

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