

# 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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