

Hot Club De Paris "Snitches Get Stitches"

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Slo-mo-fo co-accused with his screen kiss
as the formula of function suddenly got cryptic.

A twisted sidekick stood balanced on a matchstick,
caught the disco ball's 100th nervous grin.

Grass, grass, grass are you alone when you sleep?
Do you dream, dream, dream?
Do you dream of the deep sea?

Silent nights (silent nights) are the best time for silent
crimes
and skipping town so you never do time.

Chorus:
My friends all got caught when they burned the disco
down with me
and then they all lost me to the big blue belly of the
sea.

You might just catch me bleeding any golden mile,
breaking another town with another crowbar smile.

So slo-mo and co did time on the mainland
whilst I found my peace with the sea as a deckhand.
I learned the perfect life was a stitch in crime
and that nature outshines neon almost every time.

Splash, splash, splash.
Did you feel like a car crash when you burn, burn,
burned all your spare time at half term?

Crazy days (crazy days) introduced us to crazy nights
that introduced us to the glare of search lights.

Chorus x2

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