

## Feed Me

Reef

Driven home back from the city,  
Lead grey sky come wash us nearly.  
Can't you see there's no horizon,  
In this speeding place called London?

I don't think that this makes too much sense.

Dampened soul come called from slumber.  
Woken up; calmed like no other.  
As you moan you'll hear my laughter  
You grow old, I grow young faster.

I don't think that this makes too much sense.  
I don't think that this makes too much-

Can't you see I'm all used up?  
I need somethin' to come and feed me, yeah.  
To feed me, yeah.  
Feed me, yeah.  
To feed me, yeah.

Driven home back from the city,  
Lead grey sky come wash us nearly,  
Can't you see there's no horizon?

I don't think that this makes too much sense.  
I don't think that this makes too much-

Can't you see I'm all used up?  
I need somethin' to come and feed me, yeah.  
To feed me, yeah.  
To feed me, yeah.  
To feed me, yeah.

Come on!  
Come on!  
Come on!  
Come on!  
Come on!  
Come on!  
Come on!