

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
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You can say that I'm a bad example
Say that I love dope
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So now the dust has settled
Oh, The Sun, you can kiss my ass.