

Roisin Murphy, Gone Fishing

I'm uncommon sense
Sits close to abandonment
Learning, concerning
The different between do or die
Each step taken away from
A place of hopelessness
Takes me closer
To building another kind of family nest
There's no inclusion for sick and tired
Nobody close to us and recognize
Only exclusion for us, out there
Only delusion for her, sits in despair

I can't taste, so beautifully dressed
In the moment will feel this
I fear I could get to feel this
Destined to upon my name
Have around this far from home
The children of the day must go outside
My new friends are like that
Mechanism I'm so alive in this
Children of god, the children of the passion
Found a place to express myself
Go on ahead, shadows hold
Circle into the board to get my prayers
Expensive things as cheap as thrill
No such thing as overkill
Children of god, the children of the passion
There is no inclusion for sick and tired
Nobody close to us and recognize
Only exclusion for us, out there
Only delusion for her, sits in despair

If there's, it's burning
They're just lay there, in burning
Distant laying there, to eternity
You can't stop the change in them
It's easy to mind

I am uncommon sense
So beautifully dressed
My mother's mistake
My father's heartbreak
You're good to on fly this
The colors of paradise
You look practice of realness
She's so surreal