

# Processed Beats

## Saracuse (Early 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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