

TAKE ME ON A BUS TRIP BACK TO 1985,
PROBABLY THE LAST TIME I FELT THAT I WAS ALIVE.
BORING. REMENISCING MAN.
EVERYTHING IS SO DIFFERENT. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE SAY.
BUT IF TIME WERE MEASURED DIFFERENT, WOULD IT MATTER ANYWAY?
READING LAST YEARS MAGAZINE, TO CREATE THE LATEST SCENCE,
WILL MY APPROVAL SET YOU FREE?
AND I TRY TO RUN AWAY. BUT YOUR MEMORY REMAINS,
AND I WILL WAKE UP CRYING.
I COULD PRETEND IT'S YESMRDAY, BUT THEN HISTORY WON'T CHANGE.
AND I'LL JUST KEEP ON LYING.
AND THE PAST THAT I BETRAY, IS THE ONE YOU WANT TO PLAY,
SO MUCH YOU MOCK IT EVERYDAY.
THE NEW ENEMY HAS GOT DIFFERENT FACES,
BUT BASICALLY, THEIR MINDS ARE IN THE SAME OLD PLACES, YEAH.

HEY THERE, MISS NOVEMBER, HERE SHE COMES AGAIN,
HOLD THAT SCRAPBOOK IN YOUR HAND TO TAKE WAY BACK WHEN,
ALLEGEDLY A BETTER TIME,
WHEN THE SUN WOULD STAY OUT LONGER, AND THE NIGHTS WERE NOT SO COLD,
AND WE WOULD SIT AND WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE WHEN WE'RE OLD.
I THINK YOU'RE ALREADY THERE, SITTING COZY IN YOUR CHAIR,
ARE YOU GOING ANYWHERE?
AND I'M SICK OF BEING CAGED, PICK THE LOCK OUT WITH MY HANDS,
NOT WITH EMPTY TALKING.
WINTER STORMS OF HATE WILL RAGE, WHEN YOUR WORDS GET OLD AND COLD,
WONDER WHY I'M WALKING.
THESE EMPTY WALLS WILL ANSWER YOU, MORE THAN I WAS GOING TO,
SEEMS LIKE AUTUMN'S NEVER THROUGH.
YOUR IDEAS ARE GONNA SAVE THE NATION,
BUT CHECK YOU OUT TOMORROW, STILL IN HIBERNATION, BOY.

AND I STILL HAD MORE TO SAY. BUT I LOST THE LYRICS YESTERDAY,
'COS MY ROO'S IN DISARRAY, I HAVEN'T CLEANED IT OUT SINCE MAY,
WILL YOU BELIEVE THE THINGS HE'LL SAY?

AND ALL MY PROMISES ARE LIES