

Badly Drawn Boy - Once Around the Block

You quiver like a candle on fire
I'm putting you out
Maybe tonight we could be the shout
But I'm fascinated by your style
Your beauty will last for a while

You're feeling instead of being
The more that I live on the inside
There's nothing to give
I'm infatuated by your moves
I've got to search hard for your clues

I want to repair your desire
And call it a gift
That I stole from just wanting to live
Now I see the vision thru your eyes
Your innocence no longer fuels surprise

Trying to outrun your fear
Running to lose
Heart on your sleeve and your sole in your shoes
Take a left,
A sharp left
And another left, meet me on the corner
And we'll start, again.

Wild Strawberries - Minions

Any last requests before I go
Time is fading fast and feeling slow
Hit me when I start to dream
When I whisper maybe close the screen

I'm not asking for opinions
Spare me all your little minions
I just want to wake inside my dreams
I don't know what makes me happy
Just give me joy and make it snappy
Paste my numbered soul with magazines

Someone made a killing on tv
Everyone was willing no one free
All the kids in china stores
Know that living makes them sore

CHORUS

Blessed are the meek for they shall see
Everything that we've already seen
Everybody we have known
Every thing that's overgrown

CHORUS

Wild Strawberries -- Concho Y Toro

You know everything I'm saying
You know long before I speak

I saw you at the side of the road with her hands around your neck
I saw you at the side of the rode and you know I want you back
You're my Concho Y toro Concho y toro

I don't mind what they are saying
I know you're my little red
I met you at the liquor store you were hanging with your friends
I can tell as much by the way you blush there will be no bitter end

I love kissing you in doorways
I get drunk when you are near
I want you like a worn out suit wants another glass of gin
When I'm with you I can't stand up I want to know where you begin

You're my Concho y toro Concho y toro

Bjork – Unison

One hand loves the other so much on me

Born stubborn me
Will always be
Before you count
1 2 3
I have grown my own private branch
Off this tree

You gardener you
Discipliner domestically
I can obey all of your rules
And still be me

I never thought I would compromise

Let's unite tonight
We shouldn't fight
Embrace you tight
Let's unite tonight

I thrive best hermit-style
With a beard and a pipe
And a parrot on each side
Now I can't do this without you

I never thought I would compromise
Let's unite tonight...
One hand love the other so much on me
Let's unite tonight.

Area - Too Far Away

Too Far Away
Baby blond hair and big blue eyes
??? against the big blue sky
??? cloud is lost at sea
You and me

You won't remember what depend
On these secret thoughts I've sent
You think ??? want to know
What you know
Too Far Away

I know I'm missing something good
It just turned out that way

All the demands ?upon the minds?
Can't describe from Baby's smile
Can't make me wish for someplace new
Just home to you

I know I'm missing something good
It just turned out that way

Whenever I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord your soul will keep
Whether I'm near or ??? today
Too Far Away

Low - Transmission

Radio - live transmission
Radio - live transmission

Listen to the silence - let it ring on
Eyes, widening, too frightened of the sun
We can have a fine time living in the night
Left to our destruction, waiting for a sight
waiting for a sight
waiting for a sight
waiting for a sight

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance to the radio
Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance to the radio
Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance to the radio
Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance to the radio

Chris Brown & Kate Fenner -- Whoever built this would never live here

How can all our work not mean better days
How can so much hope disappear
Walk so many streets and they seem to say
Whoever built this would never live here
Hear the clicking of counting coins
Like footsteps running further away
You can buy your distance from anyone
But don't come any closer, it just doesn't pay

It's next to my heart
It's next to my skin
It's where I might start
How can we

Begin to understand all the tragedy
When meaning always bows to agenda
One more child abducted & murdered means
One more politician selling protection
Just how many jails do they plan to build
The suburb walls get higher and higher
Distance just a loan & the interest due
In the violence you meet
When you walk your own street
Is next to our hearts
It's next to our skins
We can't even start
We cannot begin

How can all our work not mean better days
Greed just burns up all we do good
Property is made out of everything
& need is thrown to fire like wood
all the clicking of counting coins
like footsteps running further away
when you can buy your distance from anyone
why would you come any closer, it just
doesn't pay

