

Lostprophets

"For He's A Jolly Good Felon"

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Simon, don't stop with all the lyin'
'Cause we know where you're from
You get along by taking things that don't belong to you
So can you feel it
ohwohohh
Oh when you steal it
ohwohohh
All that adrenaline, living in sin, you can sell it all for
half the price

Oh what would your mother say
We take to get along
We're holding on, we're holding on
And all these estates we're on
Everyones singing

Mikey, oh where'd you get the Nike's

'Cause I know that you ain't got the notes to drop
Left alone you'd take the fucking lot
Not succeeding
ohwohohh
Nothing to believe in
ohwohohh
'Cause it will all go wrong, everythings gone
Now your futures on the roll of a dice

And thats the price that you pay
We take to get along
We're holding on, we're holding on

All these estates we're on?
Everyones singing
We don't need anyone
We're holding on, we're holding on
All the police are wrong
So we're still singing

And seven days a week
Patrolling all the streets
I try to stop but I can't help it
I know you call me weak

My future is oblique
I take to get along
But I still need it

We take to get along
We're holding on, we're holding on
And all these estates we're on
Everyones still singing
We take to get along
We're holding on, we're holding on
All these estates we're on
Everyones singing

We don't need anyone
We're holding on, we're holding on
We don't need anyone
Everyones signing
We don't need anyone
We're holding on, we're holding on
We don't need anyone
'Cause we're still singing

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