

## Broken

Late of the Pier

Didn't sleep last night  
Couldn't calm down  
The cold water running past my window  
Kept me crying out

Give me sunlight  
The good medicine  
It's all part of the open pressures  
Of growing up

Met a friend but then again  
You could get around town like they do  
Have a shower, then drive around  
Looking out for Northfields Avenue

The journey's sour, the fire is out  
Love achieving sounds sell a heart of glue  
Have a listen, a dirty mind  
Moving matters untold residue

Its all evolution's fault now  
It's all down to echoes in the crowd