

# Mates of State, Fraud In The 80's

Don't put your hand in the pockets that feed you  
You might not get it out  
Remember the weight of the yellowish night  
No cat is for this dull world

I spent a long time trying to see through  
People trying to call me out  
Remember the weight of the glorious night  
That's just so we drink it in

See the glow up above  
See it glow telling us to reign the streets of London  
Like the lords of other towns  
The glistening of make-up helps to construct a better clown

And you will surely find this news pleasing to your ears

See the glow up above  
See it glow telling us it rained the streets of London  
Like it pours on other towns  
And the glistening of make-up helps to construct a better clown

And you will surely find this news pleasing to your ears

You could surely try to be more alive