Dull Day

The Birthday Party

The light from the window
Falls on the floor
And after it breaks
I cut my feet
On the little bright piecesI glow in the dark
But only when night falls
It's falling it's falling
It's falling it's falling
It fallsMy head is a nightclub
Club, clubbed to dull drums
Beating to slow
To dance or to breathe or to dance
I insist that you cut inI a la flam bey
I'm drinking, I'm drinking
I'm drinking, I'm drinking
I'm drunkDull day
Dull day
Dull day
...

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