

Mansun, Railings

I'll press my face up to your railings
I'll listen, you've still got a little unused pain
A little hurt
A little further

Don't burn your hand on the window
If you just want to take in the view
Don't you bend my wicked mind
With your mumbo-jumbo torture
If it's all the same to you
It's all the same...

Here we are, were here forever
We're gone tomorrow, why I might not even bother
But you're lovely and dark
It's getting darker now

You press your face to my railings
I've still got a little unused pain
I'll shoot you down
With my good-luck paradox
With my teeth and my brain
With my teeth and my brain

My death, it's holy and awesome
It's as common as muck on a spade
I'm not afraid now
I'm not afraid now