

Sounds Like Balloons

Biffy Clyro

Ancient Rome We built that fucker stone by stone
Our fingers bled, our feet were worn
But we stayed strong and carried on Come on in
Do you want to touch my bulbous head?
With features wrapped and stretched to death
A tiny nose is all that's left This is not
For your entertainment The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
It blows on, and on, and on, and on The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
Continues on The basement's gone
It seems they've dug up all our land
The world was lowered man by man
Let's move the sky and not join hands Ancient Rome
We built that fucker stone by stone
Our fingers bled, our feet were worn
But we stayed strong and carried on
This is not
For your entertainment The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
It blows on, and on, and on, and on The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
Continues on Life still sounds like balloons
You chew and you chew and chew
Your teeth crumble to the floor
It's where they lay, it's where they lay The past never really dies
I don't think we even try
There's no difference from
Where we wake or where we die Balloons
Balloons
Balloons
Balloons The land at the end of our toes
Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
It blows on, and on, and on, and on The land at the end of our toes

Goes on, and on, and on, and on
The sand at the core of our bones
Continues on

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