North Of Heaven

Edwyn Collins

Don't pretend that you don't know me
If you mean to offend me then you're doing pretty well
And how convincingly you've shown me
That the love I thought was built to last is now an empty shell

Things can only get better
What's around the corner, who can tell?
I'll build a little place just north of heaven
I'm kinda tired of living south of hell

Don't assume you can ignore me
You'd best bite your lip in case I make it after all
And how contemptuously you've shown me
That all my aspirations were so paltry and so small

Things can only get better
What's around the corner, who can tell?
I'll build a little place just north of heaven
I'm kinda tired of living south of hell

Some mother's talking 'bout Guns 'n' Roses
As if I give a f**k, at best I think they suck
I'm too preoccupied with my memories
Not non-entities

Things can only get better
What's around the corner, who can tell?
I'll build a little place just north of heaven
I'm kinda tired of living south of hell

I'm kinda tired of living south of hell
I'm kinda tired of living