

# Catatonia, Blow The Millenium, Part 2

When they look around and they will look around  
They'll be without the kind of things we lex about  
Do with background inventions for one last glimpse to the real

When dell was astounded deepest densten sound joys to be around  
Commendable tones a commanding role  
For the crowd we bow and are bowed to  
Begging and borrowing  
Burrowing and bringing us our swillen

And come to think of it you're like a Christmas dinner of compost heap  
For ready to reap but it won't keep theres hose it's all show  
You need it higher my sin  
Then I hope you win the lottery no Tom-foolery  
It's a genuine wish I long for fairground attractions  
For one last go at the wheel

Blow  
Blow  
Blow  
Blow

And begging and borrowing  
Burrowing and bringing us our swillen  
And trying for trying is frightening  
I packed for an outing an endless task though anything bold

Blow  
Blow  
Blow  
Blow