

Mucky Fingers

Oasis

I know you think you deserve an explanation on the meanings of life.
But what you think that you heard slipped away out the back of your mind.
You'll get your mucky fingers burned.
You get your truth from the lies you were learned.
And all your plastic believers will leave us and they won't return. And when you look in that mirror
And you're tying up your buttons and bows.
And as you face your disease you can squeeze into the Emperor's Clothes.
You found your god in a paper bag, you get your history from the Union Jack.
And all your brothers and sisters are gone and they won't come back. I'm fed up with life in the City,
All the phoneys have blown my mind.
When I'm gone, you look like you'd miss me,
So come along with me - but don't ask why,
'Cause it's all mine,
It's all mine.
It's all mine.
It's all mine. [Harmonica Solo] 'Cause it's all mine
It's all mine
It's all mine
It's all mine [Harmonica Solo 2]

Songwriters

GALLAGHER Published by

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