

## Narcotic Farm

Kasabian

Come down lady, flyin' eight miles high  
You got the soul and you don't even, don't even try  
Jet black tulip like a smokin' gun  
You got no rhythm but you know how to, know how to run

At the narcotic farm  
They will do you no harm  
My music maybe follow you down  
To where the executioner will bring me back 'round  
Hey won't you follow me down  
To where the executioner will bring me back 'round

Bitch slap beauty when you picked me a smile  
Ain't got control but I know that you can dig my style  
Blown out fuses with the new town skunk  
You got the rhythm but you know how to, know how to run

At the narcotic farm  
They will do you no harm  
At the narcotic farm  
They will do you no harm  
My music maybe follow you down  
To where the executioner will bring me back 'round  
Hey won't you follow me down  
To where the executioner will bring me back 'round