

Spanish Sahara

Foals

So I walked into the haze
And a million dirty ways
Now I see you lying there
Like a lie low losing air, air

Black rocks and shoreline sand
Still that summer I cannot bare
And I wipe the sand of my arms
The Spanish Sahara, the place that you'd wanna
Leave the horror here

Forget the horror here
Forget the horror here
Leave it all down here
It's future rust and then it's future dust

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Now the waves they drag you down
Carry you to broken ground
Though I find you in the sand
Wipe you clean with dirty hands

So goddamn this boiling space
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I'm the fury in your head
I'm the fury in your bed
I'm the ghost in the back of your head
'Cause I am

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