

The Fratellis, My Friend John

Well the room was pink and the signs were serious
Paperback dolls being slapped delirious
Feeling like a joke in the bar underneath
And it was Saturday night in the year of the good thief

Well I rumbled up the stairs the wrong way round
I hit my head on the ceiling when my feet hit the ground
And then the big dumb blonde in the gold fish bowl
Cried "Ella's in the band but she got no soul!"

My friend John was the serious one
Buttoned up the back and the job half done
Lazy old boy when the good girls turn
His teeth get itchy and his rubber souls burn
When will he ever learn?

Well the night was spent and my money was young
And then I had to get home before my neck was wrung
And everybody danced in the same old way
And if I'm feeling old and desperate I'll be back some day

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