

# 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