

Franz Ferdinand, 40 Ft

As I glanced once upon the foam
40 feet beneath my feet
The coldest calm falls through the molten veins
Cooling all the blood to slush, congeals around again

And forty feet remain

Salt scales upon my drying arms
Burn my back beneath the sun
But I am cold beneath the burning haze
Looking down, looking down, down, down again

And forty feet remain