

# 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