

Massive Attack, False Flags

In city shoes
Of clueless blues
Pays the views
And no-mans news
Blades will fade from blood to sport
The heroin's cut these fuses short
Smokers rode a colonial pig
Drink and frame this pain i think
I'm melting silver poles my dear
You bleed your wings and then disappear
The moving scenes and pilot lights
Smithereens have got 'em scaling heights
Modern times come talk me down
And battle lines are drawn across this town
Parisian boys without your names
Ghetto stones instead of chains
Talk 'em down cause it's up in flames
And nothing's changed
Parisian boys without your names
Riot like 1968 again
The days of rage yeah nothing's changed
Well pretty flames
In school i would just bite my tongue
And now your words they strike me down
The flags are false and they contradict
They point and click which wounds to lick
On avenues this christian breeze
Turns its heart to more needles please
Our eyes roll back and we beg for more
It frays this skin and then underscore
The case for war you spin and bleed
The sales you feel screensavers feed
The girls you breed the soaps that you write
The graceless charm of your gutter snipes
The moving scenes and suburbanites
And smithereens got 'em scaling heights
Modern times come talk me down
The battle lines are drawn across this town
English boys without your names
Ghetto stones instead of chains
Hearts and minds and u.s. Planes
Nothing's changed
And english boys without your names
Riot like the 1980's again
The days of rage yeah nothing's changed
More pretty flames