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Babyshambles "Baddies Boogie"

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Baddie's bound by ancient codes of decency and secrecy He understands 'bout stabbing backs and shaking hands

So if or when you're behind bars or in front of them as you are

Look out for the man who'll bum your wife and then shake your hand

And oh, you've been here before, you fell in love And carried her over the threshold Thinking, she's far too good looking to do the cooking Now well, that was twenty years ago, twenty years ago

That's a lousy life for the washed up wife Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard A lousy life for the washed up wife Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard

A lousy life for the washed up wife Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard A lousy life, a lousy life

The kid was singing, will I ever be free? Does this town hold no more for me Club Tropicana, the drinks are free Stick one in his face for me Baddie's bound, it's all 'bout you, his decency, his secrecy And baddies bound, but I do get it

All the way, you've been here before, fell in love Carried her over the threshold Just thinking, she's far too good looking to do the cooking While that was twenty years ago, twenty years ago, oh

That's a lousy life for the washed up wife Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard A lousy life for the washed up wife Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard A lousy life for the washed up wife Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard A lousy life, a lousy life

Oh, the kid was singing, will I ever be free? Is this town hold no more for me Club Tropicana, the drinks are free Stick one in his face for me, for me, a baddie

Baddies bound, baddies bound, it's 'bout you Decency and secrecy

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