

Amy McDonald, Let's start a band

Put a ribbon round my neck and call me a libertine
I will sing you songs of dreams I used to dream
I will sail away on seas of silver and gold
until I reach my home.
Give me a guitar and Ill be your troubadour
Your strolling minstrel 12th century door to door
I dont know anymore, if that feeling is past will is last
How can you be sure
And how do I know if youre feeling the same as me?
And how do I know if that's the only place you want to be?
Give me a stage and Ill be your rock and roll queen
Your 20th century cover of a magazine
rolling stone here I come, watch out everyone Im singing my song.
Give me a festival and Ill be your Glastonbury star
The lights are shining everyone knows who you are
singing songs about dreams about hopes about schemes
ooooh, they just came true.
And how do I know if youre feeling the same as me?
And how do I know if that's the only place you want to be?
And if you want it to then there's nothing left to do
Lets start a band, lets start a band, lets start a band, lets start a band.