

The Notwist, Gloomy Planets

Idiot job 203

Newspapers shoot their letters at me
I'm alone at last with every other me
Guardian help me, angel shoot
All you ghosts stand by and salute
And explain:

Why is everything so locked up?

Lake is empty, lake is full
People say it's a push and pull
I know I did the wrong mistake again.
Guardian help me, angel shoot
All you ghosts stand by and salute
And explain:

Why is everything so locked up?

I don't blame it on the front row
don't blame it on them ruin glass
don't blame it on the signal
don't blame it on the steering wheel
don't blame it on the logbooks

'Cause I know they stray
Like all the cars in NY
Like all the lights on New Year
Like all these gloomy planets
You know they stay

Anyway.