

Loving Someone

The 1975

You should be loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
Yeah, you should be loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
Yeah, you should beMy heart is telling me the telly isn't telling me anything I need
But it needs to selling me
Besides celebrities lacking in integrity
Holding up the status quo instead of showing the kids that they matter
Who are they gonna batter next?
Keep hold of their necks and keep selling them sex
It's better if we keep them perplexed
It's better if we make them want the opposite sex
Disenfranchised young criminal minds in a car park beside where your nan resides
Are not slow, they've just never been shown
That you should be
Loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
Yeah, you should be loving someoneOh, oh, loving someone
Oh, ohWe're all human, we're just like you man
We're sentient, we're something or other
I can't remember, whatever
We shouldn't have people afloat
If it was safer on the ground, we wouldn't be on a boat
Charlatan telepathy exploiting insecurity and
Preying on the purity of grief and it's simplicity
But I know that maybe I'm too skeptical
Even Guy Debord needed spectacles,
You see, I'm the Greek economy of cashing intellectual chequesAnd now I'm trying to
progress, but instead of selling sex
And I think I should be
Loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
Yeah, you should be loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
Yeah, you should be loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someoneYeah, you should be loving someone
Oh, oh, loving someone
Yeah, you should be
I am forever in alongside the boys in jumpers on bikesfrom schools and cars with autumn
leaves fallen sparse across mid-afternoon
She blazed about how 'Cultural language is an operating system,
a simple interface rendered feeble and listless when tested with divinity or a true understanding

of the human condition'
I never did understand - the duality of art and reality of living life and treating it as such, but
with a certain disconnect to touch that cajoles at the artist with comfort and abandon.
And between the spires and rolling roofs of the white city that orange, English light cast only
one, singular shadow, for you are not beside but within me
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Oh, oh

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>