

# A Trip Out

## British Sea Power

Build us a vehicle  
Set us a course  
Pick up your sickle  
Get on boardWe're all going on a trip out  
We're all going on a trip out  
We're all getting, all getting outOut with the daggers  
Off with the gloves  
There is so much  
That you can loathAnd I can't stop thinking about it  
And I can't stop working it out  
It doesn't come much bigger than this  
You see a point and you make a wish  
Everything tragic, take it awayOne fine day before the apocalypse  
And I know it's not impossible  
From a hill top, worn out short grass  
I don't know how long it can lastUp then toward the see saw  
Up then toward the gibberish  
Up then toward being a bore  
Up then toward the apocalypseBuild us a vehicle  
Set us a course  
Pick up your sickle  
Get on boardLonely are the brave  
There is a chance  
Of happiness  
Yeah, but it is over so fastAnd I can't stop thinking about it  
And I can't stop working it out  
No la dee da, no picnickers  
Just party, party in a tweety landHow long, how long, how long?One fine day before the apocalypse  
And I know it's not impossible  
From a hill top, worn out short grass  
I don't know how long it can lastUp then toward the see saw  
Up then toward the gibberish  
Up then toward being a bore  
Up then toward the apocalypse

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