

Girls Aloud, Swinging London Town

Do you know the me that wakes and sees the livewire in my eyes?
The it girl with a twist girl and no one realises
That I'm living on a tightrope, I can't, I won't look down
I pussyfoot from drink to drink in swinging London Town

Do you know the me that wakes the places with faces I've never seen?
The mother of all hangovers to remind me where I've been
And if I stop, I'm sickened, it really gets me down
So I step back into the city lights the queen of London Town
It's the queen of London Town
It's the queen of London Town

New York, Monaco, Paris and Milan
Poor little rich girl, who does it cos she can
I'm just a big time Gucci girl, a first in retail therapy
And now we're down the slide to rehab and all of it for free
And with these joke-fuelled egos, Martini sipping chums
Gigolos, stick-thin models, hanging off their arms
I guess I'm neck deep in it, I'm starting to drown
Along with all the wannabes in swinging London Town

Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Really, really know me?
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Really really know me?

Soho soaks, drink Campari
Free flowing bubbly, a drop of gin
Cocktails with price tags make you choke on your sushi
Dressed to impress, these bright young things,
Chelsea chicks drink white wine spritzers
&T's or bottled beer
Horray Henry's cruising the King's Road
In daddy's bentley still full of gear (echo)

Do you know the me, the face that graces the pages of Hello?
Try hard to die hard, united on the goal
Air kissing eligible bachelors with trust from daddy's boys
International playgirls showing off their toys

And all these price tag starlets, a galaxy of stars
Buzzing 'round the next big thing and checking out their cars
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