

# 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 can I 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 lost I 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 Electrelane Over 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 stupidity The 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 Finisterre Five miles north is a town  
Of silver birches  
Twenty-seven churches  
A look of horror if you drop a H Around here its hoods up and heads down  
Got it the wrong way around  
When things get turned around  
I slow down Dream 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 you You see McGee  
was into deals, Barrett was into moves.

Songwriters

STANLEY, BOB/WIGGS, PETER STEWART/CRACKNELL, SARAH JANE Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>