

Sour Little Sweetie

The View

Always in the bad books, it's not how it looks
Born to be a pawn, end up being rooks, We weren't giving we just took
Good people can end up being crooks so oh

I danced the heal off my black boot, the feather off my hat,
Looked the Devil in the eye, said there's no turning back
Eternal torture, I quite fancy some of that,
Eternal torture, I quite fancy some of that
I danced the heal off my black boot, the feather off my hat,
Looked the Devil in the eye, said there's no turning back

Sour little sweetie that is sweeter than the rest,
Like my father, thistle, my hair's always a mess,
So, Darling, Sweetheart, don't stress
My head's a mess, don't you know?

Never into good looks,
I know the mighty river started with the babbling brook,
I stamped my foot, the whole world shook
Firmly with the knowledge, that this is not a flock, oh no.

Woah no, I danced the heal off my black boot, the feather off my hat,
Looked the Devil in the eye, said there's no turning back

Sour little sweetie that is sweeter than the rest,
Like my father, thistle, my hair's always a mess,
So, Darling, Sweetheart, don't stress
My head's a mess, don't you know?

So, before you have to go,
Can you tell me? I don't know...

Where did all the love go? (x4)
Did all the love go?
Where did all the love go? (x4)

Sour little sweetie that is sweeter than the rest,
Like my father, thistle, my hair's always a mess,
So, Darling, Sweetheart, don't stress

My head's a mess, don't you...

Sour little sweetie that is sweeter than the rest,
Like my father, thistle, my hair's always a mess,
So, Darling, Sweetheart, don't stress
My head's a mess, don't you know?

Lyrics submitted by Isis Barlow.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>