

# Blow The Millennium, Blow

Catatonia

Your imagination runs wild  
Sitting on the fence you call your home these days  
Better take care, you don't ask for help  
But some day you might need it

And all the while the leaves turn brown  
Fall off the trees and are blown around  
Your feet there's no good pushing them away  
They'll always come back, just like the fears in your head

Life, ain't what like it used to be  
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So sit on your hands, rattle on your tongue  
It's a shaking head and sit back on your chair  
No good wishing it away, but move it all on  
Right back to haunt you

And all the while the leaves turn brown  
Fall off the trees and are blown around  
Your feet there's no good pushing them away  
They'll always come back, come right back to haunt you

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