

Biffy Clyro, Saturday Superhouse

I'll be sitting on the left side, you'll be sitting on the right
Dying to share our problems, make everything alright
Then I see a darkness, you see the blinding light
Will Oldham's in the corner moaning "Can't you write your own lines";

If we don't know where we belong
It'll make no difference from where we started
Look out kid because here it comes
You're not the lucky ones

There's a dozen corpses on the left side, I swear one's smiling at me
Compliments on your confessions baby, wow you really showed me
You think that you're full of conviction, really you're just trying to survive
Tie them up then spit them out it's good to help the boy shine

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