Mansun, The World's Still Open

Quiet morning nothing moves and
We can hear you breathe
Early morning the roads are clear and
All you hear, and all you hear is me

They don't ever go to sleep
They don't have the time to keep
Time to keep

The world's still open while we're all asleep
And they don't really care
And maybe all the shops have closed their doors
And gone into their little homes

Kicking bottles and moving things
To make us feel confused
Leaving clues for us to find
The things that they, the things that they have used

I'm sure I heard you talking
I'm sure you sent them to bug me
They will never be sent home