

Deadwood (Acoustic Recorded at Realworld)

Dirty Pretty Things

You got the world boy This all you make it?
You had the choice lad
You wouldn't take it
The oldest charm Only the best for you And the years of my life,
Some they were so good,
But now and again I feel
I was a coward
Are the holes in my soul
In tatters for all these tears
Well you don't see it that way A way, a way We'll have it today The dancing ones they really mean it But
something boy,
somethings gonna change A way, a way You've got it they say
How do they know
When they've never seen it? And what will you do
When they forget your name? Well you'll up and get another one Don't give me that face
I know when I should live in disgrace
Not dig up the deadwood
I knew this place was never the place for me And of the years that rolled by
Yeah some were so good
But now I know that
You were the coward
The holes in your soul
In tatters for all these years But you can't see it that way A way, a way We'll have it today
The dancing ones they really mean it
And mark my words
Something's gonna change A way, a way
You've got it they say
But how do they know
When they've never seen it?
And what will you do
When they forget your name? Well you'll up and get another one A way, a way
We'll have it today
The dancing ones they really mean it
But something boy
somethings gonna change A way, a way
You've got it today
But how do they know
When they've never seen it?
And what will you do

When they forget your name? Well you'll up and get another one By Gumo® Montevideo-Uruguay

Songwriters

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