

The Babys

"Lust Of The Libertines"

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The Lust of the Libertines
Is really quite tame
It rages quietly nigh here beside you
And your lust for fame
But fame is such a sinister game, I know...
It could all end this way then
Some things won't be the same
Oh just a face, and a name on a page
But I'll be soundly sleeping
I'll be soundly sleeping
I'll sleep right through that age

Cause I can deal with all...
The blood on my shoes
The holes in my soul
My spirit is tainted
All my tears are painted

Am just so long as you...
You don't forget to... oh uh ow
Cut me on the wall
By the graffiti of all the things
I just couldn't say

Shove me up the wall
Oh my darling (oh Poor Cow)
It was a kind of loving
But you've left me in the family way again

The dust on my tambourine
Really can be explained
I need to shake it more often
I need to shake away the blame

Oh well, fame is such a sinister game, I know...
The taste of goulash in your mouth
As you stumble offstage...
Forget-me-nots bloom on this day then
But they wither with age

Oh I can deal with all...

The blood on my shoes
The holes in my soul
My spirit is tainted
All my tears are painted

Am just so long as you...
You don't forget to... oh uh ow
Cut me on the wall
By the graffiti of all the things
I just couldn't say

Oh won't you hove me up the wall
Oh Poor Cow
It was a kind of loving
But you've left me in the family way again

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