subterranean

Maitreya

There's a clash of tunnel vision
work and play, live and die in corridors
people turning subterranean
and digging in for the fall
there's a flag arms to call a nation
make the break from school to dole queue
people turning radioactive
beep beep the sensor beeps it out. come on
Let's escape this cold world comfort
make the break, I'll meet you on the surface
There's a mood but no legislation
no guarantee it's a tabloid reality
people making good connections
write, write, write... It up for us all
Let's escape this cold war comfort
make the break. I'll meet you on the surface

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written by CURNIN, CYRIL JOHN/WOODS, ADAM TERENCE/ORAM, JAMES WEST
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