

Wreckin' Bar

The Vaccines

Pretty girl, wreckin' bar
Ra, ra, ra, ra, here you are
Blowing up 'bout twice a night
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, here I am
The Angel's Game, F. Scott Fitzgerald
The evening news and the Morning Herald
I know they're not from very far
But les femmes l-bas, c'est pas de joie
Where you been? You can't say?
Hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah, you may
That might seem a bit below
No, no, no, no, it's funny though
Let's go home, I think we oughta
I know you're your mother's daughter
Well brought up and royal blue
And I haven't got the time for you
Finger pointing, presupposing
Watch out, man, the doors are closing
This is what you get when you turn your back
A clear blue sky turning dirty black

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