

## Nag Nag Nag Nag

Art Brut

Wet trousers in the washing machine  
But I'd rather be damp than seen in jeans  
I'm grown up now but refuse to learn  
That those were just adolescent concerns  
I'm possibly missing something  
Someone should have told me  
A record collection reduced to a mix tape  
Headphones on, I made my escape  
I'm in a film of personal soundtrack  
I'm leaving home and I'm never gonna come back  
Learning lyrics from the CD inlay  
To impress people with the stupid things I say  
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I used to have a bedroom to hide in  
Now I'm outside deciding  
Older but wiser, this song's the decider  
Is it the sound of a man wrestling with emotion  
Or the sound of him losing and causing commotion?  
I'm nothing to my peers but envy and hatred  
How many girls have they seen naked?  
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