

The Rakes

"The World Was A Mess But His Hair Was Perfect"

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All dressed up with somewhere to go
Got ten new messages on your phone
Keep trying to stop the night from falling to pieces
The night goes on and on and on and on
Where're you going and where's Steve gone
This whole night is just falling to pieces

And you go on and on and on
Talking shite through the night
Just trying to stop our arguments falling to pieces
You slag off America in the pub
Saying the war was shite
Then in the club drink some Buds and smoke some
Marlboro Lights.

The world was a mess but his hair was perfect
The world was a mess but his hair was perfect
The world was a mess but his hair was perfect
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This girl's mouth is moving 'ra ra ra'
Her eyes and fingers are slipping
She drops a glass and it's falling to pieces
The guy behind, his eyes meet mine
Please I don't want a fight
Just don't touch my face, or hair
Cos that would ruin my night.

The world was a mess but his hair was perfect
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[Here onwards is only in the 18 minute Dior Homme
version]

Right listen, yeah, okay, fine, do you know where Steve
is?
I thought he was with you.
Okay. Erm.
If you see him, tell him that, erm, that, no, let me finish,
Okay yeah, erm, yeah if you see him,

Tell him that I forgot the money I owe him,
So that's fine, yep, okay alright,
Yeah I'll see you later, no it's fine.
No I didn't, no no, it's fine, it's okay, I'll see you later,
I'll see you later, I've got to go,
I've got to go, buh-bye...

Okay, yeah, can I, uh, get two of them and a pint of
that?
Yeah. How much? No way!
Okay, I've got to use my card.
Okay. Alright, how you doing?
Did you see that, uh, thing last night?
Yeah, it was good, it was about Stephen Hawking.
Yeah, no, seriously, it was good, seriously.
He was going on about, uh,
Black holes, string theory and all that, I dunno.
What you been up to, yeah, anyway? Scuba diving?
No way. Okay, how was that?
I've gotta go to the toilets.

Alright? Yeah, yeah I got my hair cut the other day.
No, no it's not bad for eight quid.
Well I just said, you know, I wanted a tidy trim.
Just looks a bit shit round the back.
It was the Greek bloke actually, on Finchley Road.
Yeah, when I came out of there, I was looking like ten
notes...

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