

ntre - Stand 10



on via Tamnaherin

Monday to Friday

Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout
Airport Roundabout

Saturday

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irport Roundabout

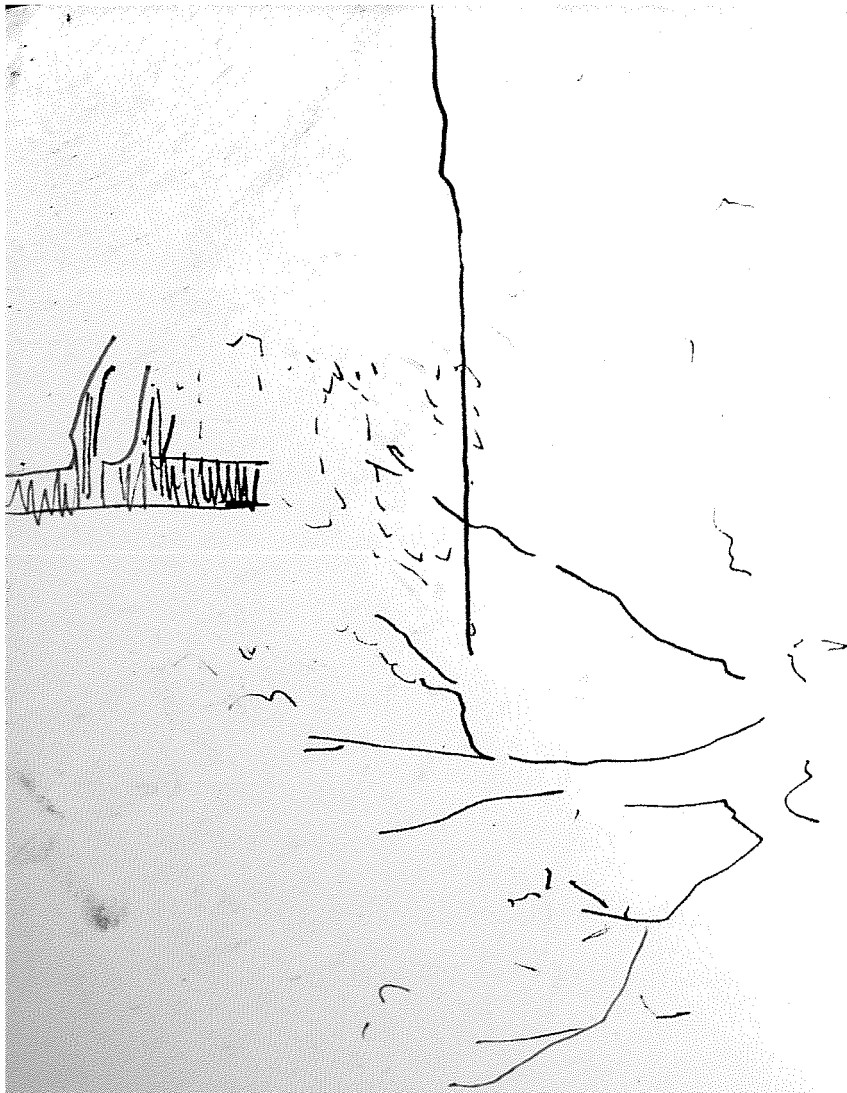
On

Stop Ref: Foyle Street Buscentre - Stand (070000013214)



Approaching a Rejection of
Conclusion:

Robot Peak Hour Ripple Effect



pissing in the flames

↳
↳
↳
↳

Lurpak happiness

Pregnant with worry's babies and bleach
rained from the sky
Maybe they had something on the side
and all i could do was stare at the tide

Lurpak happiness called bogof from the
supermarket
I have to go I have to get that other
scar
Feeling lost in the supermarket
My tv eyes flickered and I turned off
the box set
Did I really just re watch the sopranos
all over again

Ive already written about 10,000 times
in these rhymes the phrase
That I was tired of writing songs like
this
But I was
This evening I sat down and decided to
just let it all out

I was trying to learn how to have fun
again
The flash point horribleness of whatever
I had wound myself up on now I was try-
ing to exchange with a supplement but
something a bit different than just go-
ing to town

I was throwing my crutch in the tree as
a sign that i had been saved
I watched him do the same thing through

my burned out eyes
I listened to the bells ring out as he
finally came out of it all over camber-
well

