

# Isles

## Little Comets

Economic downturn you can get a job\*  
Apologetic parents you can get a job  
Sometimes I'm feeling just like Cupid with a bow and arrow  
And I'm firing it at people who remain too shallow  
In the B R I T I say British Isles  
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild  
Terror on the pavement, panic in the street  
Tension in the twisted silence of our sheets  
Sometimes I lie awake for hours feeling so synthetic  
While my eyes are screaming out for something way more epic  
It's the B R I T I say British Isles  
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild  
Terribly bold they try so hard  
Never look up to see the stars  
In the B R I T I say British Isles  
Leeds screaming Bristol torn  
Belfast and Hull forlorn  
Oxford dreaming in denial  
With all it's gleaming spires  
Stoke bleeding Glasgow yawns  
Dundee and Cardiff mourn  
York breaking Sheffield cries  
All fears are multiplied  
B R I T I say British Isles  
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild  
Terribly bold they try so hard  
Never look up to see the stars  
In the B R I T I say British Isles

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