

# BURMA

## Dirty Pretty Things

I know that you're out there  
Born ready, but on the decline  
To keep you from my thoughts  
When we first broke the line Do you remember like I remember?  
Lost pursuits of excellence  
The glory of the crown Lives of imperialists  
Leave me with aching wrists  
So no wonder you frown  
When you're two world wars down So when the dark times come  
Well, I will sing you a good time song  
I'm pretending that it's ending  
But it kills me to act so strong  
Just to gaze in your eyes  
Makes all the difference to me Just be ready my angel  
Be ready when I call  
I've been re reading letters  
They were moving warm but bitter  
And I cried right through them all Ooh, ooh  
The days go so slow  
Ooh, ooh  
We'll never get to heaven  
With the artillery in tow So when the dark times come  
It might warm your heart to know  
That I went to the crossroads  
But the devil never showed They can stick their war  
I'm leaving now  
It makes no difference to me I'm hoping if you know where I am  
Send your heart in a telegram  
I'm praying that you know where I am Be upstairs, ready my angel  
Be ready when I call  
And then my angel I'll be ready too  
And I will catch you when you fall Do you remember like I remember  
All the dirty things you said?  
Do you remember like I remember  
Or was it all in my head? So when the dark times come  
Well, I will song you a good time song  
I'm pretending that it's ending  
But it kills me to act so strong  
To gaze in your eyes

Makes all the difference to meSo, who's got the clap

Who's got the clap

Give yourself a clap now

Songwriters

Carl Barat;Anthony Rossomondo;David Jonathan Hammond;Gary Armstrong PowellPublished by  
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