

The Fratellis, Acid Jazz Singer

Well let me tell you something let me tell you so
This could be the one thing that you really need to know
You got to stop once in a while
And shake off that face of yours
Cause nothing comes easy, no it just comes free
You could sing it better if you'd sing it for me, oh sister

Well I cannot claim this advice as my own
I learned it in the gutter one night coming home
She said, "Don't you look ridiculous"
I checked her out meticulously
I would've stopped to argue but my
Teeth were broke
I said, "I'd love to contradict you
But my life's a joke oh sister"

She said I'm no genius and I've lost my self
The books are on the table and the secret's on the shelf
And it's one time, keep it slow, wind them up and here we go
Get it right today and you may still be here tomorrow
Some said she was saintly, to some she was a swinger
Me I only knew her as an acid jazz singer, come on

Well I'm a lucky man and maybe so is she
And maybe this is just the way it has to be
It's all based on speculation seems a crazy occupation to me
And though I didn't much believe her I was bound to call
I really didn't want to miss a single thing at all, oh sister

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I haven't seen her lately, man I have to ring her
Put your hands together for the Acid jazz singer come on...