

London Thunder (Lakechild Edit)

Foals

I'm on the red-eye flight to nowhere good
How about you?
I've been in the air for hours
Meteor showers by the pool
So one last drink for summer
Always leaving never you Come back to London thunder
The sound of sorrow in my room, yeah And now the tables turn, it's over
And with my fingers burned I start anew
And now I've come back down, I'm older
I look for something else to hold on to There is no way to realign
Upholster skin I take back every line
Lost my mind in San Francisco
The worn out disco when tempers cooled
There is no water, there is no sound
Will you come around? Will you come around?
There is no space, there is no time
Where'd you draw the line? And now the tables turn, it's over
And with my fingers burned I start a new
And now I've come back down, I'm older
I look for something else to hold on to I'm on the red-eye flight to nowhere good
How about you?

Songwriters

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