

# Kasabian, Pistols At Dawn

I'm the smoke behind the screen, astronaut in the limozine  
Now picture us amphetamines, a taxidermy in the magazine  
The mutiny amongst the fees, all the cards hiding up my sleeves  
Bandages, a stripper's thighs tell the jury you're an animal  
Yeah, oh yeah

Best laid? plans can wait, don't need them now  
This aggravation is heavy duty  
Best laid? plans can wait, don't need them now  
You've got to slow down and see the beauty

Straighten up, take your pills, nuts is watching, so forget your thrills  
Plastic limbs, antidote, now you see it was all a hoax  
Microchips inside your ears tapping in to your inner fears  
Lousy kids, we can tick beaten up with the ugly stick  
Yeah, oh yeah

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Oh, temper, temper, missy  
Resorting to violence if you disagree  
Oh, the rhythm, the rhythm is slow  
Have to admit you're the star of the show  
Oh, temper, temper, missy  
Sitting there laughing it's now that you see  
Oh, the visions, the visions are black  
Tears on your gravestone, you're not coming back

I'm the smoke, a mocking bird the filthy joke that you overheard  
So giz a squeeze, I'm you, you're always fucked but you never knew  
Yeah, oh yeah

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