

Essex Dogs Thurston Moore's Mix

Blur

I remember thinking murder in the car
Watching dogs somersault through sprinklers on tiny lawns
I remember the graffiti
We are your children coming in with spray cans of paint
I remember the sunsets and the plains of cement
And the way the night just seemed to turn the color of orangeade

In this town, cellular phones are hot with teens
In this town, we all go to terminal pubs
It helps us sweat out those angry bits of life
From this town, the English army grind their teeth into glass
You know you'll get a kicking tonight
The smell of puke and piss
The smell of puke and piss on your stilettos

Here comes that panic attack
My heart stops, and then it starts
Give me a drink
I'll drink your round
I take you round the pole
It's cold up here (I can see the universe waiting by a minibus)
You'll catch flu
Or you'll catch the city
Either way, you'll catch flu
Or you'll catch the city

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