## Paolo Nutini, The Sun (you Can Kiss My Ass)

Well you can write your stories in the paper Say I hate the pope You can say that I'm a bad example Say that I love dope And these things are meant to bring me down But this is not the first So now the dust has settled Oh, The Sun, you can kiss my cheek The bloody journalists are people I don't understand at all They put you on your high horse And they rock you till you fall Don't get me wrong they are not all bad In fact some have helped me out But for all the bloody others I want you all just help me shout You can write your stories in the paper Say I hate the pope You can say that I'm a bad example Say that I love dope And these things are meant to bring me down But this is not the first So now the dust has settled Oh, The Sun, you can kiss my ass.