

Broken

Late of the Pier

Anything we should know about your change?]

Didn't sleep last night

Couldn't calm down

The cold water running past my window

Kept me crying out

Give me sunlight

The good medicine

It's all part of the open pressures

Of growing up

Met a friend but then again

You could get around town like they do

Have a shower, then drive around

Looking out for Northfields Avenue

The journey's sour, the fire is out

Love achieving sounds sell a heart of glue

Have a listen, a dirty mind

Moving matters untold residue

Its all evolution's fault now

It's all down to echoes in the crowd

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