

# Fake Tales Of San Francisco

## ArÑ•tic Monkeys

Fake tales of San Francisco  
Echo through the room  
More point to a wedding disco  
Without a bride or groom There's a super cool band yeah  
With their trilbys and their glasses of white wine  
And all the weekend rock stars are in the toilets  
Practicing their lines I don't want to hear you  
(Kick me out, kick me out)  
I don't want to hear you no  
(Kick me out, kick me out) I don't want to hear you  
(Kick me out, kick me out)  
I don't want to hear you  
I don't want to hear you Fake tales of San Francisco  
Echo through the air  
And there's a few bored faces at the back  
All wishing they weren't there And as the microphone squeaks  
A young girl's telephone beeps  
Yeah she's dashing for the exit  
Oh she's running to the streets outside "Oh you've saved me," she screams down the line  
"The band were fucking wanking  
And I'm not having a nice time I don't want to hear you  
(Kick me out, kick me out)  
I don't want to hear you no  
(Kick me out, kick me out) Yeah but his bird thinks it's amazing, though  
So all that's left  
Is the proof that love's not only blind but deaf He talks of San Francisco, he's from Hunter's Bar  
I don't quite know the distance  
But I'm sure that's far  
Yeah I'm sure it's pretty far And yeah I'd love to tell you all my problem  
You're not from New York City, you're from Rotherham  
So get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook  
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