

Too Little Too Late

Miles Kane

One, two
One, two, three, four

Give me something for the guillotine
Give me something your heart
Give me something for the best days of us
Give me something wrapped in cellophane
You say you want a new start
I try and I try but I can't stop

I'm too fickle
Set in my ways
I'm too little too late

Coming down like a limousine
Full of drag queens and sharks
It's all entertainment a trademark
Underground, guess I'm guaranteed
Pirouetting in the dark
Well, I try but I can't be what I'm not

I'm too fickle
Set in my ways
I'm too little too late
Well I try but I can't, honey
What can I say
I'm too little too late
Too late
Too late
Too late

But if you tried, you might find
That I was always enough for you
When you're sat at home (when you're sat at home)
Looking down that track (looking down that track)
Well I was always enough for you

But I'm too fickle
Set in my ways
I'm too little too late
I try but I can't, honey
What can I say
I'm too little too late
Too late
Too late
Too late