

# 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  
Just kill the lights and say something pretty

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