

Mark Ronson "Bang Bang Bang"

Visit "[Bang Bang Bang](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Un, deux, trois
Turn it up a little bit
Bang, bang, bang

Feathers, I'm plucking feathers
One by one, by one
No more skylarking around my head
Your information
But there's no hiding behind molting feathers

On the plane, on my brain, 'bout to do the show
40k contract, take it out the door
Dice symbolize my life, roll 'em on the floor
From your grubby hands, as you hand the grand stand

You live a shitty life, we live the bonne, bonne vie
Hotter than the book, while we watch the TV
Think you got us fooled, ooh never again
First time, shame on me, second time, your time will
end

No way, bang your dead, paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tÃªte, je te plumerai la tÃªte
Bang your dead, alouette, paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tÃªte, je te plumerai la tÃªte

No way, no
The clock is ticking forward
No way
It's just a cruel, cruel world

Cruel world is fittin', they got us all hittin'
With late night divisions and lab appositions
But based with decisions to fight a fricasee
And you've clearly decided on how to handle me

Difficile imbecile, is it fake, is it real?
Are we dying on our feet, are we trying in our sleep?
There's a rumor goin' 'round, 'bout the suits runnin'
town
If you look into the sky, them birds fly high, high, high

Numbers, you got my number
You're logging hours, and don't see the big picture

Over your shoulder, you'll get no last words
Because it's too late, you've clipped your own wings
(Your own wings)

No way, bang your dead, paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tÃªte, je te plumerai la tÃªte
Bang your dead, alouette, paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tÃªte, je te plumerai la tÃªte

We're never gonna believe in the stories that you're
weavin'
We're never gonna believe in the stories that you're
weavin'
We're never gonna believe in the stories that you're
weavin'
We're believin' in the proof, we're believin' in the truth
We're believin' in each other, not you, you, you

Stories
(You with the tall tales)
How many stories?
(So many tall tales)

We climb the structure
(You scale the ladder)
You build it higher
(You make us madder)

We take our aim
(So now we're barin' all)
You perch above your nest
(In your charms)

The stories in your head
(It's a crazy bald head)
That's what got you dead

Bang your dead, alouette, paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tÃªte, je te plumerai la tÃªte
Bang your dead, alouette, paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tÃªte, je te plumerai la tÃªte

Un, deux, trois
No one ever does it like that anymore
Bang, bang, bang
When feathers fly, you deny everything
(Alouette)

Un, deux, trois
No one ever does it like that anymore
Bang, bang, bang
(Alouette)
When feathers fly, you deny everything

Visit [Mark Ronson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.