

British Sea Power "Something Wicked"

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Where the ancient oak leaf clusters grew
The death's head hawk moth flew
And something wicked this way comes
The swallow is depicted there along your fuselage
And something wicked this way comes

I'm not waiting for you
I'm not waiting for you
I'm not waiting for you

Breaking up, it's getting far away
I used to know what I wanted to say
Please, remove your field grey coverall
Your works of nature are unnatural
Are unnatural, are unnatural

And the lake was clear as crystal the best tea I ever had
And something wicked this way comes

It starts with love for foliage and ends in camouflage
And something wicked this way comes

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