

We Are the Also Rans

Young Knives

My my, what a guy in long line, Of high fliy, blow-dry,
simple simon, magic eye.
Oh no he's gonna buy a Van Gogh,
He doesn't really like it!
But put your head in your hands,
Dah dah, d-d-d-d-dah dah,
We are the also rans,
We'll be your moral guidance.
Distance. Distance. Distance. Distance.
Oh no he's a tramp in an old band,
Walk though, sleep rough, killing with his big hands,
He's happy in his own kind of way,
But he doesn't really know it!

But put your head in your hands,
Dah dah, d-d-d-d-dah dah,
We are the also rans,
We'll be your spiritual soldiers.
Distance. Distance. Distance. Distance.
Leave, leave, with your fears and your pet hates,
Down south, big mouth, evening with your work mates,
At nine we're gonna see The Young Knives,
Nobody really likes them!
But put your head in the sand,
Dah dah, d-d-d-d-dah dah,
We are the also rans,
We'll be your guardian angels.
Distance.