

# West Ryder Silver Bullet

Kasabian

[spoken]

Then I went down into the basement  
where my friend the maniac busy's himself with his electronic g  
raffiti  
Finally his language touches me  
because he talks to the part of us  
which insists on drawing profiles on prison walls.  
In that moment poetry will be made by everyone  
and there will be emu's in the zone...

Mist covers the ground  
In the city  
Engine rumbles quiet  
As we drift by

I wish you could see it  
Through my crooked eye  
Oh your beauty  
Plays me just like a guitar string (it's so true)

I want your touch  
Oh how I want you far too much  
She my baby  
He's my baby

Ahhhhh [8x]

Days drift into one  
It's so pretty  
Travelling Wilbury's, Polly's photofits  
And this stolen car  
Is loaded with junk  
It's so dirty  
He'll be the death of me  
But that's ok

I want your touch  
Oh how I want you far too much  
She my baby  
He's my baby

Ahhhhh [8x]