

Turn It Up

The Bluetones

What's that sound?
Like an aeroplane coming down
Like every banshee in every hill
Uniting in one diabolical yell

They said we're eight miles down
And we're eight miles down
We don't know much but we know what we like
A particular chord when you strike it just right

This is the brain
It's the center of all our pain
Where every banshee in every hill
Is uniting in one diabolical yell.

They said we're eight miles down
And we're eight miles down
We don't know much but we know what we like
A particular chord when you strike it just right

We've been here all along
We sing our lonely song
First in on every sigh
Lions and tigers and bears oh my

Stop making a stand
(turn it up turn it up)
Take matters in hand
(turn it up turn it up)
We've sung the first hit already, flip it over again
(turn it up turn it up)

We're eight miles down
We're eight miles down
We don't know much but me we know what we like
A particular chord when you strike it just right

First in on every sigh
Lions and tigers and bears oh my

Stop making a stand
(turn it up turn it up)
Take matters in hand
(turn it up turn it up)
We've sung the first hit already, flip it over again
(turn it up turn it up turn it up turn in up turn it up!)

Stop making a stand
(turn it up turn it up)
Take matters in hand
(turn it up turn it up)
Here we are at the end already, flip it over again
(turn it up turn it up turn it up turn it up turn it up...)