Pulling The Rug

Imelda May

Good life came callin',
I fell under its spell and kept fallin'
Great night, so fittin',
I sat into your lap and stayed sittin'
Oh your smile seemed willin',
You hid behind your porcelain fillin'
Oh big lights, so pretty,
Got swept away by lies it's a pity

I'll write you a story,
But knowin' you you'll take all the glory
Oh fat cats got lazy,
The truth behind the cream it got hazy

So now you're pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under me
But I won't let you get me down,
Gonna spin you upside down
'till you don't know your head from your tail
I got a way, I got a will,
God I'm never standin' still
Long enough for you to pin a win or fail

Time is tickin' by, my life is flyin' high
But you, you, you, you and I have ended our days of dreamin'

Pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under me

Yes you were,
Pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under me

But I won't let you get me down,
Gonna spin you upside down
'till you don't know your head from your tail

I got a way, I got a will,
God I'm never standin' still
Long enough for you to pin a win or fail
Oh pullin' the rug yeah

Pullin' the rug from under me
Puttin' a gun in front of me,
Pullin' the rug from under me

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