

Under The Westway (Live From 13 Matt Butcher Mix)

Blur

There were blue skies in my city today
Everything was sinking
Said snow would come on Sunday
The old school was due and the traffic grew
Upon the Westway
Where I stood watching comets lonesome trails
Shining up above me the jet fuel it fell
Down to earth where the money always comes first
And the sirens sing Bring us the day they switch off the machines
'Cause men in yellow jackets putting adverts inside my dreams
An automated song and the whole world gone
Fallen under the spell of the distance between us when we communicate
Still picking up shortwave
Somewhere they're out in space
It depends how you're wired when the night's on fire
Under the Westway Now it's magic arrows hitting the bull
Doing one eighty still standing at last call
When the flags coming down
And the Last Post sounds
Just like a love song
For the way I feel about you
Paradise not lost it's in you
On a permanent basis I apologize
But I am going to sing Hallelujah
Sing it out loud and sing it to you
Am I lost out at sea
'Til a tide wash me up off the Westway

Songwriters

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DAMON Published by

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