master of low expectations
Aren't you humans supposed to look like me?

Quotes like "buddy I blew you up
Then gave you a band aid"
Pseudo spiritual kebaballah's we can all be fooled
It's the death of the cool
The death of the cool

We got fakirs, false prophets and fools
And phoney saint saviours
Fame's pick me up gets drowned in
Pop's twinkle and dreams torn at the seams
It can leave you with nothing left at all

Since we're the believers with tall expectations
Can't you humans come have a laugh with me?

Quotes like "buddy I screwed you up, made you the new slave
The fastest growing guru in the market place of happiness
We can all be saved
"Buddy I blew you up, gave you a band aid"
Do you really need to learn to be a human?
We can all be shamed
It's the death of the cool
The death of the cool

Quotes like "buddy I blew you up, gave you a condom"
Do you really need to learn to save a human?
We could all be blamed

Buddy I blew you up
The death of the cool
[repeat]