

# 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 pity I'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 hazy So 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 fail Time 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 me Yes you were,  
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 fail  
Oh pullin' the rug yeah Pullin' the rug from under me  
Puttin' a gun in front of me,  
Pullin' the rug from under me

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