

# Mansun, Railings

I'll press my face up to your railings  
I'll listen, you've still got a little unused pain  
A little hurt  
A little further

Don't burn your hand on the window  
If you just want to take in the view  
Don't you bend my wicked mind  
With your mumbo-jumbo torture  
If it's all the same to you  
It's all the same...

Here we are, were here forever  
We're gone tomorrow, why I might not even bother  
But you're lovely and dark  
It's getting darker now

You press your face to my railings  
I've still got a little unused pain  
I'll shoot you down  
With my good-luck paradox  
With my teeth and my brain  
With my teeth and my brain

My death, it's holy and awesome  
It's as common as muck on a spade  
I'm not afraid now  
I'm not afraid now