

# The Warning

Hot Chip

Excuse me sir  
I'm lost  
I'm looking for a place  
Where I can get lost  
I'm looking for a home  
For my malfunctioning being  
I'm looking for the mechanical music museum

This is a warning  
I'll spell it out for you  
For you  
This is a warning  
I'll spell it out for you

Excuse me miss  
I'm a dog on heat  
I'm a complicated being  
With love songs to eat  
I'm a poor, starving baby  
Who can march all night  
I'm a mechanical music man  
And I'm  
Starting a fire

Hot Chip will break your legs  
Snap off your head  
Hot Chip will put you down  
Under the ground

Excuse me child  
I am trying to see  
All the colours of wonder your brightness can be  
Return to nothingness enjoy  
Just might be right  
But prepare yourself  
For a mechanical fright

This is a warning  
I'll spell it out for you  
For you  
This is a warning  
I'll spell it out for you  
For you

Hot Chip will break your legs  
Snap off your head  
Hot Chip will put you down  
Under the ground  
Hot Chip will break your legs  
Snap off your head  
Hot Chip will put you down  
Under the ground

Excuse me son I'm found  
I'm looking for a place  
Where I was once found  
There's nothing in a world

Where the melody is broken  
There's always some way  
To make a silence be spoken

Hot Chip will break your legs  
Snap off your head  
Hot Chip will put you down  
Under the ground  
Hot Chip will break your legs  
Snap off your head  
Hot Chip will put you down  
Under the ground