

Grates, The "Nothing Sir"

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Whoa, oh, oh..

You can't stop the sun
From come, come, coming out
'Cause I've got my hairdryer
And I'm gonna blow all the grey clouds away

You think my life's been
Unpleasant and unclean
What I've got up my sleeve
It cuts awful love, the bad things that I've seen

What, you got nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?
What, you got nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?

What, you say nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?
What, you got nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?

Whoa, oh, oh..

I've got a passport
To travel the universe
A flicker like sukie
Can eat from my hand and jump right to sushi

I can't seem to keep my feet on the ground
Whenever it is that you are around
We get so high I am frightened to move, yeah
Cant you see me? Cant you see me?

What, you got nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?
What, you got nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?

What, you say nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?

What, you got nothing sir?
What, you want nothing sir?

Why are we the unhappy ones?

Whoa, oh, oh..

You can't stop the sun
From come, come, coming out
'Cause I've got my hairdryer
And I'm gonna blow, I'm gonna blow..

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