Paracetamol

Declan McKenna

There's a boy, fifteen, with a gun in his hand
And the people with no audience say should be hanged
They ask for his motive but they don't understand
Why they love like they do, like they do
There's a girl, fifteen, with her head in a noose
Because she's damned to live, well she's damned to choose
And the animals walked in twos by twos
Showing love like they do, like they do
There's a girl, fifteen, although she isn't sure
Well how the hell could you want anything more
Beautiful, perfect, immaculate whore
I'm in love, love with you, love with youOh won't you let me finish
You drive me insane
The world will keep on turning
Even if we're not the same
Don't come on to me, come on to meThere's a boy, fifteen, turning into a man
Well tell me one other thing that he can
While you forced a smile through a jealous hand
Showing love like you do, like you do
There's a boy, fifteen, and he's attempted to sue
Cause he's definitely sure that it's true
What kind of man, kind of man are you
Showing love like you do, like you doOh won't you let me finish
You drive me insane
The world will keep on turning
Even if we're not the same
Don't come on to me, come on to me

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

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