

Cry On My Guitar

Miles Kane

Rolling on a sweepstake 65
Loaded with the cheapskates barely alive
I said yeah, I come undone
Rolling out the chimney you can see the cracks
Taps me on the shoulder, had a heart attack
I said yeah, I come undone

And when you push me, yeah, you push me
Yeah you push me too far
I sit and then I cry upon the strings of my guitar
And everybody tells me that it's—
Shalalalala, oh yeah

Stop me on the avenue, cuffs on my wrists
Told me I was driving like a ballroom blitz
I said yeah, I'm so high and strung
Every time you leave me, yeah, it comes to this
Mix another medicine, mad scientist
I said yeah, I'm so high and strung

And when you push me, yeah, you push me
Yeah you push me too far
I sit and then I cry upon the strings of my guitar
And everybody tells me that it's—
Shalalalala, oh yeah

Why does it always have to come to this?
Late night, all night, miss your kiss
I said yeah, I'm so high and strung
Why does it always have to come to this?
Late night, all night, miss your kiss
I said yeah, I'm so high and strung, strung, strung

And when you push me, yeah, you push me
Yeah you push me too far
I sit and then I cry upon the strings of my guitar
And everybody tells me that it's—
Shalalalala, oh yeah