

Look at You

Backyard Babies

(borg, dregen)1, 2, 3, 4Look at you, man, look at the band
Look at the day, don't throw it away
I need a pill and a coffee re-fill
And everything is gonna be alright
I swearLook at your cat and your eighty square flat
Look at your view over stockholm's zoo
Maybe you're wrong but maybe i'm right
`cause I guess i'm born black and whiteYou know you could be a rock n' roll star
No matter who you are
It's all the same
`cause you're a real dead endThat's what you are
Believe i'm gonna have myself a ball
And I don't care if you don't like
How I act when i'm on top of your wife
I'm going down, i'm running up
I'm walking zig-zag and i'm tripping too much
So hold your fire, i'm coming through
I've gotta kill another bottle of doomNow everybody wanna dance with you
I cannot dance `cause my boots are stuck with glue
Everybody wanna talk too much
But all I want is youLook at your amount on your credit card account
A billion dollar tour but I just go for
Heads up, legs up, stay-ups, fuck-ups
`cause everything is gonna be alright, right
Well, I said, right, right, rightThat's what you areThat's what you are
Believe i'm gonna have myself a ball
And I don't care if you don't like
How I act when i'm on top of your wife
I'm going down, i'm running up
I'm walking zig-zag and i'm tripping too much
So hold your fire, i'm coming through
I've gotta kill another bottle of doomI'm going down, i'm running up
I'm walking zig-zag and i'm tripping too much
So hold your fire, i'm coming through
I've gotta kill another bottle of doomNow everybody wanna dance with you
I cannot dance `cause my boots are stuck with glue
Everybody wanna talk too much
But all I want is you
Yeah, all I want is you

So why can't I have you

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