

Foals

"Dearth"

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I could cut my hands off now,
Just to force this gale out of me, out for me
We could peel artichoke hearts and break our legs and
dry out

Maybe if we could just talk about the weather
I have 300 bombs all in my head
I have 300 bombs all in my head.

I could cut my hands off now,
just to force this gale out of me, out for me
We could peel artichoke hearts and break our legs and
dry out

Saturday we could come home and cut the phone lines
Saturday we could come home and cut the phone lines
Saturday we could come home and cut the phone lines

I could cut my hands off now,
Just to find the skeleton of me, ton of me
We could peel artichoke hearts and break our legs and
dry out and dry out.

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