

Strange days ahead

Superstition dying in my head

I've been planning my escape

Long term complication

Won't you take the time and listen to the story?

You could feel the mellow way we feel the you

Won't you ride the stormy weather?

To a time when just was going just to care

Strange days ahead

Superstition dying in my head

Sail on sailor, go between her

Wanna pay enough to heave her

Feeling, running, soul unclustered

Full of lively, sit on mine

Way away to a greater unknown

But you never cross this way again

No, no

Get it up, for another ten quid I can f**k you up

It's so beautiful

No, no, no, no