

No Signal. No Battery

Dirty Pretty Things

When you've loved and lost and loved again
Then your hour will not be up, my friend
Cos genorosity was Hitler's best disguise
Well theres nothing left cos she went away
An age restriction on your counting down days
Delivering whole saints on a road
For you
In the end
When you say your heart is on the mend

You know it takes one to know one, too
And it'd take one just to get to you
My girl ooooooooooh
You'll never get to heaven with your heart in your shoes-ooooh
With your hands in your pockets and you're back on the booze

When you've lived and died and died some more
Can I see you on the kitchen floor?
All the rats down here have clear ideas tonight

So you scoop yourself up from the Darwanised dream
Wipe your grazed knees, stop feeling so clean
You used to bluff, seems enough
Cos there by the door, you made your mind up, wanting more

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oooh

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oooze
You'll never get to heaven with your heart in your shoes-ooooh
With your hands in your pockets and you're back on the booze-
oooze
No you'll never ever...