

No Surprises

Irene Grandi

A heart that's full up like a landfill,
a job that slowly kills you,
bruises that won't heal
You were so tired, happy,
bring down the government,
they don't, they don't speak for her
I'll take the quiet life,
a handshake of carbon monoxide

No alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises
No alarms and no surprises
Silent, silent
This is my final fit, my final bellyache with
No alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises
No alarms and no surprises, please

Such a pretty house, such a pretty garden
No alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises
No alarms and no surprises, please