

Sleeper, Traffic Accident

our hero's fallen down again
it's not a big surprise
two weeks wages on a suit
a crappy pair of shoes
he's only handsome
in the right light
now what are we going to do
you never really knew
and no one knows where Connie goes
she's wearing shiny clothes
paper wraps and skinny guys and
all her neighbours
eyes say running riot
our hero knows the papers
just need their news
they never really knew
but they decided where you're going to
we're ready for you don't write don't call me
unless you're lying in a traffic accident
unless you're dying in a traffic accident
and somewhere in a Whitehall room
who's popping prostitutes full
of scotch and falling off
and that persistent cough a cosy number
and all those goons
they're only afraid of truth

they never really knew
that in the end
it would desert them too
we're ready for you
don't write don't call me
unless you're lying in a
traffic accident
unless you're dying in a
traffic accident
are we violent
are we stupid
are we vacant
are we useless
hello work life
farewell parklife
have you come for me
don't write don't call me
or are we giving ourselves away
woke up this morning
and am I giving myself away
they owe you something
unless they're lying
in a traffic accident