

# Acrylic

## The Courteeners

You're just like plasticine  
Being molded into a libertine dreamer  
I feel so sorry for you  
If you were thirteen I'd let you off  
But you're not and you should know better  
Gather 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 paper oh have you heard all your friends goDadada dadada oh  
All the words they seem to know  
All the words in your songs go  
Dadada dadada oh  
You got an okay jacket  
But you've got no spine  
Please vacate this city of mineI only wish you had the song  
To back-up, you're what took you so long  
But we know that's not the case rather show your face  
In an ancient bar that nobody goes in  
Because they serve substandard gin  
Nobody goes in there did they win  
Did you ask well no-one caresDadada dadada oh  
All the words they seem to know  
All the words in your sons go  
Dadada dadada oh  
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Songwriters

LIAM JAMES FRAYPublished by

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