

Watch You, Watch You

Los Stompers

Watch you, watch me dancing on our own again
Nothing left to say, nothing left to do

A bag of stale crisps and a bottle of brandy
A quick suck lick of a rock stick o' candy
Excuse you, please me, all you do don't squeeze me
It's hard to think of something when you're watching so much TV

Watch you, watch me dancing on our own again
Nothing left to say, nothing left to do
I can't help thinking that life's so boring
Watch you wanna say, watch you wanna do

Ya Beefeater gin, you're a smart phone phoney
You can't plug it in cos your walkman's a Sony
Sue me, Sue me, my boy named Bloom-ee
Knock back another cos your restless and gloomy

Watch you, watch me dancing on our own again
Nothing left to say, nothing left to do
I can't help thinking that life's so boring
Watch you wanna say, watch you wanna do

Since our last round, I've feel so so...

Don't peel me with your metal eyes
Wee spud-face and his gang of flies
They'll smash your face it's no surprise
Keep eyes peeled and your whits alive
On tubes of cathode rays they cry
â€œThey peel them with their metal knivesâ€•

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Lyrics submitted by ventiladormusic.

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