

Kasabian, Test Transmission

Standing here on this burning bridge
Trying to figure out but there's nothing here
Seem like they got the fear
Cattle grids rattle gold chains pay it back
Just cancel the chickens
And tell your son that he should steal the gold

The kings send their knights
Check these soul satellites
Test transmission
Is calling me back home(x2)

To messed up to perform this
can't you see I'll only miss you now and memories
They get washed to the seas
Feeding tape through the fabric must tune in
Unless you're trapped tomorrow
And get out the sun, get out before it gets you back

The kings send their knights
Check there souls satellites
Test transmission
Is calling me back home (x2)