

Ten Below

James

So I'm on my own
Far from my broken home
And it costs
Feels like ten below Pack me off to school
Innocence and trust
Are all lost
Where did my childhood go? Calling from the pay phone
Trying not to cry
Feeling I am dying
Telling you I'm fine You tell me it's the making of me
That's a fucking lie
When's the holidays?
Holidays, holidays I'm at the bottom of my bed
Headphones on my head
John Peel's show
Feels like ten below The sky's a dull gunmetal
Where did the sun go?
And it rains and rains
Feels like ten below Turning on the weaker ones
When we were bored
I used to have feelings
But all I feel's a hole Is where the heart is
And the organ praise the lord
When's the holidays?
Holidays, holidays He's at war, he's at war
With himself at the world
He's at war
He will strike first to anticipate He's at war
Don't know how to relate
Feels like a Cold War spy
If I'm caught, take the easy way out

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