

Funeral for a Trend

British India

Too self obsessed and too much TV
And underneath this avalanche of golden teeth
It's like my chest

I didn't get much sleep at the start of the week
No, underneath this avalanche of golden teeth
It's like my chest is caving in
My chest is caving in

A starch black dress on a CEO
And as you stretch your skin for another photo
It's like your face, is caving in
Your face is caving in
If I'm paid for my time, it'll be just fine
You watch me dip my hands in the iodine
It's like my chest is caving in
My chest is caving in

Long time no see, where have you been?
Before I get to say it you get taken away
You never go, you never go,
you never go, you never stay

My secrets smell like spit and everybody knows
I'll hang myself with the cord of the telephone
It's like my chest, is caving in
My chest is caving in

I get so bored that my teeth start to hurt
In this museum of neon t-shirts
It's like this room, is caving in
This room is caving in

Long time no see, where have you been?
Before I get to say it you get taken away
You never go, you never go,
you never go, you never stay

You never stay

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And underneath this avalanche of golden teeth
It's like my chest, is caving in
My chest is caving in

And when we're both coming down but you still come around
And you can sleep on the bed and I'll sleep on the ground
It's like my heart, is caving in
My heart is caving in