

Art Brut, Nag Nag Nag Nag

Wet trousers in the washing machine,
but I'd rather be damp than seen in jeans.

I'm grown up now but refuse to learn
that those were just adolescent concerns.
I'm possibly missing something
someone should have told me.
A record collection reduced to a mixed tape,
headphones on I made my escape.
I'm in a film of personal soundtrack.
I'm leaving home and I'm never got a come back.

I'm learning lyrics from the CD inlay
to impress people with the stupid things I say.

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I used to have a bedroom to hide in,
but now I'm outside deciding.
Older but wiser,
this song's the decider.
Is it the sound of a man wrestling with emotion,
or the sound of him losing
and causing commotion?
I'm nothing to my peers,
but envy and hatred.
How many girls have they seen naked?

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