

# Mansun, Vision Impaired

Stand up, you sit down  
'Cos your ceiling's too low, there's no chairs on the ground  
See you, you see me  
And my views are obscured by your giant T.V.

These things mean so much  
But there's something here that's not quite right

There's something rotten in here  
And the house is weird  
And all the people that come  
Will all concede it's easy  
It's easy

You see steps to this door  
But they lead me upstairs, though there's only one floor  
See things, they're not clear  
'Cos you're vision impaired, but the truth isn't there