West Ryder Silver Bullet

Kasabian

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
I want your touch
Oh, how I want you far too much
She's my baby, he's my baby
Days drift into one, it's so pretty
Traveling Wilburys Polly's photo fits
And this stolen car is loaded with junk, it's so dirty
He'll be the death of me but that's okay
I want your touch
Oh, how I want you far too much
She's my baby, he's my baby

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