

Fontaines D.C., Skinty Fia

Does you really don't know where the avenuers go
Are you lying through your teeth or are they paying through your nose
A set of manners and a smile is all they want you for
But we can talk about it later
You can read it in the paper

I hated you away from the very start
I seen you sticking to your smile - it's gone and broken my heart
Now the wind is making work of every step on the bridge
You say "I used to say we found each other - now I don't know
Where he is"

You get that feel - make your spirit shine
I let her prize apart my ribcage like a crackhead at the blinds
- It hurt
But come the downing of a scrapyard sun
There is no light falls on our failure
It ain't covered in the paper

Well I really don't care what you think of me
But something gears me to the grovel every opportunity
I've got that jealous stripe
- I probably am that type
I'll see you twenty Mary's later
When your tongue is talking straighter

Heard he took 'em all down to the mercenary bar
I heard she broke up with her fella now he's drinkin' in his car
- nah
I'm not inclined towards the scandalous word
But on the subject of myself I do believe what I've heard

There is a track beneath the wheel and it's there till we die
She says "I don't agree with nothing" I say "Neither do I"
- Go to sleep
There's not a thing can't be fixed with a dream
And we can talk about it later
You can read it in the paper

I bet ya
I bet ya
You had your smile
You had your smile
For the open mile
I bet ya I bet ya
You had your smile, your face defile
For the open mile
I bet ya I bet ya
I bet you now
I bet ya I bet ya
I bet you now
I bet ya I bet ya
I bet ya
I bet you now