

Something Pretty

Graham Coxon

I'm feeling pretty weird, got a psychopathic haircut
Blue tie, red face, I'll destroy the human race
Goodbye [?] sky, whoopee we're all gonna die
Boots on the ground, on your head doing the mashed potato
One last round and all that's left to say is, "See ya later"

Call the police, arrest me please
Lock me in the cell, protect me from myself
Don't wanna be out in the world
Just kill the lights and cuff me to this girl

Unplug the radio, unplug the TV
Unplug the internet, while you're there unplug me
Mainframe, main blame, main fame, main shame
What's your name? It's all the same, want the fame? Play the game

Call the police, arrest me please
Lock me in the cell, protect me from myself
Don't wanna be out in the city
Just kill the lights and say something pretty
Call the police, arrest me please
Lock me in the cell, protect me from myself
Don't wanna be out in the city
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Something pretty
Something pretty, whoa whoa whoa

She sits on the sofa, her lips touch the cider
A packet of crisps and she finished the rider
She's outta the window, her hands [?]
As she flies through the night without moving a muscle
Hit start, car park, street lighting burning bright
Nervous wreck ripped to shreds, thoughts are screaming through
her head
Calm down, hit the ground, turn that frown upside down
Got a rocket in my pocket, hot lead, bang you're dead

Bang bang bang bang
Nearly emptied two more rounds
Drip drip drip drip
Blood is falling, don't you slip
Don't you slip
Don't you slip
Don't you slip