

The Warning

Hot Chip

Excuse me sir
I'm lost
I'm looking for a place
Where I can get lost
I'm looking for a home
For my malfunctioning being
I'm looking for the mechanical music museum

This is a warning
I'll spell it out for you
For you
This is a warning
I'll spell it out for you

Excuse me miss
I'm a dog on heat
I'm a complicated being
With love songs to eat
I'm a poor, starving baby
Who can march all night
I'm a mechanical music man
And I'm
Starting a fire

Hot Chip will break your legs
Snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down
Under the ground

Excuse me child
I am trying to see
All the colours of wonder your brightness can be
Return to nothingness enjoy
Just might be right
But prepare yourself
For a mechanical fright

This is a warning
I'll spell it out for you
For you
This is a warning
I'll spell it out for you
For you

Hot Chip will break your legs
Snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down
Under the ground
Hot Chip will break your legs
Snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down
Under the ground

Excuse me son I'm found
I'm looking for a place
Where I was once found
There's nothing in a world

Where the melody is broken
There's always some way
To make a silence be spoken

Hot Chip will break your legs
Snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down
Under the ground
Hot Chip will break your legs
Snap off your head
Hot Chip will put you down
Under the ground