

Nouvelle Vauge

"Sweet and tender hooligan"

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He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
And he said that he'd never, never, never, never do it
again
Not until the next time

He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
And he swore that he'd never, never, never, never,
never do it again
And of course he won't

Poor old man
He had an accident with a three-bar fire
But that's ok
Because he wasn't very happy anyway
Poor woman
Strangled in her very own bed as she read
But that's ok
'Cause she was old and she would have died anyway

Don't blame
The sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
And he said that he'd never, never, never, never do it
again
Not until the next time

Jury, you've heard every word
So before you decide
Would you look into those mother me eyes
I love you for you, my love

Jury, you've heard every word
But before you decide
Would you look into those mother me eyes
I love you for you my love
For you my love

Don't blame
The sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
'Cause he said that he'd never, never, never, never do
it again

He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
Because he'd never, never, never, never do it again

Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera
Etcetera, etcetera

In the midst of life we are in death
Etcetera

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