

British Sea Power "A Trip Out"

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Build us a vehicle
Set us a course
Pick up your sickle
Get on board

We're all going on a trip out
We're all going on a trip out
We're all getting, all getting out

Out with the daggers
Off with the gloves
There is so much
That you can loath

And I can't stop thinking about it
And I can't stop working it out
It doesn't come much bigger than this
You see a point and you make a wish
Everything tragic, take it away

One fine day before the apocalypse
And I know it's not impossible
From a hill top, worn out short grass
I don't know how long it can last

Up then toward the see saw
Up then toward the gibberish
Up then toward being a bore
Up then toward the apocalypse

Build us a vehicle
Set us a course
Pick up your sickle
Get on board

Lonely are the brave
There is a chance
Of happiness
Yeah, but it is over so fast

And I can't stop thinking about it
And I can't stop working it out

No la dee da, no picnickers
Just party, party in a tweety land

How long, how long, how long?

One fine day before the apocalypse
And I know it's not impossible
From a hill top, worn out short grass
I don't know how long it can last

Up then toward the see saw
Up then toward the gibberish
Up then toward being a bore
Up then toward the apocalypse

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