

The Queen of Ur and the King of Um

Wire

Painted statues in underground streams
With invitations to the Pharaoh's dream
They stare at themselves, there's a need to be seen
Walking mirrors in the Pharaoh's harem

And here they come
The queen of you're
And the king of Um

Tainted Matthews in car-key relations
Gilt invitations to the blue queen's ball
They stare at themselves, there's a need to be seen
Talking pillars in the blue queen's hall
Fading tattoos of empty stations
Great expectations at Vince's loyal mince
They stare at each other, there's a need to be seen
Crack-head mirrors, licking the soiled mint
Olympic statues from terminal stations
Sifting invitations to the market floor
Steering into the future, it pays to be seen
Polishing mirrors, keeping the score
A babbling gaggle, a scrabbling rabble
Fighting invitations to the emperor's shilling
They stare through themselves, there's nothing to see
Hand-picked recruits for ghostly pursuit