So Far (It's Alright)

The 1975

Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all rightYeah, it's the way we are
We were smoking by 11 and knocking round town
Bleeding bumps on my arm
We were never good at selling
Couldn't cut downAnd I stay with my father, while his friends die of heart attacks
He's got a heart made of stone but he never gets cold 'cause
/the sun's always on his backI used to think you were cool and I believed you had a wonderful vision
But I soon found out you were telling your friend
/that your note is on the televisionGive's a go on your bike
How you getting on with your life?
It's all right
Yeah, it's all rightYeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, babyWell I'm coming to the end of twenty-three
/She said, is that all right?
And it's coming to the end of you and me
/She said is that all right?
And how can you complain about life and talk about being bored?
If you just sit at Pete's house playing video games
/Doing sniff that you can't affordI can't be picking up in the town
So get me one off Adam if he's sorting you out
I don't really care what all your friends are about
I was always looking for a way to get out
It's just a reflection on the size of your house
A silver spoon and your zoot in your mouth
But you're all right
Yeah, it's all rightYeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all rightSo here we are
It's quarter to eleven; we're knocking 'round town
Pushing in at the bar
You can cry 'til eleven; it's a quarter of an hour
And why stay if you hate it so much?
You think you're well cool

You just write about sex and killing yourself
/and how you hardly ever went to schoolDon't you wanna take me up in the clouds?
Pretend that I'm the one and you can show me about
She was talking marriage so he had to get out
Now he's making up for it by sleeping aboutThe ultimatum's a ridiculous joke
I'm gonna pick the option that allows me to smoke
But I'm all right
Yeah, it's all rightYeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby
Yeah, so far, it's all right, all right, baby

Songwriters
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