

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
I'm grown up now but refuse to learn
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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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