

Blow Up

The Age Of Electric

Falling up the stairs I met
A soft target, design bullets
How could we sleep, through the impact
Our world blew up
You were born in '75
With silver tone, and grand design
And stung with gravity of life
And we were bored
You were saying something wise, hidden in
Some black sarcastic lullaby
Can we do something with this, pilot light
If I were moulding a monster I'd use your eyes
Nobody has known me
Nobody has loved me
Nobody has owned me
Blow me away
Change the course, the shape, the size
I am the girl to be the bride
To hatch, to hope, to spend a life
A lifetime
A lifetime
A lifetime
Mess my clothes and spark a match
We blew it up
Burst my bubble back, get back, get back
The fueling cities chews the best, and spit it out
Biting quick, and moving fast
A need to wrap around some life
A remedy for boredom like
A referee between them and us
A bruise she low, the pain will show
Idle minds get by
Our world blew up, blew up, blew up
Our world blew up, blew up, blew up
Our world blew up, blew up, blew up
Idle minds
Nobody has known me
Nobody has loved me
Nobody has owned me
Blow me away
A need to wrap around some life
A remedy but full of life
Sell the world, the days to come
A referee sweep, between them and us
Falling up the stairs I met
A soft target, design bullets
How could we sleep, through the impact