

Trash Can Sinatras

"Who's he?"

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Little Bohemian lost his sheep
And I know where to find them
Just meet me at the end of my tether
And there they are
It's the same old story
In a blaze of glory
We can change this town
This friday night
But in a glaze of bleary
They drop like, drop like, drop like flies
You wrote about your heroes and it read like a 'who's
who'
You wrote about your life and it read like a 'who's he?'

So fall in, fall about, your country needs you now
Gather your legs and sup up your dregs
Carry the crusade up to the home strait
And the crooked mile
Back to your wife
She's in bed, she sleeps late
She don't fret or worry
Cuz it won't be very long till cliché guevara's home

When the manifesto is a schoolboy thesis
When the man in charge is like a greasy jesus
It's taking on epic proportions before my weary eyes
Turning the old town into a backdrop
Sssh it's so quiet, you could hear a name drop

So fall in, fall about, your country needs you now
Gather your legs and sup up your dregs
Carry the crusade up to the home strait
And the crooked mile
Back to your wife
She's in bed, she sleeps late
She don't fret or worry
Cuz it won't be very long till cliché guevara's home

Love and hate are written all over your fist

So fall in, fall about, your country needs you now

Gather your legs and sup up your dregs
Carry the crusade up to the home strait
And the crooked mile
Back to your wife
She's in bed, she sleeps late
She don't fret or worry
Cos it won't be very long till cliché guevara's home
Till cliché guevara's home, till cliché guevara's home

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