

Sounds Like Balloons

Biffy Clyro

Ancient Rome, we built that fucker stone by stone
Our fingers bled, our feet were worn
But we stood strong and carried on

Come on in, do you want to touch my bulbous head?
With features wrapped and stretched to death
A tiny nose is all that's left

This is not for your entertainment

The land at the end of our toes goes on and on and on and on
The sand at the core of our bones, it blows on and on and on and on
The land at the end of our toes goes on and on and on and on
The sand at the core of our bones continues on

The basement's gone, it seems they dug up all our land
The world was lowered man by man,
Let's move the sky and not join hands

Ancient Rome, we built that fucker stone by stone
Our fingers bled, our feet were worn
But we stood strong and carried on

This is not for your entertainment

The land at the end of our toes goes on and on and on and on
The sand at the core of our bones, it blows on and on and on and on
The land at the end of our toes goes on and on and on and on
The sand at the core of our bones continues on

Life still sounds like balloons
You chew and you chew and chew
Your teeth crumble to the floor
It's where they lay, it's where they lay
Our past never really dies
I don't think we even try
There's no difference from
Where we wake or where we die

Balloons, balloons, balloons

The land at the end of our toes goes on and on and on and on
The sand at the core of our bones, it blows on and on and on and on
The land at the end of our toes goes on and on and on and on
The sand at the core of our bones continues on