

# The Drones, Your Acting

I feel like a mime losing his job  
But i'm just not sure, i'm just not sure  
It's like i'm facing down the wrath of God  
But I know I aint, I know i'm not  
I've made all kinds of weird plans  
That can't succeed, won't ever be  
And I spend half my time feeling odd  
But what do I know

I feel like a canary who's living underground  
Singing through the gas  
Still worried about my first big night  
As the curtains fall, the roof collapses

Your acting's like the end of the world

And I see rows and rows of fresh ditches  
What are they for? it don't make no sense  
I need a palindrome to keep witches  
And get rolling stoned and drop my defences  
All this doom and gloom has got to me  
It's taken me to lunch  
I'm trying hard not to forget you  
I can't take another punch

I get nostalgic thinking about you  
Made me laugh until I cried  
You were useful in a crisis  
But it's harder now to lie

Your acting's like the end of the world

I ain't here to say i'm sorry  
It wouldn't help you if I did  
Your pain was just too great to bear  
And I was just a kid  
Well it would seem you're on your own now man  
You're sitting at the breakfast table in a shirt  
You've joined the chorus line of all those useless things  
And wandering all the long while if you'll stay inert  
If you'll stay alert

You should move out to the country man  
And look after your health  
These cities show you to your seat  
And then they make you eat yourself

Your acting's like the end of the world

When she left she took much less of me than you  
But what am I meant to do?  
I try most nights to get you out of my mind  
But you're still there silent by my side most the time  
I can't help that I let you down  
It's too long and too late  
And I can't help if I broke your heart  
It's too long and too late