

Acid Turkish Bath (Shelter from the Storm)

Kasabian

Cotton mouth is bleeding, one way glass deceiving
Dope me up on women and credit cards
Promise X-Ray vision and fancy cars
The tables set for the bourgeois
Better get in line with your dinner tray
Cause when it's all ran out and it's just you left
With the nut job swigging his crystal meth
And there's a constant ring of machinery
Is there a place for me in history?

Sending the boys away, leaving them out to play
Throwing them miles away, now it's another day
To shelter from the storm
Sending the boys away, leaving them out to play
Throwing them miles away, wishing for new years day
To shelter from the storm

Sons of time are rising, 16 minds exploding
It's the 21st century ain't it cool?
It's taught us how to eat and how to drool
And the wind up merchants are out in force
Telling you my brother to change your course
And you won't be the first to think it's wrong
When all you really want is to band a gong
Cause it's all sawn up in our misery
Is there a place for me in the history?

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We go've got to break down the walls and shelter from the storm
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