

## A Trip Out

British Sea Power

Build us a vehicle,  
Set us a course.  
Pick up your sickle,  
Get on board.  
We're all going on a trip out.  
We're all going on a trip out.  
We're all getting, all getting out.  
Out with the daggers,  
Off with the gloves.  
There is so much,  
That you can loath.  
And I can't stop thinking about it,  
And I can't stop working it out.  
It doesn't come much bigger than this.  
You see a point and you make a wish.  
Everything tragic,  
Take it away.  
One fine day before the apocalypse,  
And I know it's not impossible.  
From a hill top,  
Worn out short grass,  
I don't know how long it can last.  
Up then toward the see saw.  
Up then toward the gibberish.  
Up then toward being a bore  
Up then toward the apocalypse.  
Build us a vehicle,  
Set us a course.  
Pick up your sickle,  
Get on board.  
Lonely are the brave.  
There is a chance  
Of happiness.  
Yeah, but it is over so fast.  
And I can't stop thinking about it,  
And I can't stop working it out.  
No la dee da,  
No picnickers,  
Just party, party in a tweety land.  
How long, how long, how long?  
One fine day before the apocalypse,  
And I know it's not impossible.  
From a hill top,  
Worn out short grass,  
I don't know how long it can last.  
Up then toward the see saw.  
Up then toward the gibberish.  
Up then toward being a bore  
Up then toward the apocalypse.