

Acrylic

kous

You're just like plasticine
Being molded into a libertine dreamer
I feel so sorry for you if you were 13, I'd let you off
But you're not and you should have known better
Got all my thoughts on a notepad
With a parker pen and write you a letter
But there's not enough paper in the world
There's not enough paper
Oh, have you heard all your friends go?
Da, da, da, da, da, da, oh
All the words they seem to know
All the words in your songs
Da, da, da, da, da, da, oh
You got an okay jacket
But you've got no spine
Please vacate this city of mine
I only wish you had this song
To back up, you're talking so long
But we know that's not the case
Rather show your face
In an ancient bar that nobody goes in
Because they serve substandard gin
Nobody goes in there, did you win?
Did they ask though no one cares?
Da, da, da, da, da, da, oh
All the words they seem to know
All the words in your songs
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But you've got no spine
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