

# Petrol

## Orbital

The cars come up the drive, too many people inside  
Under the stars they smile, they want to invade my home  
I pace the darkened hall, I try to consider it all  
In the dull lamps glow and the truth is I don't know  
The cars stop outside, they all stay inside  
The house is drenched in light, but what have I done wrong?  
I quietly climb the stairs, I remember all the years  
I check everything is right, I need to hurry now  
I've been preparing for days, I know exactly what to say  
'No one will be around, no one will take me down'  
They'll all get in back in the cars, and maybe they'll go home  
But the things they'll never know, like where it is I go

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