

Feeling Oblivion

Turin Brakes

Cubscouts are screaming,
Needing icescreaming & all the pleasures of June
I'm in a parked car.
Flowers seem friendly & people in hall ways feel walls.
Now it is night time maybe we're cruising avoiding the anti-cruise.
Oh I don't really know where we are.
If things get real promise to take me somewhere else,
By the time fear takes me over will we still be rolling & feeling oblivion.
Once in a while the lie in the laughter can burn through a hole in my ears,
Like a man with glasses catching a sunbeam and burning the skin of a kid.
Hypereal fragments disturbing the stagnants of almighty fear.
Well I'll just go under the water.
If things get real promise to take me somewhere else,
By the time fear takes me over will we still be rolling & feeling oblivion.
So don't leave me here on my own.
So don't leave me here on my own.
If things get real promise to take me somewhere else,
By the time fear takes me over will we still be rolling & feeling oblivion