

## Babyshambles

### "Cyclops"

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What you try to do to me?  
It seems to come so naturally  
How you annoy me  
How you destroy me  
And everywhere I'm walking like a cyclone  
But don't mind me  
How's it fair, I'm a magnet for psychos  
And pretty riddles keen on me  
You can lightly sling  
Into my open heavy loving heart  
First touch and kissy kissy

Slash-back razor days  
The boys not to behave  
Oh they're like hoodlums

Sick of themselves  
And sick of their slums  
Give everybody a gun  
And put it on the television

That's Reality TV, I'd pay to see  
Not lobotomized celebrities who wanna be  
Wanna be the ...  
Wow, money's the church, fame is the steeple  
Everyone on the telly indoctrinate the people  
Now I say though...

What you try to do to me?  
It seems to come so naturally  
How you annoy me  
How you destroy me

And everywhere I'm walking like a cyclone  
But don't mind me  
... and chased by a cyclops  
... no ships I see

I owe more than I know to faces  
Who never show the places off the hood  
It's understood and obvious tomorrow

Free bags full of sorrow  
First touch and kissy kissy

Slash-back razor days  
The boys not to behave

Everywhere I'm walking like a cyclone  
But don't mind me  
It's not fair, I'm a magnet for psychos  
And pretty little riddles keen on me  
You can lightly sling  
Into my open heavy loving heart  
First touch and here you are

Where they put the Cyclops  
That's where they put the Cyclops  
That's where they put the Cyclops

What you try to do to me?  
What you try to do to me?  
You make me happy

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