

Worst Type of Best Possible

Biffy Clyro

I had a lot to drink last night
I had a lot to say
I woke up with a busted lip
And a stream of words dripping down my face

Times are changing
Times are changing, my love
Times are changing
And everybody knows
That we can't get along

This is how it all went wrong
Where you are's not where you're from

But I'm always holding out for peacetime
Holding out for grace
Everyone is leaving
And they won't come back again
No time for a gesture
No need to re-engage
You can move to dreamland
But I'm holding out for change

I never was a lucky one
I never was a saint
But now the devil is creeping out
And he don't care for your give and take
'Cause we can't get along

This is how it all went wrong
Where you are's not where you're from

But I'm always holding out for peacetime
Holding out for grace
Everyone is leaving
And they won't come back again
No time for a gesture
No need to re-engage
You can move to dreamland
But I'm holding out for change

Holding out for peacetime
Holding out for grace
Everyone is leaving
And they won't come back again
No time for a gesture
No need to re-engage
You can move to dreamland
But I'm holding out for change