

Paul Weller "Peacock Suit"

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I've got a grapefruit matter, it's as sour as shit
I have no solutions, better get used to it

I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock
suit
Peacock suit

I'm Narcissus in a puddle, in shop windows I gloat
Like a ball of fleece lining in my camel skin coat

I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock
suit
Did you think I should on my peacock suit
I'll [Incomprehensible]

Nemesis in a muddle in a mirror I look
Like a streak of sheet lightnin' in my rattlesnake shoes

I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers of my peacock
suit
Did you think I should of my peacock suit
Did you think I should

Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah

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