

# The Selfish Giant

## Storynory

Celebrate the passing drugs  
Put them on the back seat while  
They're coursing in your blood'Cause there are monsters oh  
Walking down Argyle Street  
Where the evening colors go (it's true)I had a dream that you were leaving  
It's hard to be a lover when the TV's on  
And nothing is in your eyesI had a dream that you were leaving  
Where every atom falling in the universe  
Is passing through our mindsPress yourself to me right now  
Push yourself deep down now  
To the dark hills I must go  
Where the shadows hide  
Waiting for the final call  
It's coming down the lineI had a dream that you were leaving  
It's hard to be a lover when the TV's on  
And nothing is in your eyesI had a dream that you were leaving  
Where every atom falling in the universe  
Is passing through our mindsI had a dream that you were leaving  
I had a dream that you were leaving  
It's hard to be a lover when the TV's on  
And nothing is in your eyesI had a dream that you were leaving  
Where every atom falling in the universe  
Is passing through our mindsI had a dream that you were leaving  
I had a dream that you were leaving

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