Hide And Seek

Fightstar

Where are we?
What the hell is going on?
The dust has only just began to form
crop circles in the carpet.
Sinking feeling.
Spin me round again
and rub my eyes.
This can't be happening.
When busy streets, a mess with people
would stop to hold their heads heavy.
Hide and seek.
Trains and sewing machines.
All those years,
They were here first.
Oily marks appear on walls
Where pleasure moments hung before the takeover,
The sweeping insensitivity of this still life
Hide and seek
Trains and sewing machines (oh, you won't catch me round here)
Blood and tears.
They were here first.
Mmmm whatcha say,

Mmm that you only meant well? Well of course you did
Mmmm whatcha say,
Mmmm that it's all for the best? Of course it is
Mmmm whatcha say?
Mmmm that it's just what we need, you decided this.
Mmmm whatcha say?
Oh what did she say?
Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth,
Mid-sweet talk, newspaper word cut outs.
Speak no feeling, no I don't believe you.
You don't care a bit, you don't care a bit
(hide and seek)
Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth,
Mid-sweet talk, newspaper word cut outs.
(Hide and seek)
Speak no feeling, no I don't believe you

You don't care a bit. You don't care a bit.
(Hide and seek)
You don't care a bit.
You don't care a bit.
You don't care a bit.
(Hide and seek)
You don't care a bit.
You don't care a bit.
You don't care a bit.

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