

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?