

Red Box, The Clapping Song

Look at you with your natural flair
How're you liking the weather up there?
Climb as fast as the eye can see
Doing the job much better than me
How many more of them can there be
Underneath your skin like the roots of a tree?
Tell me, Lord, it's an act of birth
Where you happen to land on earth

Envy, and there's jealousy
Fear and loathing
I'm disposing with the quality
Envy, and there's jealousy
Fear and loathing
I'm disposing with the quality of life

Keep a football up in the air
Mere mortal just stand and stare
Make me laugh 'till my face is wet
Make me cry and I'll kill you yet

Sing your anthem with hand on heart
Just about the time that I'm off my mark
I'd be running with hand on mouth
Trying not to let my dinner out

Envy, and there's jealousy
Fear and loathing
I'm disposing with the quality
Envy, and there's jealousy
Fear and loathing
I'm disposing with the quality of life

Clapping is all my hands can do
I hope that you can pull me through
Give me some more of what you do

Here is what we're all gonna do
When they call you just walk on though
Competition don't look so good
Trying to light a fire with saturated wood

Talent isn't all that it seems to be
Where's the script that they sent to me
Burn the bridge that I built to you
Never mind it - I've burnt a few

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