

The Rapture, The Pop Song

Children died
too serve my (?)
i tied a rope i tied a lullabye
and lala i said i tatter way up high
and when you lay yourself down to rest
sometimes a lemon flyeying though your head
your growing older
your growing older
your growing old
you got let down
you had to tell your lie
down on the grind
your seen way way up high
and when when yuo
lay yourself down to bed
through your rolling victims and silence-head