

Boo Radleys, Monuments For A Dead Century

And now the dust has settled I'm still left with me
Still trying to think of what it is I'd like to be
Always looking for the easy exit out
Never stopping to wonder why
Colours faded by the raping of the land
Colours diluted by the raping of woman
We celebrate the life and history of man
How we suffer for all we've achieved
I've never met you Philip Morris but I know
You treat me like I was the son you never killed
I am your servant and yes you have raised me well
Will you put flowers on my grave
M.I.L.L.E.N.I.U.M.-I want to spend it with you
Trying to make some sense of this I can't work it out
(Nobody lives here anymore)
A trophy for our new captain who'll blame someone else
(We should have spent the days on so much more)
They're building a monument a for a dead century