

Nicola Roberts

"Disco, Blisters & A Comedown"

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Bruises, in my mind
I can't get my head off the pillow, check the bed am I
still single
Look like pantomime,
Checking photos on my phone and how the hell did I
get home?
4am I'm hailing down a cab, he said I live too fast, only
for double charge
2am I think I am gaga, maybe I've gone too far, I'm
dancing on the bar

Disco, blisters and a comedown, all I got to show now
From my friday night out woah woah why
Do the lights in the kebab shop make this guy look less
hot,
He's looking like john prescott

Lipstick and my keys, bottle and a straw and I'm
working down my door
I got my music, in my room
Rollers in my hair and my favourite underwear
5pm my topshop order's here
I sent my best friend home, look like shes been tan
gold
Thursday night, there's only one more sleep
They better get some rest, my little dancing feet

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Every sunday morning, I try a little
I can't help but wondering, it keeps me ticking
And I can hear it calling, the heavy base line
Every god damn morning, morning

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