

Goldfrapp, Some People

Some people kill for less
Some people find it hard to get dressed
Some people, well...
Ask how old I am

Some people live in a life
Some people need more than a slice
But when it fades...
When the glitter's gone

You know it, you owe it to yourself
You won't let it make you mad
It's already crazy

Oh we're lonely one Mercedes down
The brighter lights and their smiles, their empty hands

Some people don't get much
Some people feel they're in touch
With spirit worlds...
Talking to you now

Some people just can't say
Some people just wanna play
They get a kick...
When it's all messed up

You know it, you owe it to yourself
You won't let it make you mad
It's already crazy

You know it, you owe it to yourself
You won't let it make you mad
It's already crazy

What you thought you lost was just mislaid
All the poems written in your skin

You know it, you owe it to yourself
You won't let it make you mad
It's already crazy

You know it, you owe it to yourself
You won't let it make you mad
It's already crazy

And what you thought you lost was just mislaid
And all the poems written in your skin