

## The Fratellis "Ella's In The Band"

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### "Ella's In The Band"

My baby's in the kitchen on a big red trombone  
I'm in the bedroom on the cursed phone.  
Everybody laughs when the band goes too slow,  
Meeting every Tuesday in a club in Soho.  
I'm just dreaming of Rockefeller Plaza.

Paul's in the hall with the bedroom plaything,  
Wishing he could give her a damn good thrashing.  
Everybody cries "Well, good for you Paul".  
We never liked her very much at all  
I'm just dreaming of Rockefeller Plaza.

I'm just swinging on magic shoes  
Got three wee chords, and I just can't lose.  
I'm just finding my own way there  
So I lost my voice and I grew my hair

Brother John's long gone,  
Keeps his nose clean  
He's sucking on a black and white TV screen.  
Says he got a girl and a paper (paid for?) memory,  
Pictures on the wall and a dog named Henry  
I'm just dreaming of Rockefeller Plaza.

Ella's in the band but she's always solo,  
Dressed in rags and covered in dayglo,  
Banging on the drums like a big white throwback,  
Screaming all the while at her husband poor Jack.  
I'm just dreaming of Rockefeller Plaza.  
I'm just waiting for pigs to fly.  
Got coke yeah, brains and no reason why.  
Might just split and go half as slow.  
And me, your dog and your one man show.

*[GUITAR SOLO]*

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