

# Disco, Blisters & A Comedown

Nicola Roberts

Bruises, in my mind  
I can't get my head off the pillow, check the bed am I still single  
Look like pantomime, checking photos on my phone and how the hell did I  
Get home?  
4am I'm hailing down a cab he said I live too fast, still need for double  
Charge  
2am I think I am gaga, maybe I've gone too far, I'm dancing on the bar

Disco, blisters and a comedown, all I got to show now  
From my friday night out, why, why, why?  
Do the lights in the kebab shop make this guy look less hot he's looking like john prescott

Lipstick and my keys, bottle and a straw and I'm working on my door  
I got my music, in my room  
Rollers in my hair and my favourite underwear  
5pm my top shop orders here  
I sent my best friend home looks like she's been turned on  
Thursday night, there's only one more sleep  
They better get some rest, my little dancing feet

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Every sunday morning, I died a little  
I can't help but want it, it keeps me ticking  
And I can hear it calling, the heavy base line  
Every god damn morning, morning

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From my friday night out, why, why, why?  
Do the lights in this kebab shop make this guy look less hot, he's looking like john prescott  
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From my friday night out, why, why, why?  
Do the lights in the kebab shop make this guy look less hot he's, looking like john prescott