Loving Someone

The 1975

You should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should beMy heart is telling me the telly isn't telling me anything I need But it needs to selling me Besides celebrities lacking in integrity Holding up the status quo instead of showing the kids that they matter Who are they gonna batter next? Keep hold of their necks and keep selling them sex It's better if we keep them perplexed It's better if we make them want the opposite sex Disenfranchised young criminal minds in a car park beside where your nan resides Are not slow, they've just never been shown That you should be Loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someoneOh, oh, loving someone Oh, ohWe're all human, we're just like you man We're sentient, we're something or other I can't remember, whatever We shouldn't have people afloat If it was safer on the ground, we wouldn't be on a boat Charlatan telepathy exploiting insecurity and Preying on the purity of grief and it's simplicity But I know that maybe I'm too skeptical Even Guy Debord needed spectacles, You see, I'm the Greek economy of cashing intellectual chequesAnd now I'm trying to progress, but instead of selling sex And I think I should be Loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someoneYeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be I am forever in alongside the boys in jumpers on bikesfrom schools and cars with autumn leaves fallen sparse across mid-afternoon She blazed about how 'Cultural language is an operating system, a simple interface rendered feeble and listless when tested with divinity or a true understanding of the human condition'

I never did understand - the duality of art and reality of living life and treating it as such, but with a certain disconnect to touch that cajoles at the artist with comfort and abandon. And between the spires and rolling roofs of the white city that orange, English light cast only one, singular shadow, for you are not beside but within me You should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone

Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Yeah, you should be loving someone Oh, oh, loving someone Oh, oh

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