

## Acid Turkish Bath (Shelter from the Storm)

Kasabian

Cotton mouth is bleeding, one way glass deceiving  
Dope me up on women and credit cards  
Promise X-Ray vision and fancy cars  
The tables set for the bourgeois  
Better get in line with your dinner tray  
Cause when it's all ran out and it's just you left  
With the nut job swigging his crystal meth  
And there's a constant ring of machinery  
Is there a place for me in history?

Sending the boys away, leaving them out to play  
Throwing them miles away, now it's another day  
To shelter from the storm  
Sending the boys away, leaving them out to play  
Throwing them miles away, wishing for new years day  
To shelter from the storm

Sons of time are rising, 16 minds exploding  
It's the 21st century ain't it cool?  
It's taught us how to eat and how to drool  
And the wind up merchants are out in force  
Telling you my brother to change your course  
And you won't be the first to think it's wrong  
When all you really want is to band a gong  
Cause it's all sawn up in our misery  
Is there a place for me in the history?

Sending the boys away, leaving them out to play  
Throwing them miles away, now it's another day  
To shelter from the storm  
Sending the boys away, leaving them out to play  
Throwing them miles away, wishing for new years day  
To shelter from the storm

We go've got to break down the walls and shelter from the storm  
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