

## Spanish Sahara

Foals

So I walked into the haze  
And a million dirty ways  
Now I see you lying there  
Like a lie low losing air, air

Black rocks and shoreline sand  
Still that summer I cannot bare  
And I wipe the sand of my arms  
The Spanish Sahara, the place that you'd wanna  
Leave the horror here

Forget the horror here  
Forget the horror here  
Leave it all down here  
It's future rust and then it's future dust

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Now the waves they drag you down  
Carry you to broken ground  
Though I find you in the sand  
Wipe you clean with dirty hands

So goddamn this boiling space  
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I'm the fury in your head  
I'm the fury in your bed  
I'm the ghost in the back of your head  
'Cause I am

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