

## Yin / Post-Yin

## Future of the Left

Call me Anna [?]  
A velociraptor  
Excuse my manner  
I'm having such a bad day  
I woke this morning  
With expectations  
Of getting nothing  
I've learnt to trust my instincts  
The white man claims that he's in love  
Does anybody doubt him?  
The white man claims that he's in love  
Does anybody doubt his words?  
But those cans [?]  
Are a curse  
As they promise so much health [?]  
And how far can you rise  
On borrowed Sellotape  
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]  
For the pterodactyl's claws  
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]  
For the pterodactyl  
Oh yes it is

Call me Brutus  
A brontosaurus  
It's just for Christmas  
I'm going back to college  
But why I'm just a  
A massive lizard  
I am not stupid  
I understand how it works  
The white man claims that he can fly  
Does anybody doubt him?  
The white man claims that he can fly  
Does anybody doubt his words?

But those songs  
They are real  
But they do not play for you  
So dance to them once  
Then throw them to the wind  
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]  
For the pterodactyl's claws  
But it's on pause, it's on pause [?]  
For the pterodactyl

Good people know (good people know)  
You take money (money)  
And treasures (treasures)  
And glamorous bones (glamorous bones)  
Then throw them together  
And see what we have left!  
Yeah!

Good people know (good people know)  
You take money (money)  
And treasures (treasures)

And glamorous bones (glamorous bones)  
Then throw them together  
And see what we have left!  
Yeah!

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