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 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

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