

Fossa

Boston Manor

It's hard to see when the streetlights are out.
I'll get a gas lamp & visit the house that you grew up in.
I'm burning it down.

I've got the answers & you'll be my kill.
I'm sorry you're a victim of my will.
Now my rooms been bleached i'm burning it down.
There really is no sense in diffusing all the tension,
when it's all we have, it's all we have right now.

Do you feel low, are you feeling low?

(Are you still listening)

(Are you still listening)

To the sad songs on the radio?

(Are you still listening)

(Are you still listening?)

Well can you taste the gin?

Well I can't taste anything.

I'm obsessed with myself, i'll put my picture on my shelf.
& I won't look at someone else until I smash the frame this evening.

A letter that I wrote you.

A cobweb on your door.

A broken plastic window pane lying on the kitchen floor.

A broken dirty mirror that's hanging in your hall.

It's been lying to your face since the day that you were born.

Do you feel low, are you feeling low?

(Are you still listening)

(Are you still listening)

To the sad songs on the radio?

(Are you still listening)

(Are you still listening)

I'm sorry those numbers are getting you down.

I care more about the lines you wrote than the ones that make your frown.

I'm sorry those numbers are getting you down.

I care more about the lines you wrote than the ones that make your frown.

There really is no sense in diffusing all the tension,
when it's all we have, it's all we have right now.

And all i'm asking you is,
am I on your mind today?

Or since i've been away has it got worse?

And all i'm asking you is,
am I on your mind today?

Or since i've been away has it got worse?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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