Isles

Sithu Aye

Economic downturn you can get a job*
Apologetic parents you can get a job
Sometimes I'm feeling just like Cupid with a bow and arrow
And I'm firing it at people who remain too shallow
In the B R I T I say British Isles
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild
Terror on the pavement, panic in the street
Tension in the twisted silence of our sheets
Sometimes I lie awake for hours feeling so synthetic
While my eyes are screaming out for something way more epic
It's the B R I T I say British Isles
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild
Terribly bold they try so hard
Never look up to see the stars
In the B R I T I say British Isles
Leeds screaming Bristol torn
Belfast and Hull forlorn
Oxford dreaming in denial
With all it's gleaming spires
Stoke bleeding Glasgow yawns
Dundee and Cardiff mourn
York breaking Sheffield cries
All fears are multiplied
B R I T I say British Isles
The streets are bleak, the kids are running wild
Terribly bold they try so hard
Never look up to see the stars
In the B R I T I say British Isles

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