

Kasabian

"West Ryder Silver Bullet"

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[spoken]

Then I went down into the basement
where my friend the maniac busy's himself with his
electronic grafiti
Finally his language touches me
because he talks to the part of us
which insists on drawing profiles on prison walls.
In that moment poetry will be made by everyone
and there will be emu's in the zone...

Mist covers the ground
In the city
Engine rumbles quiet
As we drift by

I wish you could see it
Through my crooked eye
Oh your beauty
Plays me just like a guitar string [it's so true]

I want your touch
Oh how I want you far too much
She my baby
He's my baby

Ahhhhh [x 8]

Days drift into one
It's so pretty
Travelling Wilbury's, Polly's photofits
And this stolen car
Is loaded with junk
It's so dirty
He'll be the death of me
But that's ok

I want your touch
Oh how I want you far too much
She my baby
He's my baby

Ahhhhh [x 8]

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