

Blur, Fool's Day

Wake up straight
Called out by the sun
On the first day of April
Out of bed
Lord, it was a plane crash
But I'm sure that I was dreaming
TV on,
Of course caffeine and signs
Of submission again
Another day
On this little island
Just a bell hangs on
Porridge done
I take my kid to school
It was the pound shop, Woolworths
Under bridge
Where the subway sees the daytime
And the West Way flies by
Then on my bike
Down the Ladbroke Grove
To the forthcoming dramas
The studio
And a love of all sweet music
We just can't let go
Let go let go.. let go let go.. let go
So meditate
On what we've all become
On a cold day in springtime
Civil War
Is what we all were born into
Raise your left hand, right, sing
Don't capitulate
To the forces of the market place
They're long departed
Consolidate
The love we've had together
On a cold day in springtime