

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?

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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

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How about you?