

Subsidence

Edwyn Collins

You may find as I have found
This place is neither safe nor sound
This house of cards will tumble down
As befits a cardboard town

You're lost in the ruins of your mind
As these four walls collide, as your whole world subsides
But you took it all in your stride
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride

So raise your glass, let's celebrate
'Cause we can force those hands of fate
No need to heed the call for greed, for acquisition
Now I ain't puttin' you on, this is my genuine position

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As a matter of course, not a matter of pride

How can I thank you?
We're forever in your debt
We'll bite the hand of fate that feeds us
Morsels of regret

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