

My Kind Of Guy

Kaiser Chiefs

Well, it starts as a joke like a stick in the spokes
Or removing the bolt from the brakes
Then the bicycle flips crushing ribs smashing hips
And he broke every bone in his face And you're out of control and you can't fill the hole
That was left by the thrill of the chase
You're a right piece of work, all the flakes go berserk
Have you forgotten how good they taste? You're my kind of guy, 'cos I like your style
And you sound as horrible as me
And I don't mind if you're unkind
You're reminding me of me As the bicycle race gathers speed, gathers pace
And you feel that you're going too fast
There's a word to the wise you should take some advice
'Cos the nice guys always finish last You're my kind of guy 'cos I like your style
And you sound as horrible as me
And I don't mind if you're unkind
You're reminding me of me You're my kind of guy 'cos I like your style
And you sound as horrible as me
And heads will roll as it takes its toll
On you and me

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