Gilded

Arab Strap

I was free again that summer
cos you're playing with a plumber,
with his own place and a car. I don't care,
I'm gonna be a pop star.
Well he can take you for a ride
and he can buy you gifts and flowers.
I'm sure he's got a nicer body then me
and maybe he can fuck go for hours and hours.
But I wonder where you and him might be when you see me on the cover of the NME.
After sell-out tours and a string of hits And I'm snorting cocaine off a supermodel's tits.
My life is going my way.
I saw you in the pub today.
And you look so ugly now.
Since you turned into a shallow disco cow.
You're no longer my gilded shackle.
So I don't have to listen to your fucking cackle.
I couldn't give a toss what you do.
And by the way, have you found out I was two-timing you?

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