

# This Is Not the World

The Futureheads

Too much noise this morning  
Like new buildings falling down  
But you clap your hands  
Because your dreams are boring  
You get up and start throwing  
You thoughts around

The pavements crack and the cars are stalling  
Everybody wears their frown upside down

This is not the world  
This is not the air  
This is not a crime  
This is not a care

Disgusting and dirty  
We spoiled ourselves completely  
We used to take it easy  
Humble and discretely

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