

# Country House

Blur

(So the story begins)

City dweller, successful fella  
Thought to himself  
Oops I've got alot of money  
I'm caught in a rat race terminally

I'm a preffessional cynic  
But my hearts not in it  
I'm paying the price of living life at the legal limit  
Caught up in the centuries anxiety

It preys on him, he's getting thin

Now he lives in a house, a very big house in the country  
Watching afternoon repeats  
And the food that he eats in the country  
He takes all manner of pills  
And piles up analyst bills in the country  
It's like an animal farm,  
Lots of rural charm in the country

Now he's got morning glory, life's a different story  
Everything going jackanory  
In touch with his own mortality  
He's reading balzac, knocking back prozac,  
It's a helping hand  
That makes you feel wonderfully bland  
Oh, it's the centuries remedy for the faint at heart,  
A new start

He lives in a house, a very big house in the country  
He's got a fog in his chest  
Se he needs alot of rest in the country  
He doesn't drink smoke laugh  
He takes herbal baths in the country  
Oh it's like an animal farm  
But you'll come to no harm in the country

Blow blow me out I am so sad I don't know why