

Best Face

Dirty Pretty Things

Shock after shock from the snake she bites
Happy hour downtown, ladies night
With your townie boys who make your brethren fight
Night after night after night after night, go
Come on sweetheart, come on sweetheart, oh

It's an eye for any eye 'neath the hurricane sky
How will you find me a lover in time?
With your muscle vest clad lads who nearly fight
Close off your senses and turn out the lights
Turn out the lights

She had the best face in the place
She had the lip gloss and the grace
There's really nothing in the script she said
You can have what you want

Oh, heed this sound advice
No don't you tell me any lies
Look into these eyes, they see right through
Well, the skits the same but the face is new, oh oh

On the crying tarts who step
And broken hearts are all you get
The drinks go on and the beat's the resounding
The drinks go on and the beat's still sounding
Come on darling, come on darling, come on sweetheart, oh

You look pretty, pretty fit
For a pedestrian pounding
This nightclubs still shit
But be weary of the gypsy boy you're mounting

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The best that's what you'll get before
The walk of shame tomorrow
And the beat goes on, the beat goes on
Your monkey lots, they tumble ?round

You dance your fucking swan song
You dance your fucking swan song
You dance your fucking swan song
To a blundering oracle

So here's to your future
And your awful wedded wife

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