

## Curse These Long Dancers Legs

Captain, We're Sinking

Lovers is this what you call romance?  
Says baby it's a game of minds  
This window's seen many faces  
With stains of different kinds  
Your children lie dead on streets  
Wrapped in sweaters that their mothers made  
And she said this must be love  
But I'd be lying if I didn't feel the same

And I don't want to hear about your problems  
And I don't want to hear about your problems  
Now everyone will sleep tonight  
Now everyone will sleep tonight

Tonight is our own  
And in the morning  
We'll give up our autonomy  
And then we'll belong  
But the night's fading quick  
And it's so much to grasp  
That it's not worth thinking about  
We gotta change  
We gotta look the same  
That's all they want

And I don't want to hear about your problems  
And I don't want to hear about your problems  
Now everyone will sleep tonight  
Now everyone will sleep tonight

Wake up to the city where your  
Wake up to the city where your  
Wake up to the city where your  
Wake up to the city where your head lies  
To the city where your head lies

And I don't want to hear about your problems  
And I don't want to hear about your problems  
Now everyone will sleep tonight  
Now everyone will sleep tonight

Now everyone will sleep tonight  
Now everyone will sleep tonight