

Babyshambles, Unstookie Titled

You smoke your cigarettes down to the bone
And since you vowed to back it and you're too proud to sack it
You have to carry on your own
You think you had it under control
Best foot forward and don't look back no more
It could break your heart and torment your soul
Well, they sold my name after they stole my shame
Sold my name, ah yeah
Tumbled my game, tumbled their game
Got a tablet sized brains, yeah
You smoke your cigarettes down to the bone
And it's best not to mention you're craving for attention
Your love for fame like blood from a stone
Too busy to notice that you've thrown
You turn to dust as there's no one left to trust
Last chance and your mind will go
Suppose my name, suppose it came
And they sold my shame, yeah
And suppose it came out and tumbled their game
Tablet sized brains, yeah
Or is it really such a sin though?
Toll for my sin
Is it such a sin though?
One hand is sailing
One hand is sailing
One hand is sailing
One hand is sailing
One hand is sailing
One hand is sailing