

# Hockney

## Conrad Pope

We're tired from waiting for a chance  
Standing there with nothing new  
These things are tearing up your mind oh no  
They choose the same mediocre ideas  
Kind ladies with expensive coaches  
Lost their way  
Singing until setting sun Where do you belong?  
Keep asking for more oh girl  
Are they cruel or dumb?  
A hit from above goes off The chess board tells you that you won  
So make a wish and break a stone  
We worked so hard to see it grow countdown  
Those days are gone  
You're sitting next to pretty girls  
And think they need to learn some manners  
Close enough  
Take another plastic bow Where do you belong?  
Keep asking for more oh no  
Are they cruel or dumb?  
A hit from above goes off Where do you belong?  
Boring days are gone  
Are they cruel or dumb?  
Keep asking for more

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