

The Style Council, I Am Leaving

Tired of dust and dirt to clean
This place once loved, now makes me sick
I've got to get away
I've passed the places of my youth
Torn out pages from a well-read book
I dream awhile - but I leave it anyway

But I can still remember when
I could still laugh and call you friend
And only you -

You used to talk so wild and free
Now you can't remember what you used to be
You've lost the will

You could never be wrong
No, you were never that strong

Some are listening
Some are doing
Some are wasting away
I am leaving

Some cannot hear
Some are waiting
Most are writhing away

Torn between the deep blue sea
From a place on earth that appeals to me
Hell I can't swim anyway
But not for me but those I leave
Think of them as dying leaves that may bloom again

I'm leaving