

The Maccabees, Spit It Out

Seen it spinning round
Out of all control
Twinkle, drink'll star
Spinning out, spinning out
There's one to wash it down
One to wash it out
One for the Postman's Park
Spit him out, spit him out

Till he gets to the English coast
To the place he loved the most
Where the spinnakers on boats
Are filling out, filling out, out, out
Filling out, filling out, filling out

And we get to guessing games
Where no one knows their names
Guess no one's going home
Staying out, out, out
staying out, staying out, staying out

What are we doing now, what are we doing now

Come on it's going to get easier from now
Come on it's going to get easier somehow
What are we doing now, what are we doing now
What are we doing now, what are we doing now

The storm came and tore limbs from the trees
Like a drowning whale
And the thought of it brought us all down to our knees

What are we doing now, what are we doing now
What are we doing now, what are we doing now

Spit it out, spit it out, spit it out, spit it out
spit it out, out, out