

Felt Better Alive

Peter Doherty

I gave my nights up for old songs, sound better alive
I gave my life over to old songs, sound better alive
I dredged the mouth of the Humber, felt better alive
Slipped unnoticed across your border, felt better alive

The song it skips and bumps along
Seems to fall apart, then all I want as it comes together, sing
the melody

I tip-toed around gravestones digging up old songs, felt better
oh my
I tip-toed around gravestones digging up old songs, was a hell
of a night

There's song he skips and bumps along
Seems to fall apart, then all at once it came together in sacred
melody

And I'd always planned
To sing in a sweet and soulful way as only cowboys can
But my saddle strap snapped like a dog-chewed tourniquet
And the sky fell low over north London
And it hangs low until this day

I dreamt of gunfights in Toledo, when I opened my eyes
I was in the lay by north of Telford, an A-road lay lay by
And as the tour had gunked and jumped along, seemed to fall apart
Then all at once ran true as a lay-line under sacred Albion

And I had always planned
To sing in a sweet and soulful way as only a cowboy can
But my saddle strap snapped like a dog-chewed tourniquet
And the sky hangs low over Margate sands
And it hangs low ah...