

Yin / Post-Yin

Future of the Left

Call me Anna [?]
A velociraptor
Excuse my manner
I'm having such a bad day
I woke this morning
With expectations
Of getting nothing
I've learnt to trust my instincts
The white man claims that he's in love
Does anybody doubt him?
The white man claims that he's in love
Does anybody doubt his words?
But those cans [?]
Are a curse
As they promise so much health [?]
And how far can you rise
On borrowed Sellotape
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]
For the pterodactyl's claws
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]
For the pterodactyl
Oh yes it is

Call me Brutus
A brontosaurus
It's just for Christmas
I'm going back to college
But why I'm just a
A massive lizard
I am not stupid
I understand how it works
The white man claims that he can fly
Does anybody doubt him?
The white man claims that he can fly
Does anybody doubt his words?

But those songs
They are real
But they do not play for you
So dance to them once
Then throw them to the wind
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]
For the pterodactyl's claws
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]
For the pterodactyl

Good people know (good people know)
You take money (money)
And treasures (treasures)
And glamorous bones (glamorous bones)
Then throw them together
And see what we have left!
Yeah!

Good people know (good people know)
You take money (money)
And treasures (treasures)

And glamorous bones (glamorous bones)
Then throw them together
And see what we have left!
Yeah!

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