

## Dearth

Foals

I could cut my hands off now,  
Just to find the skeleton of me,  
We could peel artichoke hearts and break our legs and dry  
out  
Maybe if we could just talk about the weather..  
I have 300 bombs all in my head; I have 300 bombs all in  
my head.

Saturday we could come home and cut the phone lines,  
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