

Franz Ferdinand "Jacqueline"

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Jacqueline was seventeen
Working on a desk when
Ivor peered above a spectacle
Forgot that he had wrecked a girl

Sometimes these eyes
Forget the face they're peering from
When the face they peer upon
Well, you know that face as I do

And how in the return of the gaze
She can return you the face
That you are staring from

It's always better on holiday
So much better on holiday
That's why we only work when
We need the money

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Gregor was down again
Said, "Come on, kick me again"
Said, "I'm so drunk
I don't mind if you kill me"

Come on you gutless
Yeah, I'm alive
Oh, I'm alive
Oh, I'm alive

And how I know it's you
But for chips and for freedom
I could die

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