

For He's A Jolly Good Felon

Lostprophets

Simon, don't stop with all the lyin'
'Cause we know where you're from
You get along
By taking things that don't belong to you So can you feel it, oh, when you steal it?
All that adrenalin
Livin' in sin
And you can sell it off for half the price Oh, what would your mother say? We take to get along
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
And all these estates we're on
Everyone's singin' Mikey, oh, where'd you get the Nike's?
'Cause I know you ain't got
The notes to drop
Left alone you'd take the fuckin' lot Not succeeding, nothing to believe in
'Cause it will all go wrong
Everything's gone
Now your future's on the roll of a dice And that's the price that you pay We take to get along
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
And all these estates we're on
Everyone's singin' We don't need anyone
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
All the police are wrong
So we are still singin' 7 days a week, patrollin' all these streets
I try to stop but I can't help it
I know you call me weak, my future is oblique
I take to get along but I still need it We take to get along
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
And all these estates we're on
Everyone's still singin' We take to get along
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
And all these estates we're on
Everyone's singin' We don't need anyone
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
We don't need anyone
Everyone's singin' We don't need anyone
We're holdin' on, we're holdin' on
We don't need anyone
'Cause we're still singin'

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