

Mogwai, Take Me Somewhere Nice

Ghosts in the photograph
never lie'd to me.

I'd be all of that
I'd be all of that.

A false memory
would be everything.
A denial my eliminent.

What was that for?
What was that for?

What would you do
if you saw spaceships
over Glasgow?
Would you fear them?

Every aircraft,
every camera,
is a wish that
wasn't granted.

What was that for?
What was that for?

Try to be bad.
Try to be bad