

## Almost Medieval

### The Human League

There's something in your soul that makes me feel so old  
In fact I think I've died about six hundred times  
There's less of me now and more of me then  
I'm moving back to the age of men

Jump off the tarmac there's no stagecoach speed limit  
Outside the office hangs the man on the gibbet  
Soft lenses, grow to glasses  
Small world, dimly seen through cataracts  
Your program, newspaper  
So they say  
Rumour spread by word of mouth, jump onto the escalator  
Press the button on the lift, raise the dust on old stair carpets  
Endless treads like waves of regret  
Now it seems I'm going madder  
Falling off this rotting ladder

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Jump off the tarmac there's no stagecoach speed limit  
Outside the office swings the man on the gibbet