

On Your Own (Crouch End Broadway Mix)

Blur

Holy man tiptoed his way across the Ganges
The sound of magic music in his ears
Videoed by a bus load of tourists
Shinny shell suits and drinking lemonade
Now I got a funny feeling
Which I bought mail order
From a man in a teepee in California
Said he once was a great game show performer
Then he blew all his money away
Blew it all away So take me home
Don't leave alone
I'm not that good
But I'm not that bad
No psycho killer
Hooligan gorilla
I dream to riot
Oh you should try it
I'll eat parole get gold card soul
My joy of life is on a roll
And we'll all be the same in the end Then you're on your own Well we 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

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