

# Foals, Looking High

Looking high, looking low  
for where all our friends used to go  
running through that open door  
for you don't go in there no more.

You can stay, you can go  
to all the haunts we used to know  
the late nights bathed in neon glow  
nostalgia of the after show

Look me up, look me down  
you know i won't be hanging around  
cause i've already skipped the town  
i've packed my bags, i've found new ground

I hope that i see a life returning  
the leaves on the trees  
& the wind blowing  
i hope that i'll be there  
when life's returning  
the new kids coming in.

Find another way  
any other way,  
find another way...

Pull me up, pull me down  
searching hands all grasp the crown  
sink or swim but we won't drown  
treading water till yr found

Come for me, come for you  
at least we can say we were true  
just holding out for something new  
the good life that we hoped we're due

Find another way, any other way, find another way...  
(I hope i'll see the streets return, i know i'll see the streets return)

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for where all our friends used to go  
running out that open door  
you won't see them dance no more

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