

## The Fratellis "Stacie Anne"

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How can the things she said all possibly be true?  
That everything I ever got I give to you  
Is this a bam up? Oh cause this is sick you know  
You know I'll break your fingers then I'll break your toes  
Y'know my dealer takes me everywhere he goes  
He got a pure white tan  
Yes he's my every man  
Don't make me sink my teeth into your bloody nose

I met her, there on the backseat  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
On the backseat  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
On the backseat  
Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh

He said you've been stealing my best moves now for  
days  
I could've killed you in so many different ways  
But you're so funny and I kinda like your band  
I hate these cunts from London they don't try enough  
They think they're mental cause they've tried harder  
stuff  
But they're just rich kids yes, all in a fuckin mess  
I tried to kiss her but she's lookin pretty rough

I met her, there on the backseat  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
On the backseat  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
On the backseat  
Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh

Oh my dearest won't you let us  
Be my nearest don't forget us  
Lye, la, la, lye  
Ella said you'd gladly give us  
Everything but wont forgive us  
Lye, la, la, lye  
La, la, lye

La, la, lye

I met her, there on the backseat

Oh oh oh oh oh

On the backseat

Oh oh oh oh oh

On the backseat

Oh oh oh

There on the backseat

I met her, there on the backseat

Oh oh oh oh oh

On the backseat

Oh oh oh oh oh

On the backseat

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