

Kasabian, Pistols At Dawn

I'm the smoke behind the screen, astronaut in the limozine
Now picture us amphetamines, a taxidermy in the magazine
The mutiny amongst the fees, all the cards hiding up my sleeves
Bandages, a stripper's thighs tell the jury you're an animal
Yeah, oh yeah

Best laid? plans can wait, don't need them now
This aggravation is heavy duty
Best laid? plans can wait, don't need them now
You've got to slow down and see the beauty

Straighten up, take your pills, nuts is watching, so forget your thrills
Plastic limbs, antidote, now you see it was all a hoax
Microchips inside your ears tapping in to your inner fears
Lousy kids, we can tick beaten up with the ugly stick
Yeah, oh yeah

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Oh, temper, temper, missy
Resorting to violence if you disagree
Oh, the rhythm, the rhythm is slow
Have to admit you're the star of the show
Oh, temper, temper, missy
Sitting there laughing it's now that you see
Oh, the visions, the visions are black
Tears on your gravestone, you're not coming back

I'm the smoke, a mocking bird the filthy joke that you overheard
So giz a squeeze, I'm you, you're always fucked but you never knew
Yeah, oh yeah

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