

Advice

Graham Coxon

Why can't you realise Just get more paralised Then get the rabble round And shoot the arrows out

Go write a new song, you're so discerning Fall out of my tongue, it's quiet determined Don't think of stopping when you see the stop sign Just listen to the groovy records till the morning

Disjoint, the point Just shunt, the point Tough break man, it's not enough Completely tough, fucking enough

You mind me standing here Talk through your adenoids They're sharpening their knives A pull before you rise

I write a new song, while I was touring Man, it was no fun, totally boring Don't think of singing till you see the white eye Turn up the fuzz and dull your senses till the morning

Shit..

Why can't you realise Just get more paralised I'm feeling pretty much back where I started and it's quiet concerning me

Someone gonna give you advice until the morning Giving you continual advice until the morning

Just push it to the back of my mind Expand to the back of my mind Extend to the back of my mind

Hello!