Alt-J, In Cold Blood

01110011
Crying 0’s and I;m nearing 111
Cut my somersaults, I’ma backflip
Pool, summer, summer, pool
Pool, summer
Kiss me

Hair the way the Sun really wants it to be
Whiskey & soda, please,
You G&t si empty
Dips, inflatables have sunk to the bottom
Pool, summer, summer, pool
Pool, summer
Kiss me

Kelly, let’s dibe
Dive down to the pool’s bottom
Wherer we belong
Kelly, we’re sinking like a beating stone
All above crowding
Around so fucking lound

Mister Caspian’s killer told me so
Heard it now on the radio
Pool, summer, summer, pool
Pool, summer
In cold blood