

## Processed Beats

Kasabian

I ran from the tide  
won't let you hide  
won't let you hide  
I drop beats from this processed meat  
for a conversation  
a meditation and  
I cut waves like some unborn sage  
just like terrorists on a day of rest singin

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I break bones stealin mobile phones  
and I'm cuttin deals for these homeless meals  
makin idle threats using chinese burns  
as you load my head with the grateful dead singin

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