Example, Diamond Day feat. Vashti Bunyan

Ahhh, the smell of piss I don't know why but you feel alive When it's half past 5 and you take a leakage The man in the mirror looks back to speak his -Mind - find it sane to wonder Nothing's clearer. Why am I here? Do I have a use or am I a number? Did he make me when he made the thunder? And if so why? Who? When? How? And why should I think this now? And why do I need these eye ? brows? Cows make milk, milk is useful We make shit that is used to kill so What's the point of us being here!?

It started off as a diamond day I saw myself in a hazy way What's the point of me in this world? You can venture about the place It seems shit stares you in the face Guess sometimes you never can tell

Go to unearth the answer Strange that I've never been a chancer But things look darker, time to scarper I don't think twice when I grab my parker And slam the door don't turn a shoulder I can't get old be none the wiser And close my eyes at night Just never knowing quite What the fuck we contribute to constitute The wrongs we do and still be plain sailing Top the food chain and Still bloody complaining I set my course for Truthville The truth-will surface maybe, (maybe)

I left without my a to the z So what do I say to my head I'll never find the answers I'm looking for I'm sure, I must just look unsure

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I'm strolling, (he's strolling) The scenery is rolling I stop (he stops) Who's that talking? (Who's that talking) To the left I see a cornfield To the right I see some cows In front I see a set of doors I think these things are metaphors For what? Don't ask the question I talk to the cow for an ounce of sense then Don't look back head through the doors I'm back in my bathroom in the mirror Staring, I've solved the common mystery Of why we have a history, epiphany And now this piss seems bliss to me Cows make milk but what's it for And corn tastes shit if you eat it raw But we're so fucking clever Went and put the 2 together (Went and put the 2 together Went and put the 2 together) And that's the point of us in this world

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