Peacock Suit

Paul Weller

I've got a grapefruit matter, it's as sour as shit
I have no solutions, better get used to itI don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock suit
Peacock suitI'm Narcissus in a puddle, in shop windows I gloat
Like a ball of fleece lining in my camel skin coatI don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock suit
Did you think I should on my peacock suit
I'll [Incomprehensible]Nemesis in a muddle in a mirror I look
Like a streak of sheet lightnin' in my rattlesnake shoesI don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers of my peacock suit
Did you think I should of my peacock suit
Did you think I shouldPeacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah

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