

Babyshambles, Fixing Up To Go (Ballad of Gascony Avenue)

La-la-la-la-doo
La-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-doo
La-la-la-la
Said, broken phones and
I'm a bag of bones
That's what I'm known for
What I've been disowned for
They tried to tie a taper
To my tail
I've been fixin' up to go
Along the way
The wayside down
All the hands are reachin' up
Just to drag me down
So don't look down
And don't keep askin'
Oh, where that place is
Up between those other faces
On top of the bassist
In all the little faces
Oh, I swear I left it on the side
You know they rob you blind
With their false calculated intentions
Money and time is too tight to mention
A whole nation bent on
Repairing the dent on
Its pride
Oh, you cannot hide or disguise
God knows I tried
La-la-la-la
La-da-di-da-oo
Da-di-fa-doo
La-la-la-oh
La-la-la-la
La-da-da-da
La-da-da-da
La-la-la-la-oo
La-la-la-la
La-la-di-doo-di-oo-oo