

# Baddie's Boogie

## Babyshambles

Baddie's bound by ancient codes of decency and secrecy  
He understands 'bout stabbing backs and shaking hands  
So if or when you're behind bars or in front of them as you are  
Look out for the man who'll bum your wife and then shake your hand  
And oh, you've been here before, you fell  
in love  
And carried her over the threshold  
Thinking, she's far too good looking to do the cooking  
Now well, that was twenty years ago, twenty years ago  
That's a lousy life for the washed up wife  
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard  
A lousy life for the washed up wife  
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard  
A lousy life for the washed up wife  
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard  
A lousy life, a lousy life  
The kid was singing, will I ever be free?  
Does this town hold no more for me  
Club Tropicana, the drinks are free  
Stick one in his face for me  
Baddie's bound, it's all 'bout you, his decency, his secrecy  
And baddies bound, but I do get it  
All the way, you've been here before, fell in love  
Carried her over the threshold  
Just thinking, she's far too good looking to do the cooking  
While that was twenty years ago, twenty years ago, oh  
That's a lousy life for the washed up wife  
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard  
A lousy life for the washed up wife  
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard  
A lousy life for the washed up wife  
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard  
A lousy life, a lousy life  
Oh, the kid was singing, will I ever be free?  
Is this town hold no more for me  
Club Tropicana, the drinks are free  
Stick one in his face for me, for me, a baddie  
Baddies bound, baddies bound, it's 'bout you  
Decency and secrecy

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