

## Art Brut "What A Rush"

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I wish I hadn't taken off all my clothes  
Now I need them, where did they go  
Paris, please, lock up your daughters  
It's a (?), it's giving me orders

I can't believe those things we did  
Especially now I'm sober... ish  
Paris, please, lock up your daughters  
It's a (?), it's giving me orders

I'm trying to leave without waking you  
But I can't leave without my socks  
Paris, please, lock up your daughters  
It's a (?), it's giving me orders

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records our parents owned  
I can't believe those things I said  
I blame it on a rush of love to the head

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records our parents owned  
I pulled you down onto my bed  
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head

Last night this was a great idea  
But now we're both stuck here  
Paris, please, lock up your daughters  
It's a (?), it's giving me orders

Under the covers, both naked  
I hate to see an opportunity wasted  
Paris, please, lock up your daughters  
It's a (?), it's giving me orders

"Should we be doing this?  
You've got a girlfriend"  
"I don't know so let's try again"  
Paris, please, lock up your daughters  
It's a (?), it's giving me orders

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones

But those are just records our parents owned  
I can't believe those things I said  
I blame it on a rush of love to the head

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records our parents owned  
I pulled you down onto my bed  
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head

You were seen kissing  
There's a scene missing  
There's a scene missing  
We were seen kissing  
There's a scene missing  
We were seen kissing  
There's a scene missing  
We were seen kissing

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records our parents owned  
I can't believe those things I said  
I blame it on a rush of love to the head

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records that our parents owned  
I pulled you down onto my bed  
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records that our parents owned  
I can't believe those things I said  
I blame it on a rush of love to the head

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records that our parents owned  
I pulled you down onto my bed  
I blame it on a massive rush of love to the head

You like the Beatles and I like the Stones  
But those are just records that our parents owned  
I can't believe those things I said  
I blame it on a rush of love to the head

I should be guilt-ridden  
I'm just wondering where my clothes are hidden

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