

# The Cardigans, Plain Parade

Plain parade  
Well, where is all the profit laid?  
Plain parade  
Well, maybe we have lost our way

Some are lone  
Sickly running from  
Something so wrong  
And nowhere to belong

Plain parade  
Well, when will I be repaid  
Plain parade  
I might join you on another day

Some are lone  
Sickly running from  
Something so wrong  
And nowhere to belong

All you've given me is sadness  
Proof enough to feel I'm loveless  
I wish that I could manage better now  
And find a place that I can settle  
Down