

## The Wildhearts "Inglorious"

Visit "[Inglorious](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Someone out there really likes me, you're never gonna  
be this side of ninety  
You'll never feel the strength of wonder to get out of  
the shit I'm under  
Do I sense some depravation? I've got a toothache and  
an itching  
The face to face and loser zeros, and I'm a-shouting  
and illegal  
[slow as] (-me), stop, wait, stop, wait, stop, wait,  
We could be anywhere, but you choose up there  
All the drinks, ([oh]) for [fast] (so), you act like you  
never take a  
Sip ([..]) 'til I (say) get down (so), you're feeling deep  
In need,

CHORUS:

Inglorious, we'll take a back stance  
Shake your face and buckle your pants  
Wake and see, you're young and free and boring us  
Inglorious - 20 month leaders, anger fuel of a justice  
appears  
Don't cry pain, you'll [break your chains/make no  
change], it's obvious  
Inglorious  
When you believe your class of bitching, someone  
been your pointless listening  
And make [..] when you love your [..], and then they're  
just as weak as you are  
So unhappy 'bout your vision, and come inside your  
blank tradition  
A week of never beat the heroes, a week of  
degradation follows

Stop, wait, stop, wait, stop, wait,  
We could be anywhere where the future shares  
Something fast, (so) be good, (so) be better, (and) be  
eighties am I  
Set (back), the cash, (back) will come when the work is  
done  
In [dream],

CHORUS:

Inglorious, we'll take a back stance  
Shake your face and buckle your pants  
Wake and see, you're young and free and boring us  
Inglorious, so make a few steps,  
Scare the wind and obey 'em or else  
Sex and sin will suntan skin in all of us  
Inglorious  
(go!)  
Sell it all in a minute  
[cue empty/ endlessly]  
All the girls want to mother you to sleep  
Still, well I can hear your bullshit  
Still, I can hear it all, raaaaa, aaaaa  
Who will catch you when you fall? [paul]

Stop, wait, stop, wait, stop, wait, stop, wait  
You could be anywhere, but you choose up there  
So you quit ([..]), the first ([time]), the last ([time]), the  
losers and the  
Bas ([tards]), insist ([it's]), an ever growing list of debt  
Inbred

CHORUS:

Inglorious, well take a back stance  
Take your place and buckle your pants  
Wake and see, you're young and free and boring us  
Inglorious, well maybe it's you, music's all that'll ever  
get through  
People tire so quickly of the glamorous  
Inglorious, inglorious  
[press a bit of butter?!?] x4

Visit [The Wildhearts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.