

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)