## Foals, The Race For Radio Supremacy

This is a warning shot, your final call An empty maw or gurning hearts, hollowed crowns And all I see is marching bands Marching bands which never rest in broken stands Butcherbirds with useless throats We're not safe of dying kings with plastic knives

It's just another hospital It's just another, it's just another

Captains made with metal tags Flags brought down of hollowed crowns It's everything without a time It's just a, it's just a

It's just another hospital It's just another, it's just another

Goodbye all, your marching bands Laid to rest in broken stands Butcherbirds will fly away This is not a warning call nor final shot All I see is butcherbirds will fly away, electric bloom