

What Became Of The Likely Lads

The Libertines

Please don't get me wrong
See I forgive you with a song
We'll call the Likely Lads
But if it's left to you
I know exactly what you'd do
With all the dreams we had
Cause blood runs thicker, oh
We're thick as thieves, you know
If it's important to you
It's important to me
I tried to make you see
But you don't wanna know
You don't want to know!

If you pipe all summer long
Then get forgiven in a song
Well that's a touch, my lad

They sold the rights to all the wrongs
And when they knew you'd give me songs
Welcome back, I sang

But blood runs thicker, oh
We're thick as thieves, you know
If that's important to you
It's important to me
I tried to make you see
But you don't wanna know
You don't want to know

Oh what became of the Likely Lads?
What became of the dreams we had?
Oh what became of forever?
Oh what became of forever, though?
But, we'll never know

Please don't get me wrong
See I forgive you in a song
We call the Likely Lads

We all bought the ones
We taught 'em all we wrote the songs
That's filled with dreams we have

But blood runs thicker, oh
We're thick as thieves, you know
If that's important to you
It's important to me
I tried to make you see
But you don't wanna know
You don't want to know!

Oh what became of the Likely Lads?
What became of the dreams we had?
Oh what became of forever?
Oh what became of forever?
We'll never know!

But blood runs thicker oh
we're as thick as thieves you know
if that's important to you
yes it's important to me
I tried to make you see
but you don't want to know.

Oh what became of the Likely Lads?
What became of the dreams we had?
Oh what became of forever?
Oh what became of forever?
We'll never know!

The ideal girl in London from France
Came over and left me, she left me entranced
Now I have to get by once again on my own
Nothing but memories
So I remember your eyes their unique shade of brown
while these blue eyes of mine they stay closed
I kissed you goodbye on the end 109
choked as I watched the bus go

Choking in smoke in to your angelic soul
Choking and smoking myself in to a hole
Where the only way out is to sleep and to dream
And to cry out your name