

Omd, Julia's Song

The means to an end
The sinful distress
Writing down meaningless words
Vaguely off hand
So the rest of the band
Can learn from the bees and the birds
Concentrate business man you,
You haven't got long
Planets are ruling your hearts
Stilletos and thighs may be burning your eyes
But it keeps you from falling apart
Heavy but generalised
Sordid and wet
Someone advised me to die
Blowing your mind
'Cause you know what you'll find
When you're looking for things in the sky
Under the influence
Rotting our nerves
Cutting us off at the mains
Nearing the end with your grandmother's friend
It's something to do when it rains
It's something to do when it rains
It's something to do when it rains