

Do What You're Told To

Graham Coxon

Living with your battered head in a can
Hearing all the voices of a mean old man
Illness and aggression knocking at your door
Gonna nail your body to the bathroom floor

Dying in the river of your teenage plan
Giving all your beauty to the yeah yeah man
Tell you what you want are the things you need know no more
Gonna show you what your brains are really for

Even though you're pretty you're lookin' pretty shitty
Even though you're pretty you're lookin' pretty shitty

You're lying and you're dying and you scream and shout
But you can never seem to get the sickness out
The madness and the sadness and the suicide
Breaking up the places where you run and hide

You're smelling and you're selling your last pair of shoes
To keep beside the madness of a glass of booze
(All this/Oddness) and aggression gonna kill you dead
You made yourself a coffin out of your own bed

Even though you're pretty you're lookin' pretty shitty
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Why don't you do what you're sold to?

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