Mr. Richard

Interlude

Saw a suit in Daddyâ€™s wardrobe, I took a swipe
Lapels, size of islands, gangster white line pinstripe
Laughed off the street in the name of my rock â€˜nâ€™ roll
Still a caterwauling groove will start off vacation
Eighties plastic Soul donâ€™t give palpitation
Richie, he no like, he call out the firing squad

Ba ba ba

Richie look for suede, me I look for leather
Sartorially we groove, occasional disaster
For tight black canvas no make for a straight legged sixties scenester
Then we hit the street with poise of commando
Clothes, guitar but arsenal missing one thing
Exotic Glasgow chick, they call her the â€˜Carmen Verandaâ€™

Ba ba ba

Me and Richie dream to be like Mr Richard
Strung out secure yes we make like junkie
Hooked up on that stuff they call it the rock â€˜nâ€™ roll
I need to consecrate, I need consecration
Clipped and soulful guitar riffing out the nation
The nation in my head the national sixties sensation

Ba ba ba

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MARTIN/MURDOCH/COLBURN/COOKE/GEDDES/JACKSON/KILDEA
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/