

# Subsidence

## Edwyn Collins

You may find as I have found  
This place is neither safe nor sound  
This house of cards will tumble down  
As befits a cardboard town You're lost in the ruins of your mind  
As these four walls collide, as your whole world subsides  
But you took it all in your stride  
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride So raise your glass, let's celebrate  
'Cause we can force those hands of fate  
No need to heed the call for greed, for acquisition  
Now I ain't puttin' you on, this is my genuine position You're lost in the ruins of your mind  
As these four walls collide, as your whole life subsides  
But you took it all in your stride  
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride How can I thank you?  
We're forever in your debt  
We'll bite the hand of fate that feeds us  
Morsels of regret You're lost in the ruins of your mind  
As these four walls collide, as your whole world subsides  
But you took it all in your stride  
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride  
As a matter of course, not a matter of pride

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