

Last Of The Small Town Playboys

Dirty Pretty Things

To think that the last of the small town playboys was a little bit like me
Hold on, well, what could that mean? Well, I'm still looking around for leads
'Cause when it comes to playboys small towns are bursting at the seams
England's getting fat but this suit is wearing thin
So deal me another hand before the games begin Well, what do you do if the world owes you something?
What else is there to do when the world owes you something new? I want you just to forget myself
I need you just to forget myself
I want you just to forget myself And so the last of the small town playboys is a little bit like me
Hold on, now what could that mean? No hope of hope and glory spilling down the Camden Road
I'm in it for the story that you spit at me in code
Well, my hearts in a headlock
And my soul goes on unsung, unsung for the lonely Well, what do you do when your world owes you something?
Oh, what is there to do when the world owes you something new? I want you just to forget myself
I need you just to forget myself
I've got you just to forget myself I need you, I want you
I've got you just to forget myself
I need you, I want you
I've got you just to forget myself

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