

B.U.R.M.A.

Dirty Pretty Things

I know that you're out there
Born ready, but on the decline
To keep you from my thoughts
When we first broke the line

Do you remember like I remember?
Lost pursuits of excellence
The glory of the crowd

Lives of imperialists
Leave me with aching wrists
So no wonder you frown when you're two world wars down

So when the dark times come well I will sing you a good time song
Im pretending that it's ending but it kills me twice as strong
Just to gaze in your eyes, makes all the difference to me.

Just be ready my angel
Be ready when I call
I've been re reading letters
They were moving warm but bitter and I cried right through them all

Oooh ooooh

The days go so slow

Ooooh oooh

We'll never get to heaven with the artillery in tow

So when the dark times come, it might warm your heart to know
That I went to the crossroads but the devil never showed
They can stick their war, Im leaving now
It makes no difference to me

I'm hoping if you know where I am
Send your heart in a telegram
I'm praying that you know where I am

Be upstairs ready my angel
Be ready when I call
And then my angel I'll be ready too and I will catch you when you fall

Do you remember like I remember
All the dirty things you said?
Do you remember like I remember
Or was it all in my head?

So when the dark times come well I will song you a good time song
Im pretending that it's ending but it kills me to act so strong
To gaze in your eyes makes all the difference to me

So

Whos got the clap
Who's got the clap
Give yourself a clap now