

Katie Melua, Belfast (Penguins And Cats)

I've got a ticket to the fast city
Where the bells don't really ring
Getting off the plane the cold air
Rushes like bullets through my brain

And I'm divided between pinguins and cats
But its not about what animal you've got
It's about being able to fly
It's about dying nine times

Walked on Broadway, going up to falls
Where the old man I used to know
The paintings on the walls of release
Are colourful but they are no Matisse

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