

B.U.R.M.A

Dirty Pretty Things

I know that you're out there
Born ready, but on the decline
To keep you from my thoughts
When we first broke the line Do you remember like I remember?
Lost pursuits of excellence
The glory of the crown Lives of imperialists
Leave me with aching wrists
So no wonder you frown
When you're two world wars down So when the dark times come
Well, I will sing you a good time song
I'm pretending that it's ending
But it kills me to act so strong
Just to gaze in your eyes
Makes all the difference to me Just be ready my angel
Be ready when I call
I've been re reading letters
They were moving warm but bitter
And I cried right through them all Ooh, ooh
The days go so slow
Ooh, ooh
We'll never get to heaven
With the artillery in tow So when the dark times come
It might warm your heart to know
That I went to the crossroads
But the devil never showed They can stick their war
I'm leaving now
It makes no difference to me I'm hoping if you know where I am
Send your heart in a telegram
I'm praying that you know where I am Be upstairs, ready my angel
Be ready when I call
And then my angel I'll be ready too
And I will catch you when you fall Do you remember like I remember
All the dirty things you said?
Do you remember like I remember
Or was it all in my head? So when the dark times come
Well, I will song you a good time song
I'm pretending that it's ending
But it kills me to act so strong
To gaze in your eyes

Makes all the difference to meSo, who's got the clap

Who's got the clap

Give yourself a clap now

Songwriters

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