

North of the Border

Killing Joke

Scrape my nails across a brick

I'll describe my mornings in the early hours
My pulses are racing, my heart beats out loud
I am north of the border (and I'm cold and I sweat)
And I worry I worry what tomorrow will bring

Scrape my nails across a brick

I walk north of the border and step over the line
To a place of frustration (going out of my mind)
I've tried wearing bright colours to brighten my life
But the truth cuts through fashion, it cuts like a knife
Just look at our faces, yes they say more than words
We're so lost in our problems
We're so lost in our world
Yesterday - nothing
But today is o.k. - I've enough to survive on
Tomorrow's another day

Scrape my nails across a brick