

Better in Hoboken

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

It's always better on holiday
So much better on holiday
That's why we only work when
We need the money

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