For He's a Jolly Good Felon

Lostprophets

Simon, don't stop with all the lyin' 'Cause we know where you're from

You get along

By taking things that don't belong to youSo can you feel it, oh, when you steal it?

All that adrenalin

Livin' in sin

And you can sell it off for half the priceOh, what would your mother say?We take to get along

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

And all these estates we're on

Everyone's singin'Mikey, oh, where'd you get the Nike's?

'Cause I know you ain't got

The notes to drop

Left alone you'd take the fuckin' lotNot succeeding, nothing to believe in

'Cause it will all go wrong

Everything's gone

Now your future's on the roll of a diceAnd that's the price that you payWe take to get along

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

And all these estates we're on

Everyone's singin'We don't need anyone

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

All the police are wrong

So we are still singin'7 days a week, patrollin' all these streets

I try to stop but I can't help it

I know you call me weak, my future is oblique

I take to get along but I still need itWe take to get along

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

And all these estates we're on

Everyone's still singin'We take to get along

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

And all these estates we're on

Everyone's singin'We don't need anyone

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

We don't need anyone

Everyone's singin'We don't need anyone

We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on

We don't need anyone

'Cause we're still singin'

Songwriters

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