

# False Flags

## Massive Attack

The city chews up clueless blues  
Pays the views and no-man's news  
Blades will fade from blood to sport  
The heroin's cut these fuses short  
Smokers rode a colonial pig  
Drink and frame this pain i think  
I'm melting silver poles my dear  
You beat your wings and then disappear  
The moving scenes and pilot lights  
Smithereens have got us scaling heights  
Modern times come talk me down  
The battle lines are drawn cross this town  
Parisian boys without your names  
Ghetto stones instead of chains  
Talk them down cause it's up in flames  
And nothing's changed  
Parisian boys without your names  
Riot like 1968 again  
The days of rage, yeah nothing's changed  
More pretty flames  
In school i would just bite my tongue  
And now your words they strike me dumb  
The flags are false and they contradict  
They point and click which wounds to lick  
On avenues this Christian breeze  
Turns us on to more needles please  
Our eyes roll back and we beg for more  
Rephrase this skin and then underscore  
The case for war you spin and bleed  
The cells you fill screensavers feed  
The girls you breed the soaps that you write  
The graceless charm of your gutter snipes  
The moving scenes and suburbanites  
And smithereens got us scaling heights  
Modern times come talk me down  
The battle lines are drawn across this town  
English boys without your names  
Ghetto stones instead of chains  
Hearts and minds and US Planes  
Nothing's changed  
And English boys without your names  
Riot like the 1980's again  
The days of rage, yeah nothing's changed

More pretty flames

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