

Nothing Precious at All

Stereophonics

I been people watching again
I think they watch me too
There's a new girl at the coffee house
She's got first day blues

She's got red hair and a motorbike
And lime green shoes
A mohair hat and a summers dress
And black tattoos

And then she fly away
In her high heel feet
And her fire dress
And she's throwing things
That took her time to save it up
And buy what's special
Then she look around
And sees what's left
And it's nothing much
Nothing precious at all
Nothing precious at all

Gonna drink herself to sleep tonight
And that's nothing new
She goes out almost nine every night
And gets high as the moon

She takes photographs of American cars
Where she went to school
She likes fireworks and candlelight
And fake bad news

And then she fly away
In her high heel feet
And her fire dress
And she's throwing things
That took her time to save it up
And buy what's special
Then she look around
And sees what's left
And it's nothing much
Nothing precious at all
Nothing precious at all

Nothing precious at all

Is she a loner or a mother's girl
That's up to you
She got fine lines round her tired eyes
And they're painted blue
She could sleep around with anyone
If she wanted to
Gotta go my time is up right now
Got stuff to do