

Lars Berghagen

"What is He Thinking"

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[Mike]

He's fucking lying, I know he is
It's written all over his face

[Chorus]

I wish I could read what his eyes are saying
Staring straight and not blinking
He's not giving anything away
What is he thinking? (what is he thinking?)
I wish I could read what his eyes are saying
Staring straight and not blinking
He's not giving anything away
What is he thinking? (what is he thinking?)

[Mike]

Can't seem to do anything but, stare
My C.P coat is lying just, there
Draped over the edge of that dusty, chair
All fits into place suddenly, yeah
My coat was hanging up under, my stairs
But one day it went leaving the cupboard, bare
The facts all click in and become, square
He stole it while I was un-aware
But why's he denying it when it's so, bate?
Looking at the telly, won't look over, straight
Why's he not flapping and explaining, away?
To one very fucking frustrated, mate
Dan's been trusting every word Scott, says
He believes in mates' fair, play
But Scott's story is too far, outweighed
And I'm gonna act before its too, late

[Chorus]

[Wayney G]

This must all look a bit, weird
It's Mike's C.P coat sitting, here
Draped over the chair so that it, appears
To all fit me up suddenly, and clear
I'm gonna have to just try and volun-teer
An answer 'bout the man who left the bomber, here

He must've picked it up from Mike's, dear
Girl's house when the weather wasn't, clear
The man must've thought it was Simone's coat
We didn't think it was Mike's coat, though
I can't just deny it cause my face shows
Looking at the telly's not aiding, no
I can't tell Mike this man didn't, know
And innocently borrowed the coat at, Simone's
Cause then Mike would demand, to know
Why this man was even at, Simone's

[Mike] (Wayney G)

That frown could mean anything
(What the fuck am I gonna do now? He knows I'm lying)
I wish I could read his mind
(It's written all over my face)

[Chorus]

[Mike]

What the fuck's he saying she had, the gram?
Either he has gone John, Barnes
or he's trying to spin me a con's, yarn
He thinks he's the fucking Don, gar
How long have I under-gone his smarm?
Shrugging it all off as fun, charm
If he don't stop looking at the TV though
I'm gonna wrap the cable round his wee, throat
Hang on, Scott says Simone had, the coat
Where did he see her on the d-low?
What is it I don't need, to know?
Is he scheming to be near, Simone?
In the club I wondered what was on, the go
Dan was trying to keep Scott from being, close
And Scott teefed my money and he teefed, my coat
And he's trying to steal my girlfriend from under my
nose

[Chorus]

[Wayney G]

Right, I can't be bothered with this no, more
I'm gonna have to tell him, I owe him, the score
I wish I could tell him about the dough on the draws
That's something I don't know, I swore
The coat thing will look dodgy loads, more
If I don't throw it down as the crow, soars
I'd better put the video, on pause
Face up toe-to-toe over, the floor
He really needs to know how his jac-ket
Miraculously appeared round my gaff, here

And the man that left's been shagg-ing
Mike's girl behind Mike's back, and ting
This shit's all got a bit out, of hand
There's no options I'm all down, on plans
I'm just gonna have to split it now, man
Tell Mike the person that brought the coat round
Was.....Dan

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