

Tied Up Too Tight

Hard-fi

Oh, where I come from
I just don't confirm
Get me out of here
Leave the boredom behind
Wanna see those bright lights
Get this thing in gear, yeah So we'll ride in my car
Follow the star
Drive on into town
With the stereo loud
Take the Great West Road out
Might think I went there down, down You get your boots on
You get your boots on And all boys and girls sing
(Na na na na)
Straight out of West London
(Na na na na)
Just like a loaded gun
(Na na na na)
The cognoscenti don't like us
Don't like us (Na na na na)
We'll hit the strip tonight
(Na na na na)
Your eyes are burning so bright
(Na na na na)
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby
Tied up too tight And tell me can you feel it
Feel the city breathing
Feel its beating heart
No superstition
Just cold ambition
It's time to make a mark, oh You get your boots on
You get your boots on And all boys and girls sing
(Na na na na)
Straight out of West London
(Na na na na)
Just like a loaded gun
(Na na na na)
The cognoscenti don't like us
Don't like us (Na na na na)
We'll hit the strip tonight

(Na na na na)
Your eyes are burning so bright
(Na na na na)
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby
Tied up too tightTied up too tight
Tied up too tight, tightSay somethin'
You put your boots on
You gotta move onAnd all boys and girls sing
(Na na na na)
Straight out of West London
(Na na na na)
Just like a loaded gun
(Na na na na)
The cognoscenti, they don't like us
They don't like us(Na na na na)
We'll hit the strip tonight
(Na na na na)
Your eyes are burning so bright
(Na na na na)
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby
Tied up too tightTied up too tight
Tied up too tight
Tied up too tight
Tied up too tight

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