Pop in G

Heatmiser

Mic city sons seem to dumb everything down
I got wished a lot of luck
And I'll tell you what it's worth nowIt's a cold-blooded style
Never was worthwhile
You're as good as they come
But you're such a f***ing trialYou went and called me up
Do you bother me on purpose
You make me feel like I'm half my age
And at least twice as nervousYou go ah-ha whistling
Sweet caroline
And I'll be there to ? ?
Cos I never speak my mindIt's a miracle how
No offence is taken
But I'm full of them then
Anytime you feel up to face themYou go drink your problems still
A statue in the barroom
You've got feelings left to kill
And I won't forget it too soonIt's a cold blooded style
Never was worthwhile
You're as good as they come
But you're such a f***ing trialYou go ah-ha whistling
Sweet caroling
And I'll be there to ? ?
Cos I never speak my mind
You don't want me to speak my mind

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