

Jacqueline

Franz Ferdinand

Jacqueline was seventeen,
working on a desk
when Ivor
peered above a spectacle
Forgot that he had wrecked a girl,
sometimes these eyes
forget the face they're peering from
When the face they peer upon
well you know
that face as I do
And how in the return of the gaze
she can return you the face
that you are staring from

R: It's always better on holiday,
so much better on holiday
That's why we only work when
we need the money

R: It's always better...

Gregor was down again,
said come on kick me again,
I'm so drunk
I don't mind if you kill me
Come on you gutless
I'm alive
and how I know it
but for chips and for freedom
I could die

R: It's always better... (4x)