

Kasabian**"Too Long In The Wasteland"**

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Hear the trucks on the highway, And the tickin' of the
clocks

There's a ghost of a moon in the afternoon, Bullet
holes in the mailbox

Bullet holes in the mailbox, Keyholes in my mind

Too long in the wasteland

Too long in the wasteland

I've fallin' behind

She said won't you come see me, When the sun goes
down

It'll be just like the old days, When I used to let you
hang around

Well I don't know, I might not speak the language any
more

Too long in the wasteland

Too long in the wasteland

I've closed some doors

People in the village, Watch the children play

At the sight of a stranger, They call the kids away

Just leave that man alone, I hear the mothers say

Too long in the wasteland

Too long in the wasteland

What's made him that way

I hadn't intended, To bend the rules

Whiskey don't make liars, It just makes fools

So I didn't mean to say it, But I meant what I said

Too long in the wasteland

Too long in the wasteland

Must have gone to my head

Jet trails in the sunset, a long way away

Cuttin' cross the horizon, At the edge of the day

And it calls out to me, Come fly away, I've been

Too long in the wasteland

Too long in the wasteland

I believe I'll have to stay

Too long in the wasteland

Too long in the wasteland
I'll have to stay

There's a ghost of a moon in the afternoon
Bullet holes in the mailbox
Bullet holes in the mailbox

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