

The Fog

Biffy Clyro

Baby come down to the bottom of the stairs
There's a reflection I want you to see
Our history and loneliness has defeated our devices

Lady come down, it's time to stop and stare
There's a successor I want you to meet
His misery and loneliness have exceeded expectations
But still we fall down

Look at the stars, they're getting younger
Look at your pain, you're getting older
Not feeling right but always hoping for more

I'm gonna tumble to the centre of the square
There's a triangle I wanted to see
The fog has cast a shadow homeward
We're losing our direction
So forget the whole thing

Look at the stars, they're getting younger
Look at your pain, you're getting older
Not feeling right but always hoping for more