Look at You

Backyard Babies

(borg, dregen)1, 2, 3, 4Look at you, man, look at the band
Look at the day, donÂ´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 stockholmÂ´s zoo
Maybe youÂ´re wrong but maybe iÂ´m right
`cause I guess iÂ´m born black and whiteYou know you could be a rock nÂ´ roll star
No matter who you are
ItÂ´s all the same
`cause youÂ´re a real dead endThatÂ´s what you are
Believe iÂ´m gonna have myself a ball
And I donÂ´t care if you donÂ´t like
How I act when iÂ´m on top of your wife
IÂ´m going down, iÂ´m running up
IÂ´m walking zig-zag and iÂ´m tripping too much
So hold your fire, iÂ´m coming through
IÂ´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, rightThatÂ´s what you areThatÂ´s what you are
Believe iÂ´m gonna have myself a ball
And I donÂ´t care if you donÂ´t like
How I act when iÂ´m on top of your wife
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IÂ´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 canÂ´t I have you

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