

Bigfoot!

Frank Turner

I change the oil and oil the squeak
Patch the holes in the fluid leak
At dusk beneath the diabetic moon

Wait to take the TV crews
Across the squeaking aisles
The news is howling to the timber wolves in the sewers

I'll go through it all again
Watch the doubtful smiles begin
The visions that I see believe me

So praise the things I can't forget
with burgers and a silhouette
On T shirts at the council general store

Listen to the south wind sigh
Of rumours and regrets that
I don't want to talk about it any more

I wont go through it all again
Watch the doubtful smiles begin
the divisions that I see beneath me
Oh the visions that I see will believe me