

# London Thunder

Foals

I'm on the red-eye flight to nowhere good.

How about you?

I've been in the air for hours, meteor showers by the pool  
So one last drink for summer always leaving never you  
Come back to London thunder, the sound of sorrow in my room, ye  
ah

And now the tables turn, it's over  
And with my fingers burned I start anew  
And now I've come back down, I'm older  
I look for something else to hold on to

There is no way to realign, upholster skin I take back every line

Lost my mind in San Francisco, the worn out disco when tempers cooled

There is no water, there is no sound  
Will you come around? Will you come around?  
There is no space, there is no time  
Where'd you draw the line?

And now the tables turn, it's over  
And with my fingers burned I start a new  
And now I've come back down, I'm older  
I look for something else to hold on to

I'm on the red-eye flight to nowhere good.  
How about you?