

Robbie Williams

"Bag Full Of Silly"

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You al'right; how's it goin' man?
Yeah, fine, fine
Fine, fine!

Gloomy Manchester, always rainin'
Full of chippy, max entertainment
Groovy Manchester, June split the atom
O-1-6-1, England's Seattle

And I know I should have written it down
The Southern Comfort, I've forgotten you somehow

Last night this girl in my bed
I was telling her what I said
When all I had was potential
And a head-full of dreadful
With a bag full of silly
Walking through Picadilly
And I... well anyway, anyway

Who knew worstly would do so much to hurt me
Parts of Manchester make me feel dirty
Hacienda, on a gay night
Dropping little fellas, to make me feel right

And I think about you now and then
When I'm talking towns to my friend

Last night this girl in my bed
I was telling her what I said
When all I had was potential
And a head-full of dreadful
With a bag full of silly
Walking through Picadilly
And I... well anyway, anyway

We all made out in places
And I've been to a few
What I need now is an aerial view
'Cause I can see for myself
That I can't see for myself
But oh... anyway anyway

Now IÃ,Â´d like to go to Manchester
To my surprise
Ain't 500 M6
Then just close my eyes
Close my eyes
Close my eyes
Close my eyes

Last night this girl in my bed
I was telling her what I said
When all I had was potential
And a head-full of dreadful
With a bag full of silly
Walking through Picadilly
And I... well anyway, anyway

Oh, oh, oh
Uh-oh, Uh-oh

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