

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