

Boo Radleys, Everything Is Sorrow

And you know you shouldn't have another cigarette but
nothing else makes sense, nothing else will recompense
and you get your loneliness out of a magazine you never
felt nothing at all no-one else will ever know another one
has dragged you home and sworn that you're the only
one you dream they'll play a special part you'll write their
name across your heart but then it's back inside your
head the thought that it will turn out bad a fleeting
glimpse of what is bound to be now the phone has lost
its voice you're on your own again spend your time on
endless bedroom floor soliloquies the only voices you'll
hear all day will it always be this way (yes) once you
recognise the truth that all is sad and you're the proof you
might as well fight the day kick back at the pricks taht say
all is school and work no more break your back it's not
your war disengage the only way to win opened up my
paintbox it had all turned to blue I worked in Birkenhead
for you it brings me tears even now you tried to kill me
break my will you almost won I hate you still the hated
suffer not what's worse the hater carries round the curse it
eats me up the cancer that is you don't paint blue all the
time know the truth read the signs live your life as a lie
you don't have to die