

Libertines, The

"Death On The Stairs"

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From way far across the sea
Came an Arbitran maiden she
Had a one track mind and eyes for me
Half blinded in the war
With a pale young Anglican
Who said he'd help her all he can
Showed her Jesus and his little un-holy friend
She had no notion to please him
Just say 'ta-ra' and leave him behind

There's a little boy in a stairwell who
Says "I hate people like you,
I got match sticks and cable TV
Half of less than 50p"
We all clambered over the balcony
Banging on the window waking Steve,
Bringing with a true love his un-holy friend
Singing if you really need it
You just wont leave it behind

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Monkey said to the mouse before
If she loved any body more than he
It turns you into stone now
I'm reversing down a lonely street
Cheap hotel where I can meet the past
Play it off and keep it sweet
It's sweet like nothing oh
It's just like nothing at all

Seeing you there
How could I help but stare
It rips the heart out of your baby
Taken far too much to see or think or touch
Whats real stranded on this street
I'll pave my only way home
If you really need it oh
You just won't leave it behind

Please kill me

Oh no don't kill me
Don't bring that ghost round to my door
I don't wanna see them anymore
Please kill me
Oh no don't kill me
Don't bang on about yesterday
You know I wouldn't know about that any way oh no

He got nothing oh
He got nothing at all

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