Days Are Forgotten

Kasabian

Hey son
I'm looking forward
You're leaning backwards
Of this I'm sure
Have you had enough?
Are you feeling rough?
Does your skull hurt?
Well if it's warm
Cause I am taking back what's mine
I am taking back the time
You may call it suicide
But I'm being born again
I'm waiting
(Aaah)
I'm waiting
Right here now
I'm waiting
For someone
Or something
To take me
To take me over
Days
Days are forgotten
Now it's all over
Simply forgotten
How to disappear
Home bred
I've got blood lust
Feeding you bread crust
I leave no scar
You say I'm old hat
A f*cking dirty rat
Call me a clich

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