

# Look At You

Backyard Babies

1, 2, 3, 4

Look at you, man, look at the band  
Look at the day, don't throw it away  
I need a pill and a coffee re-fill  
And everything is gonna be alright  
I swear

Look at your cat and your eighty square flat  
Look at your view over stockholm's zoo  
Maybe you're wrong but maybe i'm right  
'cause i guess i'm born black and white

You know you could be a rock n' roll star  
No matter who you are  
It's all the same  
'cause you're a real dead end

That's what you are  
Believe i'm gonna have myself a ball  
And i don't care if you don't like  
How i act when i'm on top of your wife  
I'm going down, i'm running up  
I'm walking zig-zag and i'm tripping too much  
So hold your fire, i'm coming through  
I've gotta kill another bottle of doom

Now everybody wanna dance with you  
I cannot dance 'cause my boots are stuck with glue  
Everybody wanna talk too much  
But all i want is you

Look at your amount on your credit card account  
A billion dollar tour but i just go for  
Heads up, legs up, stay-ups, fuck-ups  
'cause everything is gonna be alright, right  
Well, i said, right, right, right

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I cannot dance 'cause my boots are stuck with glue  
Everybody wanna talk too much

But all i want is you  
Yeah, all i want is you  
So why can't i have you