

Narcotic Farm

Kasabian

Come down lady, flyin' eight miles high
You got the soul and you don't even, don't even try
Jet black tulip like a smokin' gun
You got no rhythm but you know how to, know how to run

At the narcotic farm
They will do you no harm
My music maybe follow you down
To where the executioner will bring me back 'round
Hey won't you follow me down
To where the executioner will bring me back 'round

Bitch slap beauty when you picked me a smile
Ain't got control but I know that you can dig my style
Blown out fuses with the new town skunk
You got the rhythm but you know how to, know how to run

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