

Blood On My Shoes

Dirty Pretty Things

You look smart but that's not enough
You need a course in attitude, nobody's fussed
You can spend all your days planning what to buy
And then the signs all spin around, you'll pay your debts in time
You wanna shake, shake, shake to fit in all that
much
There seem to be holes in everything his cold hands touch
And we'll take, take, take and swallow the whole way down
We may fall forever but we won't fall down
We'll, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, woah, oh
Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, woah, oh and it's on
There's blood on my shoes
Nobody knows
Because of you
Where did you go?
Where did you go?
Nobody knows
Where did you go?
You're pretty, so pretty
And if somebody loves you then leave us alone
All the rich get richer but still they cry
They sing the city is after us and we don't know why
Profound is the debt, the debt you owe
You owe it to sorrow and sorrow you owe
For when we're down the ship is all you've ever known
You go to glamor for the glamor but it's never your own, so alone
There's blood on my shoes
Nobody knows
Because of you
Where did you go?
Where did you go?
Nobody knows
Where did you go?
With our cock-eyed wistful vision we're oblivious
To all the hell we've raised, baby, that's how it should stay
When we don't feel change or pain or hate or love
We're going to reach for the sedative but it's never enough
For our fake, fake spirit and our masquerade
We have so many colors but still we dwell in the shade
I play the pugilist, the apathist in so many ways
It's always tomorrow or never, forever and a day, so alone
There's blood on my shoes
Nobody knows
Because of you
Where did you go?
Where did you go?
Nobody knows
Where did you go?

Songwriters

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