

## The Vaccines "Wreckin' Bar"

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Pretty girl, wreckin' bar  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, here you are  
Blowing up 'bout twice a night  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, here I am

The Angel's Game, F. Scott Fitzgerald  
The evening news and the Morning Herald  
I know they're not from very far  
But les femmes là-bas, c'est pas de joie

Where you been? You can't say?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah, you may  
That might seem a bit below  
No, no, no, no, it's funny though

Let's go home, I think we oughta  
I know you're your mother's daughter  
Well brought up and royal blue  
And I haven't got the time for you

Finger pointing, presupposing  
Watch out, man, the doors are closing  
This is what you get when you turn your back  
A clear blue sky turning dirty black

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