

Nothing But Thieves, City Haunts

City haunts been haunting me
Train tracks keep tracking me
Sleazeballs eyeballing me
For too long

Hackney prick asking for a light
Hey meet me in the bathroom OK?
Sold a dream, now we're circling down the drain

It's your money, guy or it's your life
The party's just run outer space
It'd be a lie if I said that I got this place

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Watch us fade into the night
I've got the embassy on the phone
Best believe that you're so damn good for the soul
And it's a cruel part of town
Honey one more round
Then we're gone

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Can you do that thing to me?
Sweet song you sing to me
'Cause it's so rare to find
A common mind
Around here
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