

# Ten Below

James

So I'm on my own  
Far from my broken home  
And it costs  
Feels like ten below  
Pack me off to school  
Innocence and trust  
Are all lost  
Where did my childhood go?  
Calling from the pay phone  
Trying not to cry  
Feeling I am dying  
Telling you I'm fine  
You tell me it's the making of me  
That's a fucking lie  
When's the holidays?  
Holidays, holidays  
I'm at the bottom of my bed  
Headphones on my head  
John Peel's show  
Feels like ten below  
The sky's a dull gunmetal  
Where did the sun go?  
And it rains and rains  
Feels like ten below  
Turning on the weaker ones  
When we were bored  
I used to have feelings  
But all I feel's a hole  
Is where the heart is  
And the organ praise the lord  
When's the holidays?  
Holidays, holidays  
He's at war, he's at war  
With himself at the world  
He's at war  
He will strike first to anticipate  
He's at war  
Don't know how to relate  
Feels like a Cold War spy

If I'm caught, take the easy way out

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