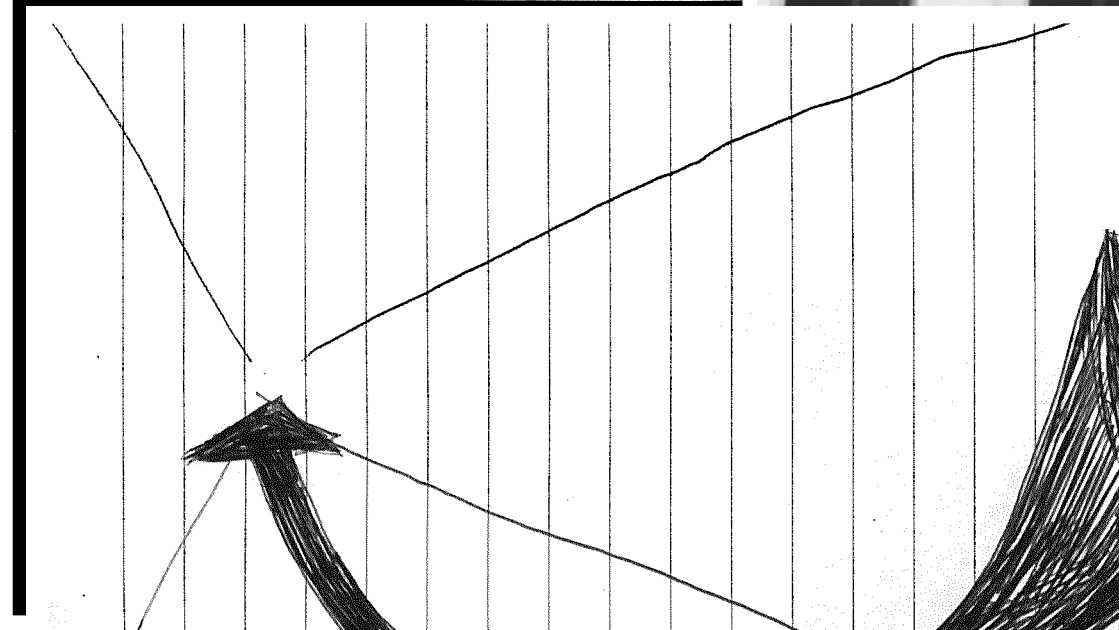
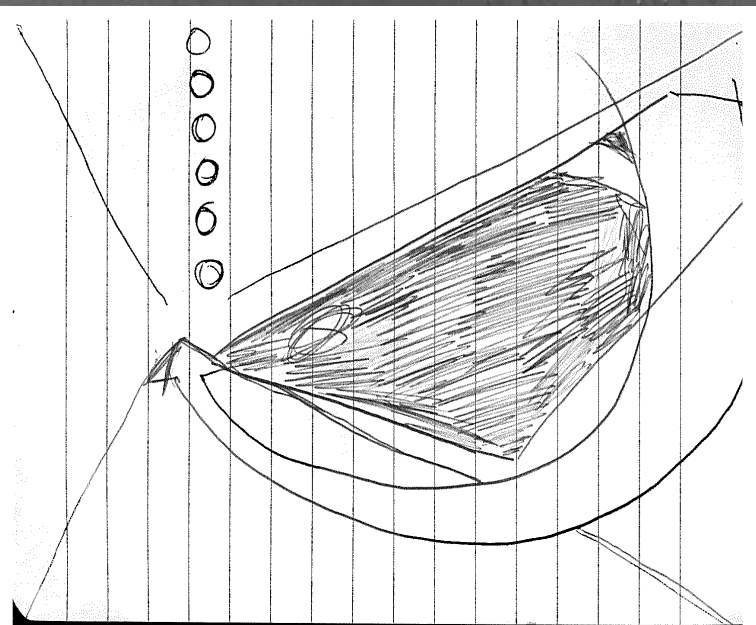
I liked him a lot
If I were second choice
It meant right now I was first
and if that mattered to me now I was
stupid

