

Kasabian, Processed Beats

I ran from the tide
won't let you hide
won't let you hide
I drop beats from this processed meat
for a conversation
a meditation and
I cut waves like some unborn sage
just like terrorists on a day of rest singin

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I break bones stealin mobile phones
and I'm cuttin deals for these homeless meals
makin idle threats using chinese burns
as you load my head with the grateful dead singin

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