

# 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  
There's 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 songsDa, 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 songsDa, da, da, da, da, da, oh  
You got an okay jacket  
But you've got no spine  
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Please vacate this city of mine

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