

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