

The Cribs

"Come On, Be A No-One"

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Come on I'll be a no-one,
For you,

Got you wrong, it's not your fault,
Sometimes I'd rather feel cheap,
You can't keep suckling me.
I was trying so hard to enjoy everything
That I ended up enjoying nothing.

Seriously I'm really well fed
I know previously you needed me like a hole in the
head but,

Come on I'll be a no-one,
For you.
Stay home and write a song,
For you.

Like a shooting star, or a change of heart,
I'm something that you rarely see,
Smell the lilies on me, yea
Roadside, covered in flies,
And caustic soda,
We're giving off the same odour.

Seriously I'm really well fed
I know previously you needed me like a hole in the
head but,

Come on I'll be a no-one,
For you.
Stay home and write a song,
For you.
For you.

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