

Dead Cities

The Future Sound of London

"I had killed a man... a man who looked like me"
Faces milling round like cars
Look across the tables, they're there in the piss-stained
bars
Faces milling round like cars
Look across the tables, they're there in the piss-stained
bars

Make me believe I'm not going to die, for that I'd gladly
give you something
Familiar faces milling around like cars on the slimey
street
Look across the tables, they're there in the piss-stained
bars