

# Silverchair, English Garden

Here we sit in tombstones in the mud  
Like it's where we want to be  
It's impossible to feel sacred in this lie  
And they sell your fantasy

Now that the day is done  
I can see colors at night and everyone  
Sands of the modern tide  
Kept my head up Sunshine  
Today will be fine  
And I'll be trying my heart out

Lazy ways, claustrophobic holidays  
When we are her funny plans  
To fade this parade  
Like some temporary skin  
Is a feat that changes hands

Now that the day is done  
I can see colors at night and everyone  
Sands of the modern tide  
Kept my head up Sunshine  
Today will be fine  
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"If this street's air ain't up to par  
I'll take my clothes  
And take this strange behaviour  
Not only liked  
But loved as well  
And if this keeps tearing me apart  
The walls come down  
Won't stop this empty feeling  
For everything apart from this"

It's only been a year  
English garden  
And you're farther away

It's only been a week  
Dangerous mountain  
So for more than a day

I've been climbing up the hole  
Fish line cables  
Traveling alone out in air

It's only been a year  
Got me wonderin'  
Ah, for sure or for sale

It's only been a year  
And I'm ever caught  
As soon as I escape  
For sure or for sale

Oo, Ah  
Oo, Ah