

# Biffy Clyro, Saturday Superhouse

I'll be sitting on the left side, you'll be sitting on the right  
Dying to share our problems, make everything alright  
Then I see a darkness, you see the blinding light  
Will Oldham's in the corner moaning "Can't you write your own lines"

If we don't know where we belong  
It'll make no difference from where we started  
Look out kid because here it comes  
You're not the lucky ones

There's a dozen corpses on the left side, I swear one's smiling at me  
Compliments on your confessions baby, wow you really showed me  
You think that you're full of conviction, really you're just trying to survive  
Tie them up then spit them out it's good to help the boy shine

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It'll make no difference from where we started  
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