

You're My Waterloo

The Libertines

You'll never fumigate the demons
No matter how much you smoke
So just say you love me
For three good reasons
And I'll throw you the rope

You don't need it
Because you are the survivor
Of more than one life
And you're the only lover I had
Who ever slept with a knife

But you're not Judy Garland
Oh just like me you've never really had a home of your own
But I'm not Tony Hancock baby
Until the dawn
We'll stone the crows
We'll stone the crows

And you see I've brought you flowers
All collected from the Old Vic Stage
Well I've been sitting here for hours, baby
Just chasing these words
Across the page

Cause you're my Waterloo
Well I'll be your Gypsy Lane
I'm so glad we know just what to do
And exactly who's to blame

And you're my Waterloo
I'll be your Stanley Park
Well I'm so glad we know just what to do
And no one's left
Stumbling around
Tumbling around
Fumbling around
In the dark

Always in the dark

You're my Waterloo
I'll be your Calvary
Well I'm so glad we know just what to do
And everyone's gonna be happy
Everyone's gonna be happy
Everyone's gonna be happy

But of course