

For He's a Jolly Good Felon

Lostprophets

Simon, don't stop with all the lying.
'Cause we know where your from,
you get along by taking things that don't belong to you.
So can you feel it?
Oh when you steal it!
All that adrenalin, living in sin,
and you can sell it off for half the price!
Oh what would your mother say?

We take to get along,
we're holding on, we're holding on,
and all these estates we're on,
everyone's singing!

Mikey, oh where'd you get those Nikes?
'Cause I know you ain't got, the notes to drop.
Left alone you'd take the fucking lot!
Not succeeding, nothing to believe in.
Cause it will all go wrong, everything's gone.
Now your future is on the roll of a dice,
and that's the price that you pay!

We take to get along,
we're holding on, we're holding on,
and all these estates we're on,
everyone's singing!
We don't need anyone!
We're holding on, we're holding on,
all the police are wrong,
so we're still singing.

7 days a week, patrolling all these streets.
I try to stop, but I can't help it.
I know you call me weak, my future is oblique.
I take to get along, cause I still need it.

We take to get along,
we're holding on, we're holding on,
and all these estates we're on,
everyone's still singing!
We take to get along,
we're holding on, we're holding on,
and all these estates we're on,
everyone's singing!

We don't need anyone!
We're holding on, we're holding on!
We don't need anyone!
Everyone's singing.
We don't need anyone!
We're holding on, we're holding on!
We don't need anyone!
'Cause we're still singing.