

Blur, Under the Westway

It was a quite day in my city today
Everything was sinking, says it with come on sunday
The old school and the traffic grew
under the west way

Where I sat watching comets lonesome track
Shining up above me
The jet fuel it fell down the road

So gather the day they've...
'Cause many yellow jackets out.
.. inside my dreams
And all they need so...
For along the... changing ways we all communicate
So standing out... somewhere they ride in space
... and the house some...
Another west way

Give me magic carrot city above
Do you... so standing in...
In the flights coming down
... town just like a... some further way my... without you
Paradise not... it's... I apologize
But I am not a saint
Now the new... singing out loud singing