Bailed Out

The Auteurs

Your star is descending
Round here blindly
Tell your dancing daughter
That there's no room
On the wing
We can bitch
But it ain't a tinsel town
Hey! starchild
Cant dance
Left out on a useless limb
This party will start
To drag you down
Slap your face
And pull your hair

Bailed out, bailed out
Bailed out, this skin is shead
Bailed out, bailed out
Bailed out, this thing is dead

I was in traction
Started off smiling
Couldn't help laughing
I was astounded when
They caught you unware
And some missionary said
That this week
We've got to shoot
All the dancing girls
And then replace them
With satellites instead

Bailed out, bailed out
Bailed out, this skin is shead
Bailed out, bailed out
Bailed out, this thing is dead

Like to see something change
Around here, around there

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written by HAINES, LUKE MICHAEL
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