

What A Beautiful Day To Impersonate An Officer

Lower Than Atlantis

Don't blame the rock and roll
For our reckless youth or the hearts that we stole
Don't blame the strings on my guitar
For the drunken fights at the Weatherspoons bar
This is a product of public schools
Staying up late, council estates and proving who's cool

Mate, have you got that tenner for me?
Because money don't grow on trees
But it'd be so wicked if it did though
Mate, have you got that tenner for me?
Because money don't grow on trees
But can you imagine?
Can you fucking imagine?

If you want a good time, put your hands up
Five thousand miles away from home (we don't got nowhere else to go)
We're wasting days checking MySpace plays
Two bars of battery on my phone

Don't blame the hearts that we stole
Don't blame the strings on my guitar
This is a product of public schools
Staying up late, council estates, trying to prove who's cool
Don't blame the rock and roll

If you want a good time, put your hands up
Five thousand miles away from home (we don't got nowhere else to go)
We're wasting days checking MySpace plays
Two bars of battery on my phone

Mate, have you got that tenner for me?
It's pay day