

Stereophonics, Not Up To You

Salt grips the road awaits his lift again
Street orange glow shades the odds against
One more sip,
A shoe, A miss,
A shaving nick.
One extra kiss,
Whose to know whatever!

Not up to me, Not up to you
Not up to me, Not up to you

The swings don't swing the parks been dead for years
How do you know the last swing weren't your last for good
Hard book on freaks,
Fresh summer peach,
Creased magazine
Sugar chocolate treat,
Whose to know whatever!

Not up to me, not up to you
Not up to me, Not up to you

The street's so long where she lost her pocket purse
Kept the last picture of the man she committed first
Cracked windscreen rain,
French murder play,
Junk take away,
Tired street parades,
Who's to know whatever! Whatever!

Not up to me, Not up to you
Not up to me, Not up to you

Ha, Whatever

Not up to me, Not up to you, Not up to anything we do
Not up to me, Not up to you.

Oh Yeah! Oh Yeah! Oh Yeah!

It's not up to me,
It's not up to you,
It's not up to you,
It's not up to you,
It's not up to you,