

Arab Strap

"Gilded"

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So I'm free again this summer cos you're playing with a
plumber, with his own place and a car.
I don't care, I'm gonna be a pop star.
Well he can take you for a ride and he can buy you gifts
and flowers.
I'm sure he's got a nicer body then me and maybe he
can go for hours and hours.
But I wonder where you and him might be when you
see me on the cover of the NME.
After sell-out tours and a string of hits And I'm snorting
cocaine off a supermodel's tits.
My life is going my way.
I saw you in the pub today. And you look so ugly now.
Since you turned into a shallow disco cow.
You're no longer my gilded shackle.
So I don't have to listen to your fuckin cackle.
I couldn't give a toss what you do.
And by the way, have you found out I was two-timing
you?

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