

Manchester Orchestra "La-Di-Da"

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Her heart beats fast,
Out of sheer pain inside,
Her face is left bruised,
Just from speaking her mind,
She keeps the lights low,
Cuz the neighbors all know,
There's a husband next door,
Who's creating a widow,
His first name is Russel,
And his best friend's the bottle,
He's a middle class man,
With a hate for his father,
And her name is Marcy,
And she's such a darling,
She wears her black eyes,
Instead of fine jewelry,
But she still loves him.

La-Di-Da-Di-Da-Di-Da-Di-Da [x2]

A little girl stands on the outskirts of town,
She makes beautiful noise,
But sticks to her frown,
There's nothing around here,
That's worth fighting for,
She drinks till she's quiet,
And falls to the floor,
She's sorry she stands there,
And regrets her birth,
She's eager for love,
But lacking of worth,
The skies scream, "I hate you",
And the clouds bleed of shame,
She sits there for hours,
Playing the same song again,
And no one listens

La-Di-Da-Di-Da-Di-Da-Di-Da [x4]

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