

Turin Brakes, Soul Less

At the end of the day
When the noises die down
And I'm left on my kness
On the ground that I pound
And with only the sounds in my brain

A non-linear frangmented soul
In an ocean of info clinging on to its woes
As the darkness becomes visible

You'll be alright
If your soul less
It turns out nice
And comes of roses

I need much more than my name on the door
A company car and the rules from the board
And a favours for favours routine

I'm taking a stand from standing in line
I'm sick of the sickness I'm serious this time
I'm burning to break free

'Cause it's alright
If your soul less
It turns out nice
And comes of roses

Oh...

Oh it's alright
If your soul less
It turns out nice
And comes of roses

Oh it's alright
If your soul less
It turns out nice
And comes of roses