

Plan A

The Libertines

There's one man left to thank
Built it with his hands
One man left to thank
He didn't need to carve it into something
Carve it into something new
Carve it into something

And there's plan A
Take a seat A
Watch them play
Keep a receipt
Sharpen up and carve them into something
Carve it into something
Carve 'em into something new

Tell me what it is that you see
With your stolen eyes
And your singing one two three
Open up my eyes

My twin he tends to be me
He walks abroad
He like the broads
While I soak and shake alone at home

I don't need no bit of faith
Need no human race
Though I read every review
No one's got a fucking clue

You may as well
Carve carve carve it into something new
Carve it into something
Carve it into something new

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