On Your Own

Blur

Holy man tiptoed his way across the Ganges
The sound of magic, music in his ears
Videoed by a bus load of tourists
Shiny shell suits on and drinking lemonadeNow, I've got a funny feeling which I bought mail order
From a man in a tee-pee, California
He said he once was the great game show performer
Then he blew all his money away, blew it all awaySo take me home, don't leave me alone
I'm not that good but I'm not that bad
No psycho killer, hooligan guerrilla
I dream to riot, oh, you should try itR E Perot, got gold card soul
My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end
'Cause then you're on your own, then you're on your ownWell, we all go happy day glow in the discos
The sound of magic, music in our brains
Someone stumbles to the bathroom with the horrors
Says "Lord, give me time, for I've jumped into space
I'm in outer space"So take me home, don't leave me alone
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