

A Trip Out

British Sea Power

Build us a vehicle,
Set us a course.
Pick up your sickle,
Get on board.
We're all going on a trip out.
We're all going on a trip out.
We're all getting, all getting out.
Out with the daggers,
Off with the gloves.
There is so much,
That you can loath.
And I can't stop thinking about it,
And I can't stop working it out.
It doesn't come much bigger than this.
You see a point and you make a wish.
Everything tragic,
Take it away.
One fine day before the apocalypse,
And I know it's not impossible.
From a hill top,
Worn out short grass,
I don't know how long it can last.
Up then toward the see saw.
Up then toward the gibberish.
Up then toward being a bore
Up then toward the apocalypse.
Build us a vehicle,
Set us a course.
Pick up your sickle,
Get on board.
Lonely are the brave.
There is a chance
Of happiness.
Yeah, but it is over so fast.
And I can't stop thinking about it,
And I can't stop working it out.
No la dee da,
No picnickers,
Just party, party in a tweety land.
How long, how long, how long?
One fine day before the apocalypse,
And I know it's not impossible.
From a hill top,
Worn out short grass,
I don't know how long it can last.
Up then toward the see saw.
Up then toward the gibberish.
Up then toward being a bore
Up then toward the apocalypse.