

# The Fratellis, The Gutterati

Well I was chasing down flies and shooting up women  
Trying to get the whole thing straight in my head  
Lookin for a girl whod come with me swimming  
And come and play tunes at the end of my bed  
And all the hardmen were drinkin down petrol  
Bamming up the girls when in came the law  
Heading for the door and getting tongue tied  
When they asked me what exactly I saw

Chorus:

So Ill get some Monte Christos  
And we can all go see the band  
Well I may not be a looker yeah  
But Ill help you any way I can  
Back at my room I was making me nervous  
Watching TV and picking my feet  
Wishing I was pretty and burning my shoes  
And wishing for once Id kept the receipt  
I called myself and wondered out loud  
Tried to get the whole thing straight in my head  
I left the tape running and played it back  
Twice but I couldnt make sense of what I had said

Chorus

Bridge:

Well it may not make you handsome  
And it may not even make you feel aliiiiiiiive  
You may not have the ransom  
But you can always count on this  
Its him and them and she and me  
And sick and muddy, everybody

Alt Chorus:

So you can bring your wasters banjo  
Bring yer sister and her friend Diane  
Well I may not have a big boys pistol  
But Ill help them any way I can

Alt Chorus 2:

And you can call me Cinderella!  
You can make me your best man  
Well you may be a right old queen  
But Ill help you any way I can