

Polly Scattergood

"Number 24"

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Honest is killing me
I feel you burning holes in me
And ripping open threads
Like I'm some big enchanting crossword

And I know I have to get back up
But when I cry, I cry a lot
And nothing much is going on
The poet and the Vicar's son

And so maybe next time,
Likely never,
So strip the whips
And you can burn that leather

You can paint the keys, sir,
Hide the door
Because it's pretty damn quiet,
Number 24

And I live in bedsit in the south
So bite my nails and tape my mouth
And pretend life, life's so fucking sickly sweet
You've got the bitter eyes, you've got these rotting
teeth

Fuck me up, sir, you fade away
Give me my own "Polly Day"
And clean my boots of suck my toes
In pretend life nobody knows

I'm okay, I'm okay
You're just fine
And one day we might
Have a good day

But maybe next time,
Likely never,
So strip the whips
And you can burn that leather

You can paint the keys, sir,
Hide the door
Because it's pretty damn quiet,
Number 24

And I live in bedsit in the south
So bite my nails and tape my mouth
In a pretend life, life's so fucking sickly sweet
You've got the bitter eyes, you've got these rotting
teeth

If I was still seventeen
If I was twice as nice, if you were half as mean
Then I might give you a second chance
To feel the way it maybe should've been

Throw me a line, suck my cherry
Say you love is dead and buried
And find a blonde girl that looks a bit like me
Maybe this time you might get it

But maybe next time,
Likely never,
So you can strip my whips
And you can burn that leather

You can paint the keys, sir,
Hide the door
Because it's pretty damn quiet,
At number 24

And I live in bedsit in the south
So bite my nails and tape my mouth
In a pretend life, life's so fucking sickly sweet
You've got the bitter eyes, you've got these rotting
teeth...

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