

Fever Dream

Biffy Clyro

I'm ploughing through a field
Of ineptitude at us
Resuscitate my fever dream
All I needed was love

In an interview with God
I grounded for all to see
I hit a wall and fell to my knees
And had an interview with God

I couldn't stop the tears flowing
Get away from me
Get away

Well there's a Devil in my bones
I've known it since I was born
I had the eyes of an angel, but
A heart that was never full
I never had the right laugh
I never had the right moves
I had the past of an angel, but
I bet you did too

Well, where the fuck is God?
You picked up my home
And smashed it to smithereens

Where the fuck is God?
You made it my memory
You took what you pleased

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I had an interview with God
I had an interview with God
I had an interview with God
I had an interview with God

(God, God, God, God)
(God, God, God, God)

Well, where the fuck is God?
I had an interview with God
Well, where the fuck is God?

(God, God, God, God)
(God, God, God, God)

(Hallelujah, Hallelujah)