

# The Fratellis, Lupe Brown

Well just slow down, come on Lupe Brown  
Tell Desdemona that I'm ready to leave  
Well she's nothing much to look at and she's hard to believe  
Don't go down throw your arms around  
Every little psycho that you happen to see  
Well you meant everything to them  
But you meant nothing to me

Well your girlfriend made me itch  
And though I'll keep you in mind I would be happy to switch  
I don't know where you got that voice  
I would sell you to London if you gave me the choice

Check those old clothes and those red bows  
Though you're a scrawny pup I  
Would be happy just to cheer you up, oh yes

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You got nothing I wish to steal  
Cause I got nothing to give you on account of Lucille  
She don't walk like a cripple should  
Well she's Colombia's finest oh she's better than good

Wednesday's DJ's came in sideways  
Yelling for the mother of the sister of the sister  
And the brother of Orla the tease

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