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 singing
I ran from the tide
Won't let you hide
Won't let you hide
I break bones stealing mobile phones
And I'm cuttin' deals for these homeless meals
Making idle threats using Chinese burns
As you load my head with the grateful dead singing
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