

Bucket Shop

The Libertines

First stop was the bucket shop
To pick the pieces of your life up
And scream looking glad
Since all that you despised
You're thinking back to the Chicken Shack
And the smashing of the glass
And the knife in the back, well
My boy who would've believed your lies?
All your lies?

And no-one's going to sell you any alibis
Alibis

You dirty small town girls
How I wish you were here now
And show me how to be the man,
I'm your man
As only you can, as only you can
My White City girl

Well someone said you were an angel
Only what kind of angel
Would whisper 'hello'
And shout 'goodbye'
My White City girl

And I've seen you go down
On one too many times
It chills my bones to seem that way
Oh that way
And this aching heart of mine

You said you live your life by the Albion creed
So pure in thoughts and word and deed
Well, oh my boy, what did you gain?
Just empty bottles and [?] roots
And holes in the years of your cowboy boots
And that makes she'll never forget your name
Or your lies...

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Alibis