

Bang Bang Bang

Mark Ronson

Un, deux, trois
Bang, bang, bang

Feathers, I'm plucking feathers
One by one, by one
No more skylarking, around my head
Your information
But there's no hiding, behind moulting feathers

On the plane, on my brain, 'bout to do the sho'
40k contract, take it out the do'
Dice, symbolise my life, roll 'em on the flo'
From your grubby hands, as you hand the grand stand
You live a shitty life, we live a bon, bon vie
Hotter than the book, while we watch the tv
Think you got us fooled, ooh never again
First time, shame on me, second time, your time will end

No way, bang your dead, here's your silhouette
Je te plumerai la, tête
Je te plumerai la, tête
Bang your dead, alouette, here's your silhouette
Je te plumerai la, tête
Je te plumerai la, tête

No way, no, (the clock) it's ticking forward
No way, it's just a cruel, cruel world

Cruel world is fittin', they got us all hittin'
With late night divisions, and lab app decisions
But based with decisions, to fight a fricassée
And you've clearly decided, (you) know how to handle me
Difficile, imbecile, is it fake, is it real
Are we dying on our feet, are we trying in our sleep
There's a rumour goin' 'round, 'bout the suits runnin' town
If you look into the sky, them birds fly high, high, high

Numbers, you got that number
You're looking outwards, and don't see the big picture
Over your shoulder, you'll get no last words
Because it's too late, you've clipped your own wings (your own wings)

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Je te plumerai la, tête
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We're never gonna, believe in, the stories, that you're weavin'
We're never gonna, believe in, the stories, that you're weavin'
We're never gonna, believe in, the stories, that you're weavin'
We're believin' in the proof, we're believin' in the truth
We're believin' in each other, not you, you, you

Stories (you with the tall tales), how many stories (so many tall tales)
We climb the structure (you scale the ladder)

You build it higher (you make us madder)
We take our aim (so now we're bearin' off)
You perch above your nest (_ in your charms)
The stories in your head (it's a crazy bald head)
That's what got you dead

No way, bang your dead, here's your silhouette
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Je te plumerai la, tête
Bang your dead, alouette, here's your silhouette
Je te plumerai la, tête
Je te plumerai la, tête

Un, deux, trois
No one ever does it like that anymore
Bang, bang, bang
When feathers fly, you deny everything (alouette)
Un, deux, trois
No one ever does it like that anymore
Bang, bang, bang (alouette)
When feathers fly, you deny everything yo