

Art Brut, What A Rush

I wish I hadn't taken off all my clothes
Now I need them, where did they go
Parents, lock up your daughters
His rebellious henchman is giving the orders
I can't believe those things we did
Especially now I'm sober...ish
Parents, lock up your daughters
His rebellious henchman is giving the orders
I'm trying to leave without waking you
But I can't leave without my socks
Parents, lock up your daughters
His rebellious henchman is giving the orders
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records our parents owned
I can't believe those things I said
I blame it on a rush of love to the head
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records our parents owned
I pulled you down onto my bed
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head
Last night this was a great idea
But now we're both stuck here
Parents, lock up your daughters
His rebellious henchman is giving the orders
Under the covers, both naked
I hate to see an opportunity wasted
Parents, lock up your daughters
His rebellious henchman is giving the orders
"Should we be doing this?
You've got a girlfriend"
"I don't know so let's try again"
Parents, lock up your daughters
His rebellious henchman is giving the orders
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records our parents owned
I can't believe those things I said
I blame it on a rush of love to the head
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records our parents owned
I pulled you down onto my bed
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head
You were seen kissing
There's a scene missing
There's a scene missing
We were seen kissing
There's a scene missing
We were seen kissing
There's a scene missing
We were seen kissing
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records our parents owned
I can't believe those things I said
I blame it on a rush of love to the head
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records that our parents owned
I pulled you down onto my bed
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records that our parents owned
I can't believe those things I said
I blame it on a rush of love to the head
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records that our parents owned
I pulled you down onto my bed

I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head
You like the Beatles and I like the Stones
But those are just records that our parents owned
I can't believe those things I said
I blame it on a rush of love to the head
I should be guilt-ridden
I'm just wondering where my clothes are hidden