# Knock 'em Out

## Lily Allen

Alright, so this is a song about anyone
It could be anyone, you're just doing your own thing
And someone comes out the blue
They're like, "Alright, what you saying? Yeah can I take your digits?"
And you're like, "No, not in a million years, you're nasty
Please leave me alone"Cut to the pub on our last night out
Man at the bar cos it was his shout
Clocks this bird and she looks ok
She caught him looking and walks his way
"Alright darlin', you gonna buy us a drink then?"
"Err no, but I was thinking of buying one for your friend"She's got no taste, hand on his waste
Tries to pull away but her lips on his face
"If you insist I'll have a white wine spritzer"
"Sorry love, but you ain't a pretty picture"Can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to say
Just get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number
"Why?" Because I've lost my phoneOh yeah, actually umm, I'm pregnant, umm yeah
I'm having a baby in like 6 months and uhh, yeah, yeah"I recognise this guy's way of thinking
As he walks over her face starts sinking
She's like, "Oh here we go"
It's a routine check, that she already knowsShe's thinking, they're all the same
"Yeah you alright baby? You look alright, still, yeah what's your name?"
She looks in her bag, takes out a fag
Tries to get away from the guy on a blag
Can't find a light
"Here, use mine"
"See the thing is I just don't have the time"Can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to say
Just get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number
Because I've lost my phoneGo away now, let me go
Are you stupid? Or just a little slow?
Go away now, I've made myself clear
Nah, it's not gonna happen
Not in a a million yearsYou can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to say
Just get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number

Because I've lost my phoneYou can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to say
Just get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number
Because I've lost my phoneUhh nah I, I've gotta go, cos my house is on fire
I've got, I've got herpes, err no it's syphilis...

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