

Spitalfield, Channel Search

It's here, again
I think we have a trend
Wasting all our days down here
Oh no, it's six, and his politics fix take my next 30 minutes away
No work, no rent living in a basement
We like to say we know the world
Oh yeah, my friend, I'd walk you to the end
But that's as far as this bus will go

Tell me, tell me
Have you ever though about it?
Do you ever dream about more?
Could you, could we
Throw it away today?
To find out what we're living for

It's nine at night, another boring sight
As the channel search goes on
Let's go, we'll leave, there's nothing more to see
Except this static television screen
He stares, confused, not the least bit amused
As if this world has left you so abused
Oh yeah, my friend, I'd walk you to the end
If that was a place you'd go

Tell me, tell me
Have you ever though about it?
Do you ever dream about more?
Could you, could we
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This room is killing me
This room is killing me
Why can't you see what, this room, it does to me?
We laugh, we smile, we're consequence free
Oh yeah, my friend, I'd walk you to the end
If that was a place you'd go

Tell me, tell me
Have you ever though about it?
Do you ever dream about more?
Could you, could we
Throw it away today?
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