

Mayday

The Libertines

A slave's a girl who slaves her days away
In arabesques and minarettes
And tablecloths and serviettes
She's screaming, "This is what you get"

First you put the tongue in
Then you put the boots in
Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah
First you put the tongue in
Then you put the boots in
Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah

The mob goes fifteen ways
I dunno which way to go
The mob goes fifteen ways
And my head, my poor head
Feels like a smashed window

George is twenty-four, easily bored
All his life, seen nothing but closed doors
Not any more

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