

# Sharks Are Circling

The Courteeners

The sharks are circling  
The water's getting clearer  
Smiling with his six rows  
The megalodon are nearer  
They go out in schools  
Dream they are supreme  
Cast insults our way, go on  
We'll cast you down stream

There's a ghostly tread  
Over her overhead

Footsteps in the canyon  
Slip away until you've found her  
They stop and stare  
A hundred eyes on you  
But don't worry just do  
Those things that you do,  
And so the girl cries  
But lets crack out the fan fare  
In it for the good times  
Dry those dark eyes

They crack the whip  
The acetone drips from their lip  
Tut tut finger wag  
It takes ten years to shake a tag  
But they wear theirs with pride  
A septic thorn in society's side  
We will rise above  
Through the color of our love

There's a ghostly tread  
Over her overhead

Footsteps in the canyon  
Slip away until you've found them  
They stop and stare  
A hundred eyes on you  
But don't worry just do  
Those things that you do  
And so the girl cries  
But lets crack out the fan fare  
In it for the good times  
Dry those dark eyes

They stop and stare  
A hundred eyes on you  
But don't worry just do  
Those things that you do  
And so the girl cries  
But lets crack out the fan fare  
In it for the good times  
Dry those dark eyes