

# The Filthy Youth, City Stop

Have you ever got drunk on an airplane  
Well let's do it today  
I'm in a taxi, I'm flying over the city  
I got a nick for a touch in the titti  
When I trying to classy, you booked it wrong  
Looking for that girl, you know tagged along  
She told me she'd stay x3  
She left after the fuzz, so  
I fly a way to the city  
We break in the city  
And then somewhere in Italy  
I hear it's nice this time of year  
It was meant to be a little break  
But we didn't do well out with her mates  
It went to hell, well that was then  
And I'll tell you I'll be back again  
I don't won't to go back to my singelroom  
Or is that to soon  
I'll try to hold on  
I'll try to hold on  
I'll try to I don't know  
In the city I am  
I fly a way to the city  
We break in the city  
And then somewhere in Italy  
I hear it's nice this time of year  
I hear it's nice this time of year x12  
I do begging that