

I'm imagining rippling fingers on keys
Miming it wild on a cold stone table
Picturing and wishing for home and jiggling my knees
Send an urgent cable

Dickhead's done a runner and he's wondering
If anyone cares
Is the landing light on
Back to the pebbles that mum's eggs hatched in
Give me her perfume
Give me her prayers and advice

Hands up if you've never seen the sea
I'm from a land with an island status
Makes us think that everyone hates us
Maybe darling they do
But they haven't met you
They only know the villains at the tiller
And they gambled the farm on a headline

Jesus, getting harder to see what they're doing 'til it's done
And they're never gonna make an arrest on Fleet Street

Yes and I'm given to believing in love
I've written the word in my blood
And I perch on a shelf of the K2
Made of the believers that
Love, opens the fist just enough for a hand
To slip into the hand

I've been asleep in the woods with a mother to be
Planning on a static caravan in the Andes
Making a break with the steel magpie on the rise
Defeat in our time or do we
Meet on the street again due to the few?
Batter it out and refresh vendetta
Better surely to pause
Consider the path
It's full of blood, snot and teeth and the glory of no one

Hands up if you've never seen the sea
We're from a place with an island status
Queuing round the corner for a pencil and paper
Again
Come the virus of virii
God send us to a digital end
With following strangers and swiping at friends
I'll send you a postcard
See you in Hull
In a sweater made of Atacama llama wool

Yes and I'm given to believing in love
I've written the word in my blood
I've seen it make a heaven of
Backstreet, bedsit and bomb site living room
Love, opens the fist just enough for a hand
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To slip into the hand, to slip into the hand