

You're Not Pretty But You Got It Goin' On

Band Of Skulls

His own death plays a single song,
you feel lost but you know where you're from

You're not pretty but you got it going on

Your head swims in electric blues

If all fails, you can't lose

My lover cover his phone

You turned on but there's nobody home

Your feet straight but you're not as natural

Your feet back with static shock

It's real, and he's not

I got out of my ...

I got out of my ...

I've got a plan for the future

And that's whatever I need, cross from my fingers

How cold, she's so old

And I cannot believe that you wanna be here

On your own, in this cradle of love

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you feel lost but you know where you're from

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