

Turin Brakes, The Boss

Saturday night and where am I going
Im going to work inside a kitchen
Ill be making you mush and cleaning deep fat fryers
Here he comes now the king of irony

Whose good to you
I am I am the boss
Whose good to you
I am I am the boss of the century

Loving a good steak or feeling fancy
Hoping around like the pig that you are
Im stuck to this sink like a twisted butterfly
A good view from the window but I aint got no wings

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Whose good to you
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Whose good to you
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Whose good to you
Whose good to you yeah
Whose good to you
Whose good to you yeah