

Fontaines D.C., Roman Holiday

Baby come on get stoned get stoned
Get inside it inside it inside it inside
Get along get along get alone get alone
Heard about the week on the Dalymount seat yeah

Baby come on 'fore the going gets gone
Heard you lied to the Major
Won't be long
Well I wish upon a wedding for a picture in the star
When they knock for ya don't forget who you are
Skinty Fia

Baby come on whose side are you on?
I don't wanna see the queen
I already sing her song
While they're snuffing out hopes and they're blotting out suns
They claim to know the form in which genius comes

Baby come on get your high heels on
It's the body is cold
It's the course is run
What artless living all this soft pain thrills
What calamities usher all our brilliance to the hills!
Can you feel it?

Baby come on get stoned get stoned
Get inside it inside it inside it inside
Get along get along get alone get alone
Was it the weed or the moment that stoned ye?

Baby come on get the hourglass on
I will dart into town - no I won't be long
If the talk's getting cold, we'll be chancing none
Well you know what I'm saying
Our day will come

Can you feel it?

Won't be long