

# Stereophonics

## "Not Up To You"

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Salt grips the road, awaits his lift again  
Street orange glow, shades the odds against  
One more sip, a shoe a miss  
A shaving nick, one extra kiss  
Who's to know? Whatever?

Not up to me, not up to you  
Not up to me, not up to you

The swings don't swing, the parks been dead for years  
How do you know your last swing weren't the last for  
God  
Hard book on freaks, fresh summer peach  
Creased magazine, sugar chocolate treat  
Who's to know? Whatever?

Not up to me, not up to you  
Not up to me, not up to you

The streets so long where she lost her pocket purse  
Kept the last picture of the man she committed first  
Cracked windscreen rain, French murder play  
Junk take away, tired street parade  
Who's to know? Whatever, Whatever

Not up to me, not up to you  
Not up to me, not up to you  
Whatever  
Not up to me, not up to you  
Not up to anything we do  
Not up to me, not up to you  
Ahh you, ahh you, ahh you  
Its not up to me  
Its not up to you

Its not up to you  
Its not up to you  
Its not up to you

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