Chris Brown & Kate Fenner -- The Lesser Amount

Most times I'm down for an argument, but not tonight, not tonight
Tonight I don't want to have to explain what is wrong, it's not right
Tonight I don't care who is owed, tonight I don't care who's to blame
'cause tonight has a chill that won't be warmed
no matter how hot the anger of yesterday's flame
I'm not living for sympathy, nobody governs my mind by me
I don't care if I'm understood, I'm trying too hard just to make good
The crimes of a few we all have to account, by and by, by and by
The greater's still held by the lesser amount in our time, in our time
We sit around life's table with a poker face
And in our hands the human race
O, hail to the chief, deal me an ace
Pour me a drink,
Cause I can't keep the pace

So much daring and self abuse, no one caring, there is no use
Who made hopelessness bravery? Who made impotence chivalry?
What kind of times are these? Governed by violence and stress?
What kind of game do you play where the stakes get raised but the prize
gets less/
I want to take this on, I want to share the blame
I can do better than guilt, I can do better than shame
For the crimes of a few we all have to account
The greater's still held by the lesser amount
Get a response, don't trust what is real
Make someone pay for the way that you feel
I'm not living for sympathy, nobody governs my mind but me
Trying hard to be understood, trying harder to just make good

David Sylvian -- Scent of Magnolia

In the coldest hour something's going down
Whatever pierced the heart it didn't make a sound
I am terrified but I'm not losing sleep
If I'm falling then I'm falling at her feet

I'm leaving America, I'm taking a girl
I'm selling my soul again, I'm gaining the world
Every sense defies this impossible dream
None of the history books describe what I've seen

The rose, the breath, the undying spark
The lotus heart's open, embracing the dark
The uncharted road is the not-coming-back
The language I speak is the words that I lack
The oncoming cars, the wedding of stars

Well I know your name or recognize your face
Or by what means I'll be delivered from this place
Here comes the gun, there goes the flash
Once the bullet leaves it's never coming back

The scent of magnolia, the face of a girl
And every detail embodies the world
What kind of goals define this impossible dream
None of the picture-books reflect all I've seen

I'm leaving America, I'm taking the girls
I'm far from the future and ambush the world

The scent of magnolia, the face of a girl
And every detail embodies the world
What kind of goals define this impossible dream
None of the history books describe where I've been

I'm leaving America, I'm taking a girl
I'm far from the future and ambush the world

Bettie Serveert – White Tales

Too scared to move a mile,
Now why can't we stay here for awhile.
Dark clouds are overhead,
Don't worry 'bout a thing I said.
It was self-defense,
Can I lower my defenses, now.
I couldn't lie to you,
Why can't I lie to you.
White tales and party threads,
Now who put these words inside my head?
'Cause I'm at the cellardoor
and I've never felt this way before.
Under the circumstance,
Can I lower my defenses, now?
I couldn't lie to you,
Why can't I lie to you.
You're so self-controlled that it makes you sad.
Oh, I couldn't lie to you,
Why can't I lie to you.
How can I hold what I've never had?
Pick a side, pick a room,
Dress me up in sweet perfume.
I wanna know you got it so bad,
I wanna hear you say it's driving you mad
On and on and on.
I couldn't lie to you,
Why can't I lie to you.
You're so self-controlled that it makes you sad.
Now I couldn't lie to you,
Why can't I lie to you.
I couldn't lie to you, now.

Jet's To Brazil -- Chinatown

Candle is blue could see me through but I'm color blind
The tell me it's blue and I'm a believer that's why I'm blind
Live on the freeway listen to signs and we drive by feel
Be a believer believe everything you'll be right
Half the time
Candle is waking takes my apartment I bask in it's magic
All of the firefighters put out my fires took all my matches
Staying up later waking up old and I'm leaving her never
Ordering all friends and lovers and we're making our weather with a lone
light bulb
I'm tired of fighting so I'm demolished—that's the way
Some make exhaustion a mode of expression and that's their way
I'm just a question knowing my answer I hope I'm wrong
But I know the answer it's four in the morning I'm right again and I'm
Chinatown
Now in a hurry rubbing up urgent to get home to Dot
Was my missed mistress messed up my mattress I missed the catch
Last of the pitchers catfish done hunting Harry Lundt
Most of the killers never get famous and it's hard on everyone
I'm tired of fighting