

Razorlight, Burberry Blues Eyes

She was swinging from her handbag on the King's Road,
Fresh from boarding school and double-barreled shame.
Now there are worms in her skin, she's razored thin, her eyes are pinned,
I get the 'daddy never noticed' story again.
And she takes me to a warehouse in the city,
Her gaze as vacant as a byline in the news,
And I reach in disbelief then resign myself,
She's slumming it in someone else's shoes.
Oh! Burberry blue eyes
This town is not so small,
If you take everyone to bed
And leave the lights all on,
Somebody is going to see it all.
The details of your latest maneuvers,
The tears you've been spreading around,
And your story's so predictable
You spent too long just hanging around.
She was brought up from a distance by the usual,
Rattlers and tattlers from the best guarded schools,
Auditioning to be an obituary in the Daily Mail,
The yawning scandal of the daughter of the duchess breaking rules.
Oh! Burberry blue eyes
This town is not so small,
If you bang him in the car
And leave the doors wide open
Somebody will see it all.
And you're becoming so predictable
You spent too long
Just hanging around.
I get plugged in at another phony party,
Convinced that now there's really nothing left to lose.
'Til I turn around and watch her disappearing,
He's got his hand in her pocket; she's got her eye on his shoes.
And I know I've been converted to old currency,
Somebody new will guarantee her bootleg soul,
Be her proof of purchase counter culture trophy,
Help her die a little more, deeper in her hole.
Oh! Burberry blue eyes
I guess we're just not meant to be,
If you blow him in the club
And leave your eyes wide open,
Somebody is going to see.
The sordid details of your midnight operations,
All the tears you've been swallowing down,
And your story's so predictable
The end so unavoidable
I've never seen you earn your thrills
You've spent too long
Just hanging around.