

Blur, Badgeman Brown

This is the voice of someone
Calling from a lonely hill
To the hard of hearing
For those who never will

A long legged someone
Seen walking away from home
Look a vacant dreamer
Walking alone alone

Ways that turn and turn
Which is what we'd learn
As suffering believers
In the book of badgeman brown

They've dropping like flies
In a suburban house
From a lack of anything
Anything to keep their hands in

And the town keeps screaming
From a lonely hill
Another lack of people
Those who never will

Ways that turn and turn
Which I what we'd learn
As suffering believers
In the book of badgeman brown

This is the voice of someone
Calling from a lonely hill
for the heard of hearing
For those who never will

The days will turn and turn
Which is what we'd learn
As average believers
In the book of badgeman brown