Best Face

Dirty Pretty Things

Shock after shock from the snake she bites Happy hour downtown, ladies night With your townie boys who make your brethren fight Night after night after night after night, go Come on sweetheart, come on sweetheart, oh

It's an eye for any eye 'neath the hurricane sky How will you find me a lover in time? With your muscle vest clad lads who nearly fight Close off your senses and turn out the lights Turn out the lights

She had the best face in the place She had the lip gloss and the grace There's really nothing in the script she said You can have what you want

Oh, heed this sound advice
No don't you tell me any lies
Look into these eyes, they see right through
Well, the skits the same but the face is new, oh oh

On the crying tarts who step
And broken hearts are all you get
The drinks go on and the beat's the resounding
The drinks go on and the beat's still sounding
Come on darling, come on darling, come on sweetheart, oh

You look pretty, pretty fit
For a pedestrian pounding
This nightclubs still shit
But be weary of the gypsy boy you're mounting

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The best that's what you'll get before The walk of shame tomorrow And the beat goes on, the beat goes on Your monkey lots, they tumble ?round

You dance your fucking swan song You dance your fucking swan song You dance your fucking swan song To a blundering oracle

So here's to your future And your awful wedded wife

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