

Sour Grapes

Leatherface

In here with me, that's where you want me to be.
I'm hiding high, no fear I won't cry.
And Heaven sent, head in descent here.
A hell of a state and I'm in it, I'm in it.

I want a life, well I won't say goodbye
And I will hold me down, hold me down.
In here with me, I don't see
I want heresy,
In here I die, I can die any day now.

Days and days, days and days.
It's an un-English state, days and days
Of sour grapes, sour grapes.
Days and days.

You're wearing that, wearing that bland old hat
And your boxer shorts, they are your most inner thoughts.
A thousand miles of old headlines, memories of her.
That flowerhead sour grape, that un-English state
Means you do like to wait, violent and Disney-like.

Days and days, days and days.
It's an un-English state, days and days
Days and days of sour grapes.
Sour grapes, days and days.

A thousand miles of old headlines, memories of her,
Days before, days before, never and days and days.

Days and days, days and days
Of sour grapes, un-English state.
And days and days of sour grapes
Of sour grapes, days and days.
Days and days of sour grapes,
Un-English state, un-English...