

Durutti Column, Thin Ice

Sometimes I think about the ?/pain/?
The things I've seen and read
Sometimes I feel about the inhumanity
The dying and the dead
You wonder how they got that way
You know they beat their feet
There's some pretty strange people around
There's a lot I wouldn't like to kiss/meet/hold
There's things I feel passionate about
But they're things I'd rather not discuss
Unless you insist and I really must
It's all dashes to the masses, lust to dust
It's nonsense, really
It's a crying shame
The hot and the lame
The blind leading the blind
With the blinds down
The blind leading the blind
It's a crying shame
The blind leading the blind
The blinds down
Blinds down
Blinds