

The Rakes

"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 shy through the night
Just trying to stop our arguments falling to pieces
You slag off America in the pop
Saying the war was shot

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
The world was a mess but his hair was perfect

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