

# 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