

The Courteeners, Cavorting

Your club is full of overrated, dehydrated, goggled eyed girls
And they're trying to stare at me
But their eyes are rattling and they're struggling to see

And she can't stand still because of sixteen pills that
she's taken in the mini bus
Her conscience followed her into the night
Gave her mum a fright,
I said "Fuck, that it is her own fault
For letting her out of your sight";

And now you're too tired to eat
And you're too hungry to sleep
You're hooligans on E and we're too tired to bother with any of you

Cavorting and snorting your way through the band
Get your hand out of my trouser leg
We're turning up tonight but only to knock you down a peg

And now you're too tired to eat
And you're too hungry to sleep
You're hooligans on E and we're too tired to bother with any of you

Your club is full of overrated, dehydrated, goggled eyed girls
And they're trying to stare at me
But their eyes are rattling and they're struggling to see

And now you're too tired to eat
And you're too hungry to sleep
We're Gentlemen, aren't we, and we're too articulate to bother with any of you