

Finisterre

Saint Etienne

Natwest, Barclays, Midlands, Lloyds.
Use a bank? I'd rather die.

I loved to draw when I was a little girl
It helped me see the world as I wanted it to be
Sometimes I walk home through a network of car parks
Just because I can

I love the feeling of being slightly lost
To find new spaces, new routes, new areas
I love the lack of logic
I love the feeling of being slightly lost

I believe that music in the long run can straighten out most things
There are too many bands that act lame
Sound tame
I believe In Electrelane

Over here it's new, it's now, it's you, it's clean
The beard and lipstick scene
So look beyond Big brother, gossip culture,
So bored of stupidity

The myth of common sense
I believe in Donovan over Dylan
In love over cynicism
Oh, [unknown]

[Chorus]
Finisterre, to tear it down and start again (3x)
Think about the love back in Finisterre

Five miles north is a town
Of silver birches
Twenty-seven churches
A look of horror if you drop a H

Around here its hoods up and heads down
Got it the wrong way around
When things get turned around
I slow down

Dream about the notion of the perfect city
Imagine the 19th century never happened
Just a straight run from Beau Brummell to Bauhaus
Dreams never end
This house believes in skyscrapers

[Chorus: x 5]

I want to know the whole of the city with you
You see McGee was into deals, Barrett was into moves.