

The Finn Brothers, Last Day Of June

The firelight plays on me
The choir ignites behind me
The rising voice of discontent
All the guardian angels
You can bang the drum
Look what we've become
I hope there might be one of us
Who calls the tune
Last day of June

The so called third dimension
Hardly deserves a mention
The first and second stages
Have been confused for ages
Knowledge has been lost
How much does it cost
I hope there might be one of us
Who calls the tune
Last day of June
Who breaks the news
Last day of June

The city draws it's breath in
I can almost hear it thinking
There are people within my walls
See their wild disorder
Driving their machines
Swarming like a million bees
I hope there might be one of us
Who calls the tune
Last day of June
Who speaks the truth
Last day of June
Who breaks the news
Last day of June