

Why Don't The Buildings Cry

Youth Group

Stepping outside, a tap in my heart
Why hasn't the sky fallen apart?
Because inside this tower of sandston and
steel
Someone just got served their last hospital
meal
The city is mocking my darkest hour
The bitumen winks thorough a sudden
shower
And the fat and the blated people mime
A hideous laugh to a joke on drivetime

And I catch the train
Stand side-by-side
Why don't the buildings cry?
His lung's a machine, his hand's like a
fridge
You fuckwits don't deserve the privilege
Of sitting in the afternoon sun while it sets
Enjoying every second of your cigarettes
And I catch the train
Stand side-by-side
Why don't the buildings cry?
Tear up the concrete skies
Why don't the buildings cry