

## Leaving London

Destroyer

Nothing good can come from leaving  
Everything once cast off I'm retrieving  
Just to find I'm a born retriever  
Golden to the core, silver pulleys and levers

Sore Barn Burners, don't judge us  
I'd sooner just leave the crust  
The (painted?) pig wants to count our bless-yous  
Could you count them and clean them, honey

Save yourself, strut your stuff  
Cut the color commentary, trust your stats, man  
Fishing for compliments and this is what I catch  
Fuck, I'm never setting foot there again, no

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(Nothing)  
Undone