

Fool's Day

Blur

Wake up straight
Caught out by the sun
On the first day of April Out of bed
Thought it was a plane crash
But I'm sure that I was dreaming Tv on
Of course caffeine
A science of submission again Another day
On this little island
Just a bell hangs on Porridge done
I take my kid to school
Pased the pound shop, Woolworth's Under bridge
Where the subway sees the daytime
And the Westway flies by Then on my bike
Down the Ladbroke Grove
To the forthcoming dramas A studio
And a love of all sweet music
We just can't let go Let go, let go, let go So meditate
On what we've all become
On a cold day in springtime Civil war
Is what we were all born into
Raise your left hand, right, sing Don't capitulate to the forces
Of the market place
They've long departed Consolidate
The love we have together
On a cold day in springtime

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