

London Thunder

Foals

I'm on the redeye flight to nowhere good
How 'bout you?
I've been in the air for hours
Meteors showers by the pool
So one last drink for summer
Always leaving, never you
Never you I'm back to London Thunder,
The sounds of sorrows in my room
Yeah
And now the tables turned
It's over
And with my fingers burned, I'll start anew
I'll look for something else to hold up to
There's no way to realign upholster skin
I take back every line
Lost my mind in San Francisco
Worn out disco when tempers cooled
There's no water
There is no sound
Will you come around
Would you come around?
There's no space
There is no time
Where do you draw a line?
And now the table's turned
It's over
And now I've come back down
I'll look for something else to hold up to
I'm on the redeye flight to nowhere good
How 'bout you?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>