

Franz Ferdinand, Fabulously Lazy

I've hardly seen her like before
Somewhere else
Nowhere else before
The girl in the spotlight evermore
Like no one before
Forever more

Bloody Marys, two for tea
Bubble bath and TV
All the boys from rock and roll
Sometimes she likes soul
No one sees her lift a finger
What a singer
What a dancer
What a sinner

Fabulously lazy
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Fabulously lazy

All my work, for what it's worth
Won't do me none
Can make you feel so right
All those wins are a loss
Can't be a winner
If she's never lost

Her success is divine
What a word for mine
Daytime is a tragedy
But now it smells like victory
Who does she think she is?
What a singer
What a dancer
What a sinner

She leaves the world in envy
All is now, no maybe
No one's left untouched
She's so fabulously lazy

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