

James, Curse Curse

In my hotel room
Sounds from next door
Someone's getting laid
God's name's proclaimed
The end is on its way
Turned on ashamed
I turn up the TV
Copa Del Rey
Messi shoots and scores
A hundred thousand came

No rain for days
I'm easily ignited
I think too much
Don't get me started

Pour me more tequila
Raise the flames to fever
Some spirit draws me out
Praise the lord and kiss me on the mouth
Two shots more tequila
Raise the flames to fever
Some spirit draws me out
Praise the lord and kiss me on the mouth

Alone in my bedroom
Alone in my bedroom
I prowl the walls
Create shadows

I'm crazy as a wasp
On a window in a heatwave
I see the light
But something's in my way

I'm just a profiteer
Running out of luck
Gunning on desire
Curse curse curse curse
I'm just a hack in fear
That I'm not good enough
Gunning on desire
Curse curse curse curse

Time to wake, time to wake the floorboards
Time to ride, time to ride the dark horse
Time to shake, time to shake up the neighbours

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