

SCRAM

Mogwai

Dust off the instruments
Do you still know how to play?
With the pride of lions you rub me the wrong way
Stick your hand in the cookie jar, pull out bad poetry. I want to want you
I want to want you
My face has changed
I don't look the same
A human mutation
Alienation factory Too much information, maybe.
What a bad judge of character you were
I would fake it if I could
It would probably be for my own good
Honesty is a curse It only makes it worse.
I want to want you
I want to want you
You're such a lucky man

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