

Saturday Morning Breakfast Show

Oceansize

Unfortunate positions
That I have held
They pale in to insignificance
Now that I have experiences
A Saturday that's cold and black
Is not the same And sulphur black rings around the eyes (ice?)
All leave black rings around the eyes Oh and how I long to be elsewhere
And start again
I leave behind all I despise All the way
On Saturday You think you cut me down to size
Who the fuck are you to criticise?
And I'll set a day to get away
And start again
But I, I'm not one for long goodbyes All the way
On Saturday

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