

# Wanderlust

## Wild Beasts

We're decadent beyond our means, we've a zeal  
We feel the things they'll never feel  
They're solemn in their wealth, we're high in our poverty  
We see the things they never see Wanderlust  
With us, the world feels voluptuous  
I just feel more, with us  
It's a feeling that I've come to trust Now that you answer to me  
I'll tell you how I wanna feel  
Now that the walls have been broke  
I'll tell you how I wanna feel Wanderlust  
With us, the world feels voluptuous  
I just feel more, with us  
It's a feeling that I've come to trust  
It's a feeling that I've come to trust  
It's a feeling that I've come Don't confuse me with someone who gives a fuck  
Funny how that little pound will buy a lot of luck  
Don't confuse me with someone who gives a fuck  
In your mother tongue, what's the verb to suck? Don't confuse me with someone who gives a fuck  
Funny how that little pound will buy a lot of luck  
Don't confuse me with someone who gives a fuck  
In your mother tongue, what's the verb to suck? Don't confuse me with someone who gives a fuck  
Funny how that little pound will buy a lot of luck

Songwriters

BEN LITTLE, CHRISTOPHER ROBERT TALBOT, HAYDEN NORMAN THORPE, THOMAS WILLIAM  
FLEMING Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, DOMINO PUBLISHING COMPANY

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>