

Backyard Babies, Look At You (live)

1,2,3,4

Look at you man, look at the band
Look at the day, don't throw it away
I need a pill and a coffee re-fill
And everything is gonna be alright
I swear

Look at your cat and your eighty square flat
Look at your view over Stockholm's Zoo
Maybe I'm wrong but maybe I'm right
'Cause I guess I'm born black and white

You know you could be a rock n' roll star
No matter who you are
It's all the same 'cause you're a real dead end

That's what you are
Believe I'm gonna have myself a ball
And I don't care if you don't like
How I act when I'm on top of your wife
I'm going down, I'm running up
I'm walking zig-zag and I'm tripping too much
So hold your fire, I'm coming through
I've gotta kill another bottle of doom

Now everybody wanna dance with you
I cannot dance 'cause my boots are stuck with glue
Everybody wanna talk too much
But all I want is you

Look at your amount on your credit card account
A billion dollar tour but I just go far
Heads up, legs up, stay-ups, fuck-ups
'Cause everything is gonna be alright, right
Well, I said, right, right, right

That's what you are

[Guitar solo]

That's what you are
Believe I'm gonna have myself a bomb
And I don't care if you don't like
How I act when I'm on top of your wife
I'm going down, I'm running up
I'm walking zig-zag and I'm tripping too much
So hold your fire, I'm coming through
I've gotta kill another bottle of doom

I'm going down, I'm running up
I'm walking zig-zag and I'm tripping too much
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Now everybody wanna dance with you
I cannot dance 'cause my boots are stuck with glue
Everybody wanna talk too much
But all I want is you

Yeah, all I want is you

So why can't I have you?