

Stiff Upper Lip

Ella Fitzgerald, Nelson Riddle Orchestra

Oh, now I'm walking back to our place
Which is soon to be your place
Watching my feet, they're as stubborn as concrete
I'm knee deep in the jumble of our lives
Throwing shit into bin bags, I reach for the door
The dog's at my heel, thinks we're going for a walk

And I realise We never been as fucked as this
So grown up now we're squabbling like kids
Your mother's plates, dashed on the floor
I can't keep a stiff upper lip any more
We never been as fucked as this

Out on the street and we're screaming like kids
The neighbours watch, well let them talk
I can't keep a stiff upper lip any more

Leaving, throwing all of the black bags
In the back of the black cab
You see I'm not bluffing, no

I'm actually leaving, and now I'm sleeping
On the front step of my mate's place
Cos he stopped there, cos he's shit faced

And I realise We never been as fucked as this
So grown up but we're squabbling like kids
Your mother's plates, dashed on the floor
I can't keep a stiff upper lip any more
We never been as fucked as this

Out on the street and we're screaming like kids
The neighbours watch, well let them talk
I can't keep a stiff upper lip any more

Life's too short to get caught
Life's too short to get caught
On the shady side of the street
Life's too short to get caught

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