

## Buzzards & Crows

Dirty Pretty Things

We could throw ourselves in the road  
but receive no comfort from street lights  
Why not come in for a James and escape life  
We're idle in the meantime  
Aristocrats and Architects with broken dreams  
Well I say the dead sea is dying  
you say you're going underground for a while  
Well we all need to be recognised for something  
True as the devil's eyes are blue  
Work-a-days and underpays still hold the keys

I see this place from my window  
It glows on the corner like the rest  
There are the buzzards and the crows  
Pecking eyes of a scene self-obsessed

Now, if commandment 11 is don't get caught  
The 12 must be don't ever tell  
Then ask yourself, do you believe you'll go to hell  
My mate went to the crossroads to see the devil  
but he never showed and if he says that I believe

I hear the place from my window  
Call me like a lighthouse to the sea  
There swarm the buzzards and the crows  
Pulling wide, talking wise endlessly

You and I hanging around  
Writing each others' names  
Scissors, we cut it out  
Enchantment we thought might wait  
No need to be recognised  
Cause we could be self-assured  
We could be happy indoors

I know this place from my window  
I trip out and fall to the ground down below  
Heads up for the buzzards and the crows  
Still believe in the void of themselves  
Still believe in the void of themselves

And all the trees and animals and mountains breathe