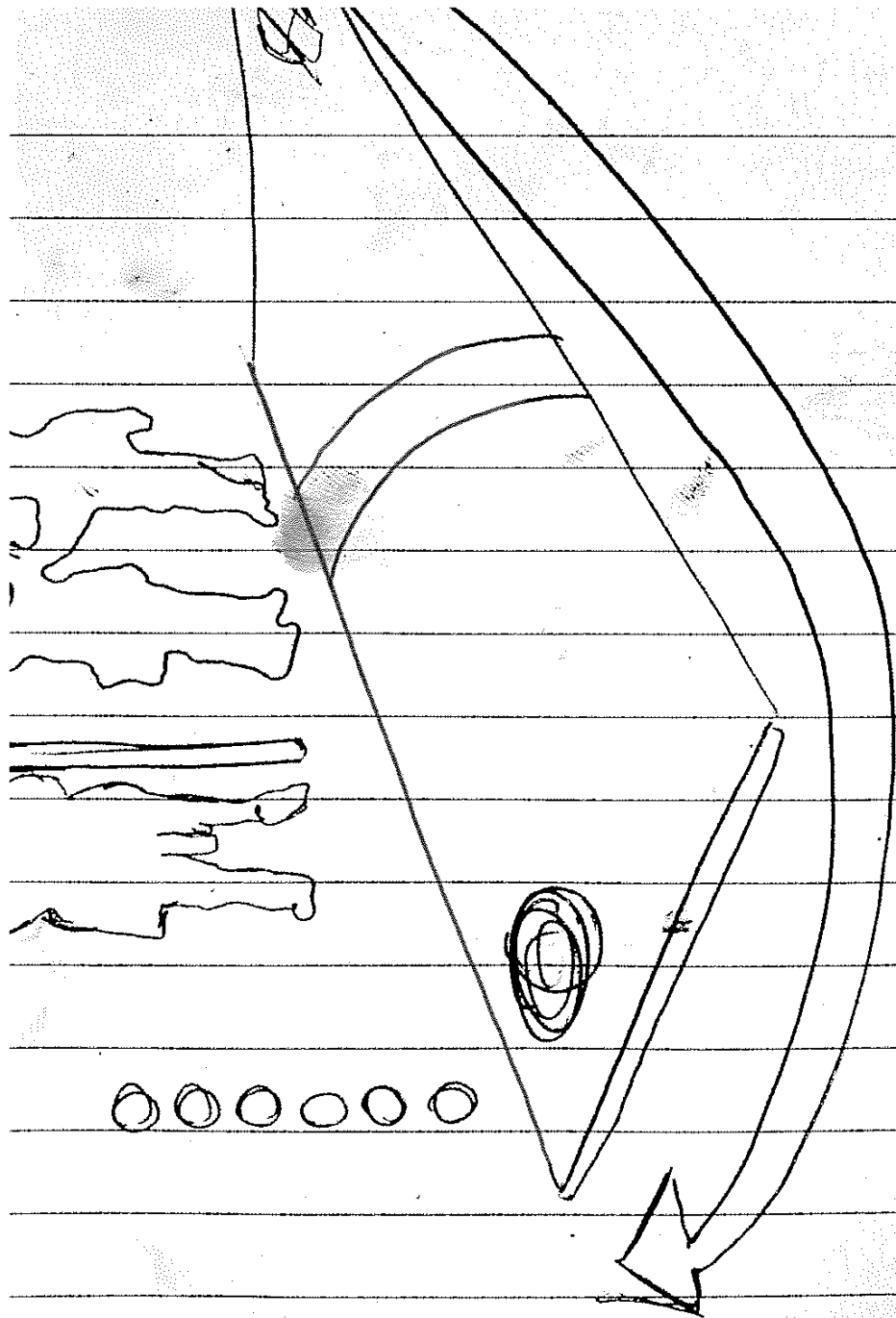
I grabbed a glass of water as I went to
bed so I wouldnt be hungover the next
day since I thought the future seemed
like fun for once

Lurpak happiness
Jam goes
Spinal column disconnects take my skele-
ton off
Flop to the floor
Flip flop off the lights
Lurpak happiness
Tomorrow id be tempted to make another
attempt at it

Take the central line all the way down
Mum says it's alright
It was full of other people's feelings
but I'd bought a brand new thick skin
Try to saw me in half now fuck face I
thought grimacing every stranger in the
place
Daydreaming was my day job now 9-5
I moonlighted actually getting some
sleep

In memory of those who were killed in the
bomb attack on a route 30 bus near this spot
on 7th July 2005





Things were hard to concentrate on at the moment

I often felt like I was looking out through the thorns from the middle of tumble weed which rolled and loathed around aimlessly.

I'd no ability to stop it, make it move, get it out of the way or even make it do anything at all. Sometimes this suited me. But it didn't really suit when I was given something that I had to do.

Then that's when it would get really frustrating and I would tear at the core of the impenetrable tumbleweed with my long suffering hands and would make as much effect as a fart on the side of a battleship would. I would look at my mangled hands, I would think shit, my shit hands have gotten even worse.

I often thought about my shit hands and how it was proper of me only to make something with them. I think I've written before that I felt that is what is expected of me. And I was right. I often thought about who these shit hands made things for, I would look around and wonder if I really cared.

