

# Lust of the Libertines

## Babyshambles

The Lust of the Libertines  
Is really quite tame  
It rages quietly nigh here beside you  
And your lust for fame  
But fame is such a sinister game, I know...  
It could all end this way then  
Some things won't be the same  
Oh just a face, and a name on a page  
But I'll be soundly sleeping  
I'll be soundly sleeping  
I'll sleep right through that ageCause I can deal with all...  
The blood on my shoes  
The holes in my soul  
My spirit is tainted  
All my tears are paintedAm just so long as you...  
You don't forget to... oh uh ow  
Cut me on the wall  
By the graffiti of all the things  
I just couldn't sayShove me up the wall  
Oh my darling (oh Poor Cow)  
It was a kind of loving  
But you've left me in the family way againThe dust on my tambourine  
Really can be explained  
I need to shake it more often  
I need to shake away the blameOh well, fame is such a sinister game, I know...  
The taste of goulash in your mouth  
As you stumble offstage...  
Forget-me-nots bloom on this day then  
But they whither with ageOh I can deal with all...  
The blood on my shoes  
The holes in my soul  
My spirit is tainted  
All my tears are paintedAm just so long as you...  
You don't forget to... oh uh ow  
Cut me on the wall  
By the graffiti of all the things  
I just couldn't sayOh won't you hove me up the wall  
Oh Poor Cow  
It was a kind of loving

But you've left me in the family way again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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