

Dirty Pretty Things, Blood On My Shoes

You look smart but that's not enough
You need a course in attitude
Nobody's fussed
You can spend all your days
Planning what to buy
Then the signs all spin around
You'll pay your debts in time

You wanna shake shake shake
To fit in all that much
There seem to be holes in everything
These cold hands touch
And we'll take take take
And swallow the whole way down
We may fall forever
But we won't fall down

Cause we go lalalalalala whoa
Lalalalalala whoa
And it's on

There's blood on my shoes
Nobody knows
Because of you
Where did you go
Where did you go
Nobody knows
Where did you go

You're pretty so pretty
So long as somebody loves you
So leave us alone
For the rich get richer but still they cry
They say the city is after us
But we don't know why
Profound is the debt, the debt you owe
You owe it to sorrow
It's sorrow you owe
For when one downmanship is all you've ever known
You go to clamor for the glamour
It's never your own

So long

There's blood on my shoes
Nobody knows
Because of you
Where did you go
Where did you go
Nobody knows
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With our cockeyed wistful vision we're oblivious
Through all the hell we raised
Maybe that's how it should stay
When we don't feel change or pain or ache or lust
You go to reach for the sedative but it's never enough
For a fake fake spirit and a masquerade
We have so many colors but still dwell in the shade
I play the pugilist the apathist in so many ways
There's always tomorrow or never
Forever and a day

So long

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