Dilly Boys

The Libertines

My love wrote the words to the saddest songs
The songs that says that life's too long
And the moon is always blue and just becauseI wish you'd sing me those other songs again?
The songs that say life's worth the worry and the pain
And the sun smiles through the rain, just becauseJust because she's the sweetest girl
Sweetest girl in the worldShe's my moral guide, oh, she does nothing at all
Smokes all of my bone and stares at the wall
Maybe she'll pace the room, howl at the moonBut still she's the sweetest girl
And she's the sweetest girl in the worldMe, I'm just a dilly boy, fresh flower pressed Piccadilly boy
Hands on hips, pout on lips
Meat rag jack like a dilly boyShe's the sweetest girl
The sweetest girl in the worldAnd in Chinatown they all
Alright [Incomprehensible]Me, I'm just a dilly boy, fresh flower pressed Piccadilly boy
Hands on hips, pout on lips
Meat rag jack like a dilly boyShe's the sweetest girl
No, he's the sweetest girl in the worldYa, she's the sweetest girl, sweetest girl
Yes, she's the sweetest girl, sweetest girl, yes, she's the sweetest girl
The sweetest girl in the worldYes, she's the sweetest girl, sweetest girl, she's the sweetest girl
The sweetest girl in the worldYes, she's the sweetest girl, sweetest girl in the world

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