Buzzards And Crows

Dirty Pretty Things

We could throw ourselves in a road
But receive no comfort from street lights
Why not come in for a jamens and escape life?
We're idle in the mean time
Aristocrats and architects with broken dreamsWell, I say the dead sea is dying
You say you're going underground for a while
Well, we all need to be recognized for something
Not sure if the devil's eyes are blue
Work and days of underpaid still hold the keyI see this place from my window
It goes on the corner like the rest
There are the buzzards and the crows
Making eyes of a sea, self obsessedNow, if commandment 11 is, Don't get caught
Then 12 must be, Don't ever tell
Then ask yourself do you believe you'll go to hell?
My mate went to the crossroads to see the devil
He never showed and if he says that I believeI hear the place from my window
Call me like a lighthouse to the sea
There swarm the buzzards and the crows
Swirling wide talking wise and there's meYou and I hanging around
Lads who've got childish names
Scissors, we cut it out
Shining before by the wavesAnd I need to be recognized
'Cause we could be self-assured
We could be happy indoorsI know this place from my window
I trip out and fall to the ground down below
Hoods up for the buzzards and the crows
Who believe in the void of themselves
Still believe in the void of themselvesAnd all the trees and animals of mountains green

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