

The Indelicates

"New Art for the People"

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But for the cum in your hair,
The cocaine on your teeth
You'd be just like the girls
That I kissed on the heath
Your mother left and you're all alone
And the world is at your feet
You smell like ash, mildew and hash
Can barely even speak
And it's so sad that you're so sad and you're so bad for
me
I followed your perfume as you ran down the street
I caught you and held you and pushed back your fringe
and swore undying loyalty
We'll make a new art for the people,
A new art for the people
A new art for the people
you and me.

I followed you home
Knocked at your door
Offered myself in the kitchen
Passed out on the floor
And when you shout, I get terrified
And then I love you more
You sound middle class, but I'll let it pass,
I don't understand you at all
And it's so sad that you're so sad and you're so bad for
me
I swallowed my pride with a pill and decided to give
you back your key
You caught me and held me and I took your hand and
swore undying loyalty
We'll make a new art for the people,
A new art for the people
A new art for the people
you and me.

Under the covers forever
Everything well within reach
A small price to pay for our freedom
And for our celebrity

Such ornaments and gorgeous things
Like string lights at the beach
Intensive care and conditioned air
And our faces on TV
And it's so sad but they're so glad that you're so bad
for me
The dark days ahead and the blood on the bed and the
cover of the NME
They gave us a cheque and took us by our necks and
swore undying loyalty
We'll make a new art for the people,
A new art for the people
A new art for the people
you and me.

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