

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