

Vision Impaired

Mansun

Stand up, you sit down
'cos your ceiling's too low, there's no chairs on the ground
See you, you see me
And my views are obscured by your giant t.v.

These things mean so much
But there's something here that's not quite right

There's something rotten in here
And the house is weird
And all the people that come
Will all concede it's easy
It's easy

You see steps to this door
But they lead me upstairs, though there's only one floor
See things, they're not clear
'cos you're vision impaired, but the truth isn't there