

# Rats In A Sack

Ghostpoet

Britain's on a mission  
Humans in a daze  
Far right on the jukebox  
High vision, bright as day  
Sorry love, but you're all alone  
Snuff hole turns cold  
Seat warmth in these bitter days  
Peach schnapps on the phone  
Shopdustries taking liberties  
Skinning teeth for the 'gram  
Are they closed for brunch bowls?  
Start bustin' with the lamb  
Eyes navigate the coastline  
Some folks welling up  
Confused by these pretty things  
Yes we just fucked it up  
They were screaming...  
Let's get out  
Out means out, means out, means out, means out, means out  
They were screaming  
Just get out  
Out means out, means out, means out, means out, means out

Wind rush will chill me to the bone  
Side case of love and hate  
Wonder if my numbers ever cold  
My mum wonders what's my fate

Order red and blue will be my sword and shield  
Or skin coloured currency  
Shame raiders don't bring better news  
Need more shit for Twitter feeds  
Ah fat thumbs can't share locations quick  
So I fumble aimless, where is home  
Brave throbbing on the regular  
But I won't bang the car home  
So what becomes the broke hearts?  
With credit cards keep us kept  
Can I swan dive of this cliff edge  
Maybe jump first and later fret

Still I'm hearing...  
Let's get out  
Out means out, means out, means out, means out, means out  
They were screaming  
Just get out  
Out means out, means out, means out, means out, means out

They were saying...  
Let's get out  
Out means out, means out, means out, means out, means out  
They were screaming  
Just get out  
Out means out, means out, means out, means out, means out

Swan divers (swan divers, swan divers, swan divers, swan divers)