

## The Puritan

Blur

Are we institutionalized  
By the demands of today?  
In our regalia are we ok?

Because the flash of a blade  
Is one less getting paid  
There in the line  
And the ice and gold  
It's just a double code  
It's a paradigm  
For every little thing  
That fashion gives you

So the puritan  
On a Monday morning  
Said happy sad melody  
I'm waltzing  
On an amazing pulse  
In a pornographic sea  
Where the absent blade  
Is one less in the parade  
To throw overboard  
And the ice and gold  
It's just a double code  
It's a metaphor  
For every little thing  
That fashion gives you

I'm falling into something that  
Plays upon the metronome  
In your heart  
It's smoke and it's mirrors  
Until the auto cue starts  
Then the dry ice comes  
And we start sucking our thumbs on the TV  
And the joy of people  
Spirited away so merrily  
It's part of every little thing that fashion gives you