

The Libertines

"Plan A"

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There's one man left to thank
Built it with his hands
One man left to thank
He didn't need to carve it into something
Carve it into something new
Carve it into something

And there's plan A
Take a seat A
Watch them play
Keep a receipt
Sharpen up and carve them into something
Carve it into something
Carve 'em into something new

Tell me what it is that you see
With your stolen eyes
And your singing one two three
Open up my eyes

My twin he tends to be me
He walks abroad
He like the broads
While I smoke and shake alone at home
Chewing on my bone
Smash big boulders into stones
Till I don't need no bit of faith
Need no human race
Though I read every review
No one's got a fucking clue

Sold his soul and bought new shoes
You never choose
You're born to lose
By the end of the road
Come on I need to know

Like to craft the songs
State where you belong
And if you come from nowhere
You'll end up straight back there

You may as well

Carve, carve, carve it into something

Carve it into something new

Carve it into something

Carve it into something new

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