

Swinging London Town

Girls Aloud

Do you know the me that wakes and sees the live wire in her eyes
The it girl with a twist girl and no one realises
That I'm living on a tightrope, I can't, I won't look down
I pussy-foot from drink to drink in swinging London town

Do you know the me that wakes in places with faces I've never seen?
The mother of all hangovers to remind me where I've been
And if I stop, I'm sickened, it really gets me down
So I step back into the city lights, the Queen of London town

The Queen of London town
The Queen of London town

New York, Monaco, Paris and Milan
Poor little rich girl who does it cos she can
I'm just a big time Gucci girl, a first in retail therapy
Now we're down the slide to rehab, and all of it's for free
And with these joke filled egos, Martini swilling charm
Gigolos sniffing models hanging off their arm
I guess I'm neck deep in it, and starting to drown
Along with all the wannabes in swinging London town

Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Really really know me?

Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
Really really know me?

Do you know me?
Really really know me?

Soho soaks drink Campari
Free flowing bubbly, a drop of gin
Cocktails with price tags make you choke on your sushi
Dressed to impress these bright young things
Chelsea chicks drink white wine spritzers
G & Ts or a bottle of B
Hooray Henries crusing the Kings's road
And daddy's Bentley stocked full of gear

Gear, gear, gear, gear
Gear, gear, gear, gear

Do you know the me the face graces the pages of "Hello"
Try hard to die hard, united on the go
Air kissing eligible bachelors and trust fund daddy's boys
International playgirls showing off their toys

And all these price tag starlets, a galaxy of stars
Buzzing round the next big thing and showing off their cars
I guess I'm neck deep in it and starting to drown
Along the wannabes in swinging London town

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