

## **Libertines, The**

### **"Plan A"**

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Theres one man left to thank  
Built it with his hands  
One man left to thank  
He didnt need to carve it into something  
Carve it into something new  
Carve it into something

And theres plan A  
Take a seat  
Watch them play  
Keep a reciept  
Sharpen up and carve them into something  
Carve it into something  
Carve them into something new

Tell me what it is that you see  
With your stolen eyes  
And your singing one two three  
Open up my eyes

My twin he tends to be me  
He walks aborad  
He like the broads  
While I soak and shake alone at home  
Tiny hammers smash stones  
I dont need no bit of faith  
Need no human race  
Though I read every review  
No ones got a fucking clue

and back again

And if you come from no where  
You'll end up straight back there  
You may aswell  
Carve carve carve it into something new  
Carve it into something  
Carve it into something new

