

# 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/>