

## **Kaiser Chiefs**

# **"My Kind Of Guy"**

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Well it starts as a joke  
Like a stick in your spokes  
Or removing the bolt of the brakes

Then the bicycle flips  
Crushing ribs smashing hips  
And he broke every bone in his face

Now you're out of control  
And you can't fill the hole  
That was left by the thrill of the chase  
You're a right piece of work  
All the flakes go berserk  
Have you forgotten how good they taste

You're my kind of guy  
Cos I like your style  
And you sound as horrible as me  
And I don't mind if you're unkind  
Cos you're reminding me of me  
As the bicycle race  
Gathers speed, gathers pace  
And you feel that you're going too fast  
Theres a word to the wise  
You should take some advice  
As the nice guys always finish last

You're my kind of guy  
Cos I like your style  
And you sound as horrible as me  
And I don't mind if you're unkind  
Cos you're reminding me of me

You're my kind of guy  
Cos I like your style  
You sound as horrible as me  
And heads will roll  
As it takes its toll  
On you and me

