Drink Nike

Future of the Left

Right in the centre of Hove,
Next to an escalator,
Someone has hidden a bomb
Underneath a plastic chair
But he can't put his finger on it:
He'll never be that kind of man.
He'll die in his bed on a summer's night
With his hand on his favourite thing.

Those kids, I swear, drink Nike, yes.
Those kids, I swear, drink Nike, yes.

Maybe it's a natural phase,
Comedy has taken its toll.
No-one is totally lost,
Nobody is out of control.
There are words he could use to describe it,
Metaphors he should have applied.
He'll die in his bed on a summer's night
With his hands on his adequate bride.

Those kids, I swear, drink Nike, yes.
Those kids, I swear, drink Nike, yes.

Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile!
Smile!
Smile, we're waiting for it.
Smile, we're waiting for
Those kids, I swear, drink Nike, yes.
Those kids, I swear, drink Nike, yes.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.
Smile-alalalalalalalalalalala.

Tištěno z www.txp.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!