Pulling the Rug

Imelda May

Good life came callin',
I fell under its spell and kept fallin'
Great night, so fittin',
I sat into your lap and stayed sittin'
Oh your smile seemed willin',
You hid behind your porcelain fillin'
Oh big lights, so pretty,
Got swept away by lies it's a pityI'll write you a story,
But knowin' you you'll take all the glory
Oh fat cats got lazy,
The truth behind the cream it got hazySo now you're pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under me
But I won't let you get me down,
Gonna spin you upside down
'till you don't know your head from your tail
I got a way, I got a will,
God I'm never standin' still
Long enough for you to pin a win or failTime is tickin' by, my life is flyin' high
But you, you, you, you and I have ended our days of dreamin'Pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under meYes you were,
Pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under meBut I won't let you get me down,
Gonna spin you upside down
'till you don't know your head from your tailI got a way, I got a will,
God I'm never standin' still
Long enough for you to pin a win or fail
Oh pullin' the rug yeahPullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under me

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