

Under the Westway

Blur

There were blue skies in my city today
Everything was sinking, said snow would come on sunday
The old school was due and the traffic grew
Up on the Westway
Where I stood watching comets lonesome trails
Shining up above me the jet fuel it fell
Down to earth where the money always comes first
And the sirens sing
Bring us the day they switch off the machines
Cos men in yellow jackets putting adverts inside my dreams
An automated song and the whole world gone
Fallen under the spell of
The distance between us when we communicate
Still picking up shortwave, somewhere they're out in space
It depends how you're wired when the night's on fire
Under the Westway
Now it's magic arrows hitting the bull
Doing one eighty still standing at last call
When the flags coming down and the Last Post sounds
Just like a love song
For the way I feel about you
Paradise's not lost, it's in you
On a permanent basis I apologise
But I am going to sing
Hallelujah
Sing it out loud and sing it to you
Am I lost out at sea
'Til a tide wash me up off the Westway

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