

# My Kind Of Guy

Kaiser Chiefs

1. Well it starts as a joke  
Like a stick in your spokes  
Or removing the bolt of the brakes

Then the bicycle flips  
Crushing ribs smashing hips  
And he broke every bone in his face

2. Then you're out of control  
And you can't fill the hole  
That was left by the thrill of the chase

You're a right piece of work  
All the flakes go berserk  
Have you forgotten how good they taste

R: You're my kind of guy  
Cos I like your style  
And you sound as horrible as me  
And I don't mind if you're unkind  
You're reminding me of me

3. As the bicycle race  
Gathers speed, gathers pace  
And you feel that you're going too fast

There's a word to the wise  
You should take some advice  
Cos the nice guys always finish last

R: You're my kind of guy... (2x)