

Stacie Anne

The Fratellis

How can the things she said all possibly be true?
That everything I ever got I give to you
Is this a bam up? Oh cause this is sick you know
You know I'll break your fingers then I'll break yer toes
Y'know my dealer takes me everywhere he goes
He got a pure white tan. Yes he's my every man
Don't make me sink my teeth into yer bloody nose

I met her, there on the backseat
Oh oh oh oh oh on the backseat

He said you've been stealing my best moves now for days
I could've killed you in so many different ways
But you're so funny and I kinda like your band
I hate these cunts from London they don't try enough
They think they're mental cause they've tried harder stuff
But they're just rich kids yes, all in a fuckin mess
I tried to kiss her but she's lookin pretty rough

Oh my dearest wont you let us
Be my nearest don't forget us lye, la, la, lye
Ella said you'd gladly give us
Everything but wont forgive us lye, la, la, lye