

# Last Of The Small Town Playboys

## Dirty Pretty Things

To think that the last of the small town playboys was a little bit like me

Hold on

Well what could that mean?

Well Im still looking around for leads

Cos when it comes to playboys

Small towns are bursting at the seams

England's getting fat

But this suit is wearing thin

So deal me another hand

Before the games begin

Well what do you do if the world owes you something?

What else is there to do

When the world owes you something new?

I want you just to forget myself

I need you just to forget myself

I want you just to forget myself

And so the last of the small town playboys

Is a little bit like me

Hold on

Now what could that mean?

No hope of hope and glory

Spilling down the Camden Road

Im in it for the story

That you spit at me in code

Well, my hearts in a headlock and my soul goes on unsung

Unsung for the lonely

Well what do you do when your world owes you something?

Oh what is there to do

When the world owes you something new?

I want you just to forget myself

I need you just to forget myself

I've got you just to forget myself

I need you

I want you

I've got you just to forget myself

I need you

I want you

I've got you just to forget myself

Songwriters

Barat, Carl / Powell, Gary / Hammond, David Jonathan / Rossomondo, AnthonyPublished by  
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protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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