

The Fratellis, Milk & Money

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Tell me where you've been to point me to the door
I've seen you around but I really can't be sure
And all the hatchet men busy climbing up the wall
Banging on the window tearing down the hall.

And the last chance girl in a first dance swirl
Leans her head down on the wooden floor
Won't be dancing anymore.

And where do they go when the thrills have gone?
And the last song plays down at babylon
Five hundred kids shout what's the deal?
It's a very confusing way to feel.

The radio is silent except for wicked bands
Sounding like the last one always in demand
And now the city is off limits to everyone in blue
Nothing getting in there no one's getting through.

And it's no suprise when the last light dies
And the girl upon the wooden floor
won't be dancing anymore.

And where do they go when the thrills have gone?
And the last song plays down at babylon
Five hundred kids shout what's the deal?
It's a very confusing way to feel.>