

Two For Nero

Everything Everything

Tell me why you came here, squatting round a Game-
Gear like Sega never died.

We met inside a warzone, you said "let's fuck the Ozone" but bo
y, that hole's too wide.

You gosestep round the garden singing "Sap I bleed is hardenin
g, no tree can break my stoic stride,
I'm as giddy as a baby in a centrifuge - it's hard"

And we can argue that our planet's best, don't ring your brothe
r cos there's no contest

I'm sure you'll make a decent father - there's a world war comi
ng in - Oh the seasons I've been worrying

You drown a fly and murmur; "The Vatican was firmer, when I was
back in school

and we use spray-tan in the trenches now, the problem with the
French is how they won't admit they're fools
and you never tell me anything, you never tell me anything, I c
an't remember dates and times
and I'm sorry for the years I was a shipwreck boy - it's hard"

I want to tell you that it means so much.

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I'm sure you'll make a decent father - there's a world war comi
ng in - Oh the years that I've been worrying

Oh, I'd rather dash myself upon the rocks, than see you waste a
way your days with clocks,

In every corner of your parent's home - and there's no world wa
r coming in, all the reasons I've been worrying,
Just forget the parts you'll never need, all these things I'll
tell you when you wake up.

Make a child, a child, a forest

Make a child, make a child, make a forest