

The North

Dirty Pretty Things

Four more rotations and no one will hurt
These are the things I dream of
I've been thinking through the drinking
Though my confidence is shrinking

That I might be fine
The north would be so proud of you

Ooh, what would you do?
Ooh, when stars fall from the sky
And you're only two seconds from crying?

Paraffin, Anadin, sick as disguise
So we take our snappy patterns
And use them as knives
Now, there's nothing left for me to try
My own arrogance and humble pie

But I'll be alright
The north would be so proud of you

So, I'll see you tomorrow, shall we call it one
Trying to get the sparks to light
Seeing as they've gone
You don't know how to value that
But I know how to value that

I think we'll be fine
The north would be so proud of you

Ooh, what would you do
Ooh, when stars fall from the sky
And you're only two seconds from crying?