

Dull Day

The Dead Brothers

The light from the window
Falls on the floor
And after it breaks
I cut my feet
On the little bright pieces
I glow in the dark
But only when night falls
It's falling it's falling
It falls

My head is a night-club
Club-clubbed to dull drums
Beating to slow
To dance or to breathe or to dance
I insist that you cut in
I A La Flambe
I'm drinking I'm drinking
I'm drunk

Dull Day...