

# Radio 4, Fra Type I & II

Doors kept opening around  
The mirrored walls  
Never to come up  
In the American light  
Kept popping up to find  
Surrounding waves were  
Too difficult to survive  
When there's no else around  
It's been a pleasure Mr., but I won't be coming back next time  
Thanks for all you've shown us but I won't be coming back next time  
Make way toward a familiar voice  
Tunnel vision  
Never catching up  
Another endless night  
Like a sweater with a tiny tear  
Slowly unravel  
Never to be sown up  
Beyond all repair  
It's been a pleasure Mr., but I won't be coming back next time  
Thanks for all you've shown us but I won't be coming next time  
Every day slowly dying  
Collecting without any meaning  
No one's signed up just to suffer  
This isn't how it's supposed to be now  
It's been a pleasure Mr., but I won't be coming back next time  
Thanks for all you've shown us but I won't be coming back next time