

# Dirty Pretty Things, The North

Four more rotations and no one will hurt  
These are the things I dream of  
I've been thinking through the drinking  
Though my confidence is shrinking  
That I might be fine  
The North would be so proud of you

What would you do  
When the stars fall from the sky  
And you're only two seconds from crying?

Parafin, Anadin, sick as disguise  
So we take our snappy patterns  
And use them as knives  
Now there's nothing left for me to try  
My own medicine and humble pie  
But I'll be alright

The North would be so proud of you

So I'll see you tomorrow  
Shall we call it one?  
Trying to get sparks to light  
Seeing as they've gone

You don't know how to value that  
But I know how to value that  
I think we'll be fine

The North would be so proud of you

What would you do  
When stars fall from the sky  
And you're only two seconds from crying?