

The Libertines

"Bucket Shop"

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First stop was the bucket shop
To pick the pieces of your life up
And scream looking back at all that you despise

Thinking back to the chicken shack
And the smashing of the glass
And the knife in the back wellâ€¦
My boy who will believe your lies
All of your lies

And no one's going to sell you any alibis
ALIBIS

You dirty small town girls
How I wish you were here now
And show me how to be a man
As only you can, as only you can
My white city girl

Well, someone said you were an angel
Only what kind of angel
Would whisper hello
and shout goodbye
My white city girl

I've seen you go down
One too many times
It chills my bones to see him back now
???
Oh this aching heart of mine

You said you lived your life by the Albion creeds
Of pure in thought and word and deed
But oh my boy what did you gain?

And just 50 bottles that stubbed out your roots
And holes in the ears of your cowboy boots
Well that'll make you never forget your name
Or your lies

And noone's going to sell you any alibis

Alibis

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