

Pressure on Julian

Blur

Only the magical transit children
sing, sing the lullaby, bah bah bah
Sitting on the pavement, sucking on a long straw
It's colorful, it's colorful, but it washes you out
Here is my violence, and here is the excuse
I learned it all, but only second hand
Falling into walls, well what is it with you
You never know, never know, never know
We planned it all this way
We planned it all this way
Pressure on Julian
Swimming in yellow pissy water
Sand getting in between their ears
No blood in head in this bloody weather
Irate people with yellow tongues
Only the magical transit children,
sing, sing the lullaby, bah bah bah.
Falling into walls, well what is it with you
You never know, never know, never know
We planned it all this way
We planned it all this way
Pressure on Julian
(There was pressure on Julian, pushing trolleys in the car park
from B to A, then back to B
Pressure on Julian, he keeps passing out,
Poor, precious little snout, the birds are singing at night
Pressure on Julian)
We planned it all this way
We planned it all this way
Pressure on Julian

Songwriters

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