

Back From the Dead

Babyshambles

I heard it said
You had come back from the dead
You were playing so fine
Scooping up the soul of the wine
Now courage my boy
When they look you in the eye
Try not to look too scummy
If you need some money
And you want their money Now I know
This ain't no happy place to be
You know they're nice around me
You know they're nice about me
And everyone agrees About what's won in a year from here, my friend
Promises, promises
You've heard it all before But nobody ever
Ever get me more Oh yes courage my boy
When you look them in the eye
That they laugh if they try to be funny All along
Belong
You're still my son
And coin my words
Oh it's absurd how you get so
Very old, man
Typical tan
Took me in hand
To Hour
Banged or bruised

Songwriters

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