

Cribs, Martell

How hard can it be
To get a slap on the back from a room full of morons?
So you hate my sunglasses?
Well your precious Leeds is dead
Just so long as you know
The clean and the green
Make up you're music scene
And shy away from the words
That they've written for me
Can't you see that
Someones got their eye on you now
Don't you know?
Whoa ohh ohh
And I don't want to be the one to let you know
Whoa ohh ohh
La la la la can you hear me
I don't know
Whoa ohh ohh
La la la la can you hear me
I don't think so
Whoa ohh ohh

You should leave it to me
We cover insignificant miles for a miniature bottle
Do you know what I mean?
I don't think so
But we go for a smoke in the Smoke
And I like what I see
It's a vicious cycle but who cares when it's happening to me?

It's obscene
Can't you see that?

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