

## **Babyshambles**

### **"Unstookie Titled"**

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You smoke your cigarettes down to the bone  
And since you vowed to back it and you're too proud to  
sack it  
You have to carry on your own

You think you had it under control  
Best foot forward and don't look back no more  
It could break your heart and torment your soul

Well, they sold my name after they stole my shame  
Sold my name, ah yeah  
Tumbled my game, tumbled their game  
Got a tablet sized brains, yeah

You smoke your cigarettes down to the bone  
And it's best not to mention you're craving for attention  
Your love for fame like blood from a stone

Too busy to notice that you've thrown  
You turn to dust as there's no one left to trust  
Last chance and your mind will go

Suppose my name, suppose it came  
And they sold my shame, yeah  
And suppose it came out and tumbled their game  
Tablet sized brains, yeah

Or is it really such a sin though?  
Toll for my sin  
Is it such a sin though?

One hand is sailing  
One hand is sailing  
One hand is sailing  
One hand is sailing  
One hand is sailing  
One hand is sailing

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