

Popscene

Blur

A fervored image of another world
Is nothing in particular now
An imitation comes naturally
But I never really stop to think how And everyone is a clever clone
A chrome colored clone am I
So in the absence of a way of life
Just repeat this again and again and again Hey, hey, come out tonight
Hey, hey, come out tonight, popscene, all right I'm leaving town to run away
Run into your twisted arms
No queues and there's no panic there
Just dangling your feet in the grass My lack of natural luster now
Seems to be losing me friends
So in the absence of a way of life
Just repeat this again and again and again Hey, hey, come out tonight
Hey, hey, come out tonight, popscene Hey, hey, come out tonight
Hey, hey, come out tonight, popscene, all right
Hey, hey, come out tonight
Hey, hey, come out tonight, popscene

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