

Foals, London Thunder

I'm on the red eye fly to nowhere good
How 'bout you?

I've been in the air for hours
Meteors showers by the Moon.

So, one last drink for summer
Always leaving, never you, never you

Come back to London Thunder,
Sounds of sirens in my blues
Ye-yeah

Now the tables turned
It's over with my fingers burnt
I start a new
Now I come back down, I'm older
Looking for something else to hold on to

There's no way to realign
The post of skin I take back every line

Lost my mind in San Francisco
The worn out disco when tempers cooled

There's no water
There's no sound
Who do you come around?
Who do you come around?
There's no time
There's no space
Where do you draw a line?

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