

## Ten Below

James

So I'm on my own  
Far from my broken home  
And it costs  
Feels like 10 below  
Pack me off to school  
Innocence and trust  
Are all lost  
Where did my childhood go

Calling from the payphone  
Trying not to cry  
Feeling I am dying  
Telling you I'm fine  
You tell me it's the making of me  
That's a fucking lie  
When's the holidays  
Holidays  
Holiday

I'm at the bottom of my bed  
Headphones on my head  
John Peel's show  
Feels like 10 below  
The sky's a dull gun metal  
Where did the sun  
And it rains and rains  
Feels like 10 below

Turning on the weaker ones  
When we were bored  
I used to have feelings  
But all I feels a hole  
Is where the heart is  
And the organ praise the lord

When's the holidays  
Holidays  
Holiday

He's at war  
He's at war  
With himself at the world  
He's at war  
He will strike first to anticipate  
He's at war  
Don't know how to relate  
Feel like a cold war spy  
If I's caught  
Take the easy way out