Finisterre

Saint Etienne

Natwest, Barclays, Midlands, Lloyds.
Use a bank? I'd rather die.I loved to draw when I was a little girl
It helped me see the world as I wanted it to be
Sometimes I walk home through a network of car parks
Just because I canI love the feeling of being slightly lost
To find new spaces, new routes, new areas
I love the lack of logic
I love the feeling of being slightly lostI believe that music in the long run can straighten out most things
There are too many bands that act lame
Sound tame
I believe In ElectrelaneOver here it's new, it's now, it's you, it's clean
The beard and lipstick scene
So look beyond Big brother, gossip culture,
So bored of stupidityThe myth of common sense
I believe in Donovan over Dylan
In love over cynicism
Oh, [unknown][Chorus]
Finisterre, to tear it down and start again (x3)
Think about the love back in FinisterreFive miles north is a town
Of silver birches
Twenty-seven chuches
A look of horror if you drop a HAround here its hoods up and heads down
Got it the wrong way around
When things get turned around
I slow downDream about the notion of the perfect city
Imagine the 19th century never happened
Just a straight run from Beau Brummell to Bauhaus
Dreams never end
This house believes in skyscrapers[Chorus: x 5]I want to know the whole of the city with youYou see McGee was into deals, Barrett was into moves.

Songwriters
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