

## Syrups

## Foals

Wrap me up in goodbyes  
Old Sargasso sky  
'Cause I'm about to take flight  
Please don't ask me why

If the devil wants me  
Tell him I got high  
'Cause life is what you make it  
You got yours and I got mine

When the end comes my way  
Will I drop to my knees and pray?  
And if my parents ask you  
Tell them I'll be OK

Now the robots have made the rounds  
Sand dunes fill up all our towns  
The foxes howl and the creepers prowl around

The peeling wet bricks of London town  
The foxes howl and the way men cower  
Won't you find a way for me somehow?

So let's get dirt on an Oxford shirt  
Throw a party so we won't get hurt  
See you frown through your evening gown

When I fall from the wagon  
Twisted frown from the businessmen  
Won't you find a way for me somehow?

When I fall from the wagon  
Hiding from the businessmen  
Won't you find a way for me somehow?

I tried to make a call to Heaven  
Phone lines cut back in '97  
Radio silence all the way down

The robots make all the paper rounds  
And all the kids have left the towns  
The foxes howl and the preachers bow down

When I fall from the wagon  
Twisted frown from the businessmen  
Won't you find a way for me somehow?

When I fall from the wagon  
Hiding from the businessmen  
Won't you find a way for me somehow?