

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Beautiful So

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

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So beautiful so alone

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