

# Blur, Fool's Day

Wake up straight  
Called out by the sun  
On the first day of April  
Out of bed  
Lord, it was a plane crash  
But I'm sure that I was dreaming  
TV on,  
Of course caffeine and signs  
Of submission again  
Another day  
On this little island  
Just a bell hangs on  
Porridge done  
I take my kid to school  
It was the pound shop, Woolworths  
Under bridge  
Where the subway sees the daytime  
And the West Way flies by  
Then on my bike  
Down the Ladbroke Grove  
To the forthcoming dramas  
The studio  
And a love of all sweet music  
We just can't let go  
Let go let go.. let go let go.. let go  
So meditate  
On what we've all become  
On a cold day in springtime  
Civil War  
Is what we all were born into  
Raise your left hand, right, sing  
Don't capitulate  
To the forces of the market place  
They're long departed  
Consolidate  
The love we've had together  
On a cold day in springtime