

Leaving London

Destroyer

Nothing good can come from leaving
Everything once cast off I'm retrieving
Just to find I'm a born retriever
Golden to the core, silver pulleys and levers

Sore Barn Burners, don't judge us
I'd sooner just leave the crust
The (painted?) pig wants to count our bless-yous
Could you count them and clean them, honey

Save yourself, strut your stuff
Cut the color commentary, trust your stats, man
Fishing for compliments and this is what I catch
Fuck, I'm never setting foot there again, no

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(Nothing)
Undone