

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
And I'll be trying my heart out

"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