

Think of England (Unfall)

IAMX

In the grip of a winter came love and greed
Insane with faith, I took the driving front seat
In the lowlight comfort of Berlin streets
The calm from emptiness duetted with my body heat I was alone at the front line
The message I was told was to triumph at
The joy of a lifetime I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire, the fire In the twilight hours of nervous rest
I bought the peace before believing the threats
In a foreign field, I cut all regrets
But the boys in stories just repeat themselves in a fucked up mess I was alone for the first time
The message I was told was to triumph at
The joy of a lifetime I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire I just can't think of England
I can't see the picture
I'm still running from the fire, the fire I just can't think of England
Can't see the picture
(Ah)
Can't see the picture
(Ah)
Can't see the picture

Songwriters

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