

# Cockateels

## Guillemots

When the train comes to stop  
Oh, I don't wanna move  
And blunder back into it all  
When the plane come to land  
I wanna stay inside  
And rise up to the clouds again 'Cause dealing with the real world  
Is sometimes not too fun  
When baby says she loves you  
Whilst holding up a gun  
Thank goodness  
I've got imaginary creatures  
Laying on the advice  
By my side, by my side  
When the film credits roll  
I stay right till the end  
Then wander the streets with my eyes ablaze  
All I really want to do  
Is go straight back and watch it again  
Playing a different person every time  
Oh, 'cause living in the real world  
Can sometimes get so strange  
When you fall in love with statues  
And cockateels in a cage  
Well, it seems I've got imaginary lovers  
They say they're protecting the space  
By my side, by my side

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