Acid Jazz Singer

The Fratellis

Well let me tell you something Let me tell you so This could be the one thing That you really need to know You gotta stop once in a while Shake off that face of yours

Cause nothing comes easy Oh it just comes free You could sing it better If you sing for me, oh sister

Well I cannot claim This advice is my own I landed in the gutter One night, crawling home She said don't you look ridiculous I checked her out meticulously

And I would've stopped to argue But my teeth were broke I said I'd love to contradict you But my life's a joke, oh sister

And she said I'm no genius and I've lost myself The books are on the table, and the secret's on the shelf And it's a one time, keep it slow Wind 'em up and here we go Get a ride today And you would still be here tomorrow

Some said she was saintly Some she was a swinger Me, I only knew her as the acid jazz singer, come on

Well I'm a lucky man But maybe so is she And maybe this is just the way it has to be It's all based on speculation It's a crazy my occupation to me And though I didn't much believe her I was bound to call I really didn't wanna miss a single thing at all Oh sister

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The books are on the table, and the secret's on the shelf And it's a one time, keep it slow Wind 'em up and here we go Get a ride today And you may still be here tomorrow Some said she was saintly Some she was a swinger Me, I only knew her as an acid jazz singer, come on I haven't seen her lately Well, I'll have to ring her Put your hands together for the acid jazz singer, come on La, la, la, oh La, la, la, oh La, la, la, oh Come on Come on Come on