

# Tied Up Too Tight

## Hard-Fi

Oh, where I come from  
I just don't confirm  
Get me out of here  
Leave the boredom behind  
Wanna see those bright lights  
Get this thing in gear, yeah So we'll ride in my car  
Follow the star  
Drive on into town  
With the stereo loud  
Take the Great West Road out  
Might think I went there down, down You get your boots on  
You get your boots on And all boys and girls sing  
(Na na na na)  
Straight out of West London  
(Na na na na)  
Just like a loaded gun  
(Na na na na)  
The cognoscenti don't like us  
Don't like us (Na na na na)  
We'll hit the strip tonight  
(Na na na na )  
Your eyes are burning so bright  
(Na na na na)  
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby  
Tied up too tight And tell me can you feel it  
Feel the city breathing  
Feel its beating heart  
No superstition  
Just cold ambition  
It's time to make a mark, oh You get your boots on  
You get your boots on And all boys and girls sing  
(Na na na na)  
Straight out of West London  
(Na na na na)  
Just like a loaded gun  
(Na na na na)  
The cognoscenti don't like us  
Don't like us (Na na na na)  
We'll hit the strip tonight

(Na na na na)  
Your eyes are burning so bright  
(Na na na na)  
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby  
Tied up too tightTied up too tight  
Tied up too tight, tightSay somethin'  
You put your boots on  
You gotta move onAnd all boys and girls sing  
(Na na na na)  
Straight out of West London  
(Na na na na)  
Just like a loaded gun  
(Na na na na)  
The cognoscenti, they don't like us  
They don't like us(Na na na na)  
We'll hit the strip tonight  
(Na na na na)  
Your eyes are burning so bright  
(Na na na na)  
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby  
Tied up too tightTied up too tight  
Tied up too tight  
Tied up too tight  
Tied up too tight

Lyrics provided by

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