The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Beautiful S

Always acted with suspicion, I've got a bad taste in my mouth And we all hate to feel rejected but some things we never talk about Like new borders and new checkpoints and this constant need To define and shut out "the others" from you and me Cold sweat running down the neck at airport check-ins Cause freedom ends and it dies where unions and walls begin Scribbling cheap shots of small notes I wouldn't call it poetry Cause you're alive and you are illegal when you just wanted to be free

You got heart you are full of soul So beautiful so alone

Comes autumn you look for rescue and some good news to comfort So you start hoping but try to make up some reasons not to Like new treatise of free movement for the chosen few And in this world of new economy there is just no room for you

You got heart you are full of soul So beautiful so alone

No one's illegal No more nation states No more borders I just can't wait