

The Human League, Almost Medieval

There's something in your soul that makes me feel so old
In fact I think I've died about six hundred times
There's less of me now and more of me then
I'm moving back to the age of men

Jump off the tarmac there's no stagecoach speed limit
Outside the office hangs the man on the gibbet
Soft lenses, grow to glasses
Small world, dimly seen through cataracts
Your program, newspaper
So they say
Rumour spread by word of mouth, jump onto the escalator
Press the button on the lift, raise the dust on old stair carpets
Endless treads like waves of regret
Now it seems I'm going madder
Falling off this rotting ladder

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Outside the office hangs the man on the gibbet
Jump off the tarmac there's no stagecoach speed limit
Outside the office swings the man on the gibbet