

Hot Chip, The Warning

Excuse me sir, I'm lost I'm looking for a place where I can get lost
I'm looking for a hope for my malfunctioning being
I'm looking for the mechanical music museum

This is a warning, a spelling out for you, for you

Excuse me miss, I'm a dog on heat I'm a complicated being with love songs to hear
I'm a poor starving baby who can march all night
I'm a mechanical music man and I'm starting a fight

Hot Chip will break your legs, snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down, under the ground

Excuse me child, I am trying to see all the colors of wonder your brightness can be
Return to nothingness and joy just might be right
But prepare yourself for a mechanical fright

This is a warning, a spelling out for you, for you
This is a warning, a spelling out for you, for you

Hot Chip will break your legs, snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down, under the ground

Excuse me son, I'm found I'm looking for a place where I was once found
There's nothing in a world where the melody's broken
There's always some way to make a silence be spoken

Hot Chip will break your legs, snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down, under the ground