

# Mace

## Blur

Pedalling on a bicycle  
I'm on my way to make a call  
I try to touch you  
Through the double glazing  
But the curtains were drawn  
The family gone away  
Who is to know  
But now you don't  
No-one can see  
When they get mace in their eyes  
They're papering the walls  
And the windows  
No light in here  
In or out  
The heating's on  
And I'm feeling drowsy  
I fall asleep  
And dream of burning down the house  
I'm pedalling on a bicycle  
I'm on my way to make a call  
The sun is out  
And I'm feeling drowsy  
I fall asleep  
And dream of burning down the house

Lyrics provided by

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