

# Is There Nothing We Could Do?

## Badly Drawn Boy

Rushing round in circles  
To brighten all the corners  
Busy making friends with all your enemies  
You finger through your bible  
Whilst looking through your window  
The look you gave erased a thousand memories  
Ooooh I am sorry, ooooh I am sorry  
This page in your story won't turn  
Who am I to ask you why  
You feel the way you do  
If you feel the way you do  
Is there nothing we could do?  
With advice I'd warn her  
Don't idolise your neighbour  
Maybe something else is the enemy  
But who put out the fire  
What you asking me for  
The simple things you need for a remedy

Ooooh I am sorry, ooooh I am sorry  
This page in your story won't turn  
Who am I to ask you why  
You feel the way you do  
If you feel the way you do  
Is there something we could do?  
If only you could know there is life through your window  
Oh but even so I don't know where would you go  
The time you waste would still turn into memories  
Who am I to ask you why  
You feel the way you do  
If you feel the way you do  
Is there nothing we could do?  
Couldn't you just ask me why  
You feel the way you do  
There's one thing I'd say to you  
There must be something we could do  
Just go ahead and ask me the question

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