

Hard-Fi, Tied up too tight

Oh where I come from
I just don't conform
Get me out of here!
Leave the boredom behind
Wanna see those bright lights
Get this thing in gear, yeah
So we'll ride in my car
Follow the star
Drive on into town
With the stereo lit
Take the great West road out
Nothing can bring me down
You get your boots on...
You get your boots on...
And all boys and girls sing (Na na na na na na)
Straight out of West London (Na na na na na na)
Just like a loaded gun (Na na na na na na)
The cognoscenti don't like us
Don't like us! (Na na na na na na)
We'll hit the strip tonight (Na na na na na na)
Your eyes are burning so bright (Na na na na na na)
Can't you feel the blood rush, baby
Tied up too tight!
Wa-ah-ah-ah-ahah
Tell me can you feel it
Feel the city breathing
Feel its beating heart
No superstition
Just cold ambition
It's time to make a mark
Oh...
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