

# Kieran Goss, Big Tough World

These are days of new despair  
I see it raging everywhere  
Fast forward lives and neon signs  
Justify the bottom line

Cynicism pays so well  
Truth is only there to sell  
We burn our wings upon the sun  
Tumble to the ground  
Silence shattered by the sound of guns

So wrap your arms around my heart  
I'll hold your hand as we leap into the dark  
Cause we're both blind enough to see  
It's a big tough mean rough dirty  
Cold cold world

Wealth parades as happiness  
More and more means less and less  
No tragedy remains unseen  
Beaming into every home  
Makes me shiver to the bone  
Flesh and blood and fashion overblown