

Filthy Youth, The "City Stop"

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Have you ever got drunk on an airplane
Well let's do it today
I'm in a taxi, I'm flying over the city
I got a nick for a touch in the titti
When I trying to classy, you booked it wrong
Looking for that girl, you know tagged along

She told me she'd stay x3
She left after the fuzz, so

I fly a way to the city
We break in the city
And then somewhere in Italy
I hear it's nice this time of year

It was meant to be a little break
But we didn't do well out with her mates
It went to hell, well that was then
And I'll tell you I'll be back again
I don't won't to go back to my singelroom
Or is that to soon

I'll try to hold on
I'll try to hold on
I'll try to I don't know
In the city I am

I fly a way to the city
We break in the city
And then somewhere in Italy
I hear it's nice this time of year

I hear it's nice this time of year x12
I do begging that

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