

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
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
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you feel lost but you know where you're from
You're not pretty but you got it going on

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