

# Foals, London Thunder

I'm on the red eye fly to nowhere good  
How 'bout you?

I've been in the air for hours  
Meteors showers by the Moon.

So, one last drink for summer  
Always leaving, never you, never you

Come back to London Thunder,  
Sounds of sirens in my blues  
Ye-yeah

Now the tables turned  
It's over with my fingers burnt  
I start a new  
Now I come back down, I'm older  
Looking for something else to hold on to

There's no way to realign  
The post of skin I take back every line

Lost my mind in San Francisco  
The worn out disco when tempers cooled

There's no water  
There's no sound  
Who do you come around?  
Who do you come around?  
There's no time  
There's no space  
Where do you draw a line?

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It's over with my fingers burnt  
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