Season Of Illusions

Ladytron

Obliterate the Sunday you've been cherishing all week
Obliterate the Sunday, he's a pleasure you can keep
I thought you'd let me speak today but Esperanto's out of date
It's just another Sunday, now 'Top of the Pops' is dead
And if the morning gets you down
And then the evening lets you down
Obliterate the Sunday's fair play
Obliterate the Sunday, just keep your phone awake
Supposing wrong intentions won't make it easier to wake
A season of illusions, a pocket full of doubts
A night of fading stars and a legacy of clouds
Obliterate the Sunday, the glass is out of reach
The heat was low, relief you'll find a palm tree in your sleep
You're hiding for months dodging the seas
You spent the day scheming, you're a Houdini
Train has pulled out, light has pulled in
A chance of escape come right up the street
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Obliterate the Sunday, he's a pleasure you can keep
Season of illusions, pocket full of doubts
A night of fading stars and a legacy of clouds
If the morning gets you down
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Hiding for months dodging the seas
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