



G/C

Hey there, I don't want to stay here

G D

I decree there is a higher plane

D G/C G

Some place of little consequence

G D

That I might see your face again

D G/C G

before the living and the dead

G/C D G

Are reunited

And this town,

this town is killing me now

I can't believe I waited so long

From the shopping trolleys on the riverbed

To the sound of the bass bins booming

Can I see your face in this acid light

Of another suburban evening

As I roll my eyes up to these dirty skies

Till I count the days till I am leavin

I decree there is a higher plane

Some place of little consequence

That I might see your face again

before the living and the dead

Are reunited

What is love?

What is love in the time of ecstasy

And bare-knuckle fighting?

Lord, won't you deliver me from the wave machine

And the transparent bikini

Like isn't there some skeleton on me

I should find that I might vanquish thee,

Won't you listen to me, your unfaithful servant

of filthy, fucking language

I decree there is a higher plane

Some place of little consequence

That I might see your face again

before the living and the dead

Are reunited

What is love

What is love in the time of ecstasy

And bareknuckle fighting

Don't tell me that he died for that

Councillor forgive me for I

Knew not what I vandalised  
Don t tell me that he died for that

Take me down to the Paradise club  
Where the girls are drunk and oversized  
DON t tell me that he died for that

There s a crack in the handle of a coronation cup  
That I once brought back  
I decree there is a higher plane  
Some place of little consequence