

Courteeners, The

"Acrylic"

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You're just like plasticine,
Being molded into a libertine dreamer,
I feel so sorry for you,
My heart goes out to you,
If you were 13 i'd let you off,
But you're not and you should have known better,

Gather my thoughts on a notepad,
With a parker pen,
And write you a letter but,
Theres not enough paper in the world,
Theres not enough paper,
Oh have you heard,
All your friends go,
Dadada dadadaaaa oh,
All the words they seem to know,
All the words in your sons go,
Dadada dadadaaaa oh,

You got an okay jacket,
But you've got no spine,
Please vacate this city of mine,

I only wish you had this song,
To back-up, you're talking so long,
But we know thats not the case,
Rather show your face,
In an injured bar i knowbut it goes in,
Because they serve substandard gin,
Nobody goes in there did you win,
Did they ask though no-one cares,

Dadada dadadaaaa oh,
All the words they seem to know,
All the words in your sons go,
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