

Libertines, The

"Road To Ruin"

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How can we make you understand
All you can be is right given in your hand
You won't need money
Trust in me, take me by the hand
Give us a chip
Dreams are strewn across the sand
You won't need money

And all the pimps, punks, pederasts, jugglers and fools
They drive me crazy, are climbing the walls
show me the way, the way to the store
Cause I'm so sick of it all
But when the penny drops

Trust in me, take me by the hand
Cashing your chips strewn across the sand
You won't need money

And all the pimps, punks, pederasts, jugglers and fools
They drive me crazy, it's no good at all
show me the way, the way to the store
Cause I'm so sick of it all
But when the penny drops...

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