Acrylic

The Courteeners

You're just like plasticine
Being molded into a libertine dreamer
I feel so sorry for you if you were 13, I'd let you off
But you're not and you should have known betterGot all my thoughts on a notepad
With a parker pen and write you a letter
But there's not enough paper in the world
Theres not enough paperOh, have you heard all your friends go?
Da, da, da, da, da, da, oh
All the words they seem to know
All the words in your sons goDa, da, da, da, da, da, oh
You got an okay jacket
But you've got no spine
Please vacate this city of mineI only wish you had this song
To back up, you're talking so long
But we know that's not the case
Rather show your faceIn an ancient bar that nobody goes in
Because they serve substandard gin
Nobody goes in there, did you win?
Did they ask though no one cares?Da, da, da, da, da, da, oh
All the words they seem to know
All the words in your sons goDa, da, da, da, da, da, oh
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