

Floreat Inertia
Half Man Half Biscuit

(intro B E B E, B E B E)

I could be tugging on the beard of science like a cheeky schoolboy

But I couldn't be bothered, that's why I'm still in the box room

Face down in the last ditch, my natural home

I can do that but I don't really want to.

Oh, I used to cajole Gordon Giltrap

I used to think that it mattered

But the low drone of the treadmill

Is the sound of my hopes being shattered.

I should be standing in a chaos of sunflowers, with a girl from Machynlleth

But I'm down at the children's zoo, kicking off on the goats.

Increasing doubt, decreasing hope

Even my imaginary friend went and changed his mind.

Oh, I used to cajole Gordon Giltrap

I used to think that it mattered

But the low drone of the treadmill

Is the sound of my hopes being shattered.

Oh, I turned my back on Nazareth

I used to think that it mattered

But the low drone of the treadmill

Is the sound of my hopes being shattered.