

# A Tragic World Record

Biffy Clyro

When you've taken everything,  
and there's nothing left to give.  
You're stuck with an empty skin,  
I'll call it 'my human bag'.

But you can't forget the past,  
I keep my diary on its chest.  
My keys are in its mouth,  
I write my lyrics upon its legs.

This thing is like a nightmare,  
It's hard to drag it anywhere.  
I'm riding round in your town

There's love, then everything else in your house  
You can't escape the truth, it's dangerous.

Now I have a fraction of,  
the respect I used to have.  
Forget everything you know,  
and you can fuck what you're fighting for.

This thing is like a nightmare,  
Our dreams can take us anywhere.  
I'm riding round in your town...

There's love, then everything else in your house  
You can't escape the truth, it's dangerous.  
I'm outside the back of your house, trying hard to work it out.  
But you're always in the background, and looking out  
You're looking out

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