

Not Up to You

Stereophonics

Salt grips the road, awaits his lift again
Street orange glow, shades the odds against
One more sip, a shoe a miss
A shaving nick, one extra kiss
Who's to know? Whatever? Not up to me, not up to you
Not up to me, not up to you The swings don't swing, the parks been dead for years
How do you know your last swing weren't the last for God
Hard book on freaks, fresh summer peach
Creased magazine, sugar chocolate treat
Who's to know? Whatever? Not up to me, not up to you
Not up to me, not up to you The streets so long where she lost her pocket purse
Kept the last picture of the man she committed first
Cracked windscreen rain, French murder play
Junk take away, tired street parade
Who's to know? Whatever, Whatever Not up to me, not up to you
Not up to me, not up to you
Whatever
Not up to me, not up to you
Not up to anything we do
Not up to me, not up to you
Ahh you, ahh you, ahh you
Its not up to me
Its not up to you Its not up to you
Its not up to you
Its not up to you

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