

Tim Booth, Redneck

Lest old acquaintance be forgot

I lost your number in the rush

Our friendship suffered with my success

The wind it blew me on

Now I've been sacrificed to entertain

I went down smiling, it felt like pain

The wind it blew me on

The wind it blew me on

I'm just ice-cream

It's all rama rama

I'm just space dust

It's all rama rama

I'm just ice-cream

It's all rama rama

Thought I was high class

It's all rama rama

So self-important to this scheme

My tragic suffering

No more than a dream

I've got friends in higher places

Don't you recognize my faces

Millions want my auto-photograph

Critics want to write my epitath

I've got personal numberplates

I've got more money than Bill Gates

Run it, run it, run it back up to me

Life my life on TV

Run it, run it, run it back up to me

I'm what you want to

If I can't top this industry

My birthright feeling incomplete

I won't get sucked into this greed

Cos I sing love is all you need
Lest old acquaintance be forgot