

On Your Own (Live At Peel Acres)

Blur

Holy man tiptoed his way across the Ganges
The sound of magic music in his ears
Videoed by a bus load of tourists
Shiny shell-suits on and drinking lemonade
Now I got a funny feeling which I bought mail order
From a man in a tee-pee in California
Said he once was that great game show performer
Then he blew all his money away
Blew it all away
So take me home
Don't leave me alone
I'm not that good
But I'm not that bad
No psycho killer
Hooligan guerrilla
I dream to riot
Oh you should try it
R.E. parole get gold card soul
My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end
'Cause then you're on your own Well we all go high for day glow in the discos
The sound of magic music in our brains
someone stumbles to the bathroom with the horrors
Says Lord give me time for I've jumped into space
I'm in outer space
So take me home
Don't leave me alone
I'm not that good
But I'm not that bad
No psycho killer
Hooligan guerrilla
I dream to riot
Oh you should try it
R.E. parole get gold card soul
My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end
'Cause then you're on your own Then you're on your own

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