

Herex

Biffy Clyro

We are all contestants in your silly little game
Your love's only expression is your personal gain
You think that you're delicious in anything you do
With silence as my witness, your cacophony's the truth
So I'll ask, don't lose what's already lost
I'm begging you, don't lose what's already lost
Because how can you think that you've figured this out?
You haven't got the range
How do you think that the man gets made?
It isn't magically
You never sought salvation, a life was being played
But still you're getting married, you're gonna get paid
Hard not to be suspicious of everything you do
His absence is a sickness, his presence goes too smooth
So I'll ask, please don't walk out that door
I'm begging you, don't dare walk through that door
Because how can you think that you've figured this out?
You haven't got the range
How do you think that the man gets made?
It isn't magically
Why do you think that the world owes you? (I want you)
You and no-one else? (I need you)
Wet bed, drip-fed, there's no hope (I bleed you)
Though we never stood a chance (I love you)
Real love's much better than this
Real love's much better
Is it real love?
Is it real love?
Real love's much better than this
Real love's much better
Is it real love?
Is it real love?
How can you think that you've figured this out?
You haven't got the range
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Songwriters

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