

## The Queen of Ur and the King of Um

Wire

Painted statues in underground streams  
With invitations to the Pharaoh's dream  
They stare at themselves, there's a need to be seen  
Walking mirrors in the Pharaoh's harem

And here they come  
The queen of you're  
And the king of Um

Tainted Matthews in car-key relations  
Gilt invitations to the blue queen's ball  
They stare at themselves, there's a need to be seen  
Talking pillars in the blue queen's hall  
Fading tattoos of empty stations  
Great expectations at Vince's loyal mince  
They stare at each other, there's a need to be seen  
Crack-head mirrors, licking the soiled mint  
Olympic statues from terminal stations  
Sifting invitations to the market floor  
Steering into the future, it pays to be seen  
Polishing mirrors, keeping the score  
A babbling gaggle, a scrabbling rabble  
Fighting invitations to the emperor's shilling  
They stare through themselves, there's nothing to see  
Hand-picked recruits for ghostly pursuit