

# Mr 1470

## Fish

Here I sit in my bones, on the bones upon the hill  
Staring out at the wild, blue yonder  
Digging deep, I'd found buttons in my pockets  
Naked now my skin begins to crawl  
I dream Suits, I see Suits Looking back, was there ever such a moment  
Immersed in mystery I was witnessing a crime  
Digging deep I came across a murder  
Among the roots of our spreading family tree  
We learned to love, we learned to kill  
We taught ourselves to rule the world  
I dream Suits, I see Suits  
Do you see Suits, can you dream Suits? There I stood, face pressed against the window  
I know his number, but I'll never know his name  
Behind the glass buried in the sockets  
A recognition, my skin begins to crawl We learned to love, we learned to kill  
We taught ourselves to rule this world  
But who's the one we're frightened of?  
We are the sons of 1470 The geese fly chevrons cross the night sky  
Heading south, the hunters lead them on  
Jets trail the hems of skirts of angels  
A train threads along the valley floor So here we live in our bones, on the bones beneath the soil  
Staring out, mortal in the darkness  
Digging deep we try to find the answers  
To all the questions that hatch within our skulls We learned to love, we learned to kill  
We taught ourselves to rule this world  
For who's the one we're frightened of?  
We are the sons of 1470  
I dream of Suits. Do you dream Suits?

Songwriters

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