Formulae

Aled Jones

Things go wrong when I trust them, in my naive way I love them
Like you told me to love them, I abide by man made rules
And am a picture of all fools, I have a border of white cluesI use the formulae of everyday
In the floods I'll stay and get washed awayPeople talk in nothing with a reverence in a something
And my heart beats on with indifference to the lessons of attrition
I am a picture of all fools, I have a border of white cluesI use the formulae of everyday
In the floods I'll stay and get washed awayFormulae of everyday
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