

# Youth Group, Why Don't The Buildings Cry?

Stepping outside, a tap in my heart  
Why hasn't the sky fallen apart?  
Because inside this tower of sandstone and  
steel  
Someone just got served their last hospital  
meal

The city is mocking my darkest hour  
The bitumen winks thorough a sudden  
shower  
And the fat and the blated people mime  
A hideous laugh to a joke on drivetime

And I catch the train  
Stand side-by-side  
Why don't the buildings cry?

His lung's a machine, his hand's like a  
fridge  
You fuckwits don't deserve the privilege  
Of sitting in the afternoon sun while it sets  
Enjoying every second of your cigarettes

And I catch the train  
Stand side-by-side  
Why don't the buildings cry?

Tear up the concrete skies

Why don't the buildings cry