

Mansun, But The Trains Run On Time

This room's dimensions
I know them off by heart by now
They're stored, remembered
And this disturbs me, my personality
I'm living longer
There's less insomnia and stress
Not too rebellious
Today I strictly live by all the rules I set

And now we harbour regret
For taking sweets from children's hands
We may deteriorate
But the trains will run on time
The trains will not be late

And we as children
Imagine perfect lives ahead
What do you know that I don't know
You need a better car to make you valid than you are
Vulnerable
All my logic's wrong at night
I dream abortion
Waste eight hours, taking hours from my life

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