

# Nouvelle Vague, Sweet And Tender Hooligan

He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan  
And he said that he'd never, never, never, never do it again  
Not until the next time

He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan  
And he swore that he'd never, never, never, never, never do it again  
And of course he won't

Poor old man  
He had an accident with a three-bar fire  
But that's ok  
Because he wasn't very happy anyway  
Poor woman  
Strangled in her very own bed as she read  
But that's ok  
'Cause she was old and she would have died anyway

Don't blame  
The sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan  
And he said that he'd never, never, never, never do it again  
Not until the next time

Jury, you've heard every word  
So before you decide  
Would you look into those mother me eyes  
I love you for you, my love

Jury, you've heard every word  
But before you decide  
Would you look into those mother me eyes  
I love you for you my love  
For you my love

Don't blame  
The sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan  
'Cause he said that he'd never, never, never, never do it again

He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan  
Because he'd never, never, never, never do it again

Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera  
Etcetera, etcetera

In the midst of life we are in death  
Etcetera