

Flags of the Old Regime

Peter Doherty

Let's have it right
We all know the score
Been up for three nights
Stuck behind the door
Chewing off your jaw

The fame they stoned you with
You soldiered it
And made your fortune
But you broke inside

But I don't want to die anymore
Any more than I did want to die before

The fame they stoned you with
You soldiered it
And you made your fortune
But you broke inside

Stand up there in front of the whole world
And you don't feel them songs no more

Oh me, oh my, any
You won't be coming down tonight

So let's have it right
We all know the score
Been up for four nights
You're stuck behind the door
Chewing off your jaw

And the fame they stoned you with
Your tiny shoulders soldiered it
And you made your fortune
But you stone cold broke inside

You have to stand up there in front of the whole wide world
And you don't feel them songs no more

Oh me, Amy, any

You won't be coming down tonight

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