

# Peacock Suit

[Paul Weller](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I've got a grapefruit matter, it's as sour as shit  
I have no solutions, better get used to it I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather  
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock suit  
Peacock suit I'm Narcissus in a puddle, in shop windows I gloat  
Like a ball of fleece lining in my camel skin coat I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather  
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock suit  
Did you think I should on my peacock suit  
I'll [Incomprehensible] Nemesis in a muddle in a mirror I look  
Like a streak of sheet lightnin' in my rattlesnake shoes I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather  
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers of my peacock suit  
Did you think I should of my peacock suit  
Did you think I should Peacock suit, yeah  
Peacock suit, yeah  
Peacock suit, yeah  
Peacock suit, yeah

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