

The Fratellis, Flathead

Well just because she feeds me well,
And she made me talk dirty in a pink hotel
It doesn't mean she's got eyes for me,
She might just want my bones you see

Hey flathead don't you get me
She's the second-best killer that I ever have seen
They don't come much more sick than you
I could go on if you want me to

It's just so wrong so very nice
And I told you once but you killed me twice
I saw you one time at the back of the club
Chewing on glass and a ticket stub

Said I heard they kicked the boy 'til he bled
And you stood and said oh my god 'til she said

Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh

Well everybody knows you're the one to call
When the girls get ugly round the back of the wall
Josephine says you got a bleeding nose
She's taking it with her wherever she goes

Hey flathead don't check me in
Well hers is a tonic and mine's a gin
They don't come much more slick than you
I'd drive your car if you asked me to

Said the boy's not right in the head
And he stood and got a kicking instead til she said

Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh

Da da-da-da-oh

And she said the boy's not right in the head
But you stood said oh my god til she said

Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da
Bada ba ba da-da-da-da-oh
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