

Tim Booth

"Redneck"

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Lest old acquaintance be forgot
I lost your number in the rush
Our friendship suffered with my success
The wind it blew me on
Now Ive been sacrificed to entertain
I went down smiling, it felt like pain
The wind it blew me on
The wind it blew me on
Im just ice-cream
Its all rama rama
Im just space dust
Its all rama rama
Im just ice-cream
Its all rama rama
Thought I was high class
Its all rama rama
So self-important to this scheme
My tragic suffering
No more than a dream
Ive got friends in higher places
Don't you recognize my faces
Millions want my auto-photograph
Critics want to write my epitath
Ive got personal numberplates
Ive got more money than Bill Gates
Run it, run it, run it back up to me
Life my life on TV
Run it, run it, run it back up to me
Im what you want to
If I can't top this industry
My birthright feeling incomplete
I wont get sucked into this greed
Cos I sing love is all you need
Lest old acquaintance be forgot

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