

Disco, Blisters & A Comedown

Nicola Roberts

Bruises, in my mind
I can't get my head off the pillow, check the bed am I still single
Look like pantomime, checking photos on my phone and how the hell did I
Get home?
4am I'm hailing down a cab he said I live too fast, still need for double
Charge
2am I think I am gaga, maybe I've gone too far, I'm dancing on the bar

Disco, blisters and a comedown, all I got to show now
From my friday night out, why, why, why?
Do the lights in the kebab shop make this guy look less hot he's looking like john prescott

Lipstick and my keys, bottle and a straw and I'm working on my door
I got my music, in my room
Rollers in my hair and my favourite underwear
5pm my top shop orders here
I sent my best friend home looks like she's been turned on
Thursday night, there's only one more sleep
They better get some rest, my little dancing feet

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Every sunday morning, I died a little
I can't help but want it, it keeps me ticking
And I can hear it calling, the heavy base line
Every god damn morning, morning

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