

Your Advice

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

What you feel? Do you feel happier?

It was very nice

...

Your advice, ignore the new world

But it's easy for anyone to say

Loud as I wondered, in a new kind of torture

When the fight isn't bound, it just owes you a time

To awake it

I miss the comfort of your chains

And I miss the comfort of NSA

And now the fame it catches

As you set it in words

The morning bass is gold

The endless week-end

The endless week-end

But I'm doing alright

Weak and so fucking slowly

I miss the comfort of your chains

And I miss the comfort of NSA

And I miss the comfort of your advice

Ignore the new world

But it's easy for anyone to say