Dumb Waiters

The Korgis

Give me all your paper ma
Gimme all your jazz
Give me something that I need
Something I can have
Mrs. London's coming round
She's coming with her son
Gimme all your paper ah
So I can get a gun
She has got it in for me
Yeah I mean it honestly
She's so mean
Give me all your paper ma
So I can buy a train
They just want to suck you in
To being one of them
Tell her that I'm not in here
Tell her I'm a freak
Tell her that I fall about
Every time I speak
She has got in for me
Yeah I mean it honestly
I just scream
Give me all your paper ma
So I can buy a train
I don't know how I got in here
It's making me insane
Have another cigarette
And have another cigarette
In a room where lovers go
Talking on the telephone
They have go it in for me
Yeah I mean it honestly
They all dream

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BUTLER, RICHARD/BUTLER, TIMOTHY/ASHTON, JOHN/DAVEY, VINCENT
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/