

# Under The Westway

## Blur

There were blue skies in my city today  
Everything was sinking, said snow would come on sunday  
The old school was due and the traffic grew  
Up on the Westway  
Where I stood watching comets lonesome trails  
Shining up above me the jet fuel it fell  
Down to earth where the money always comes first  
And the sirens sing  
Bring us the day they switch off the machines  
Cos men in yellow jackets putting adverts inside my dreams  
An automated song and the whole world gone  
Fallen under the spell of  
The distance between us when we communicate  
Still picking up shortwave, somewhere they're out in space  
It depends how you're wired when the night's on fire  
Under the Westway  
Now it's magic arrows hitting the bull  
Doing one eighty still standing at last call  
When the flags coming down and the Last Post sounds  
Just like a love song  
For the way I feel about you  
Paradise's not lost, it's in you  
On a permanent basis I apologise  
But I am going to sing  
Hallelujah  
Sing it out loud and sing it to you  
Am I lost out at sea  
'Til a tide wash me up off the Westway

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