

Peacock Suit

Paul Weller

I've got a grapefruit matter, it's as sour as shit
I have no solutions, better get used to it

I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock suit
Peacock suit

I'm Narcissus in a puddle, in shop windows I gloat
Like a ball of fleece lining in my camel skin coat

I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers on my peacock suit
Did you think I should on my peacock suit

Nemesis in a muddle in a mirror I look
Like a streak of sheet lightnin' in my rattlesnake shoes

I don't need a ship to sail in stormy weather
I don't need you to ruffle the feathers of my peacock suit
Did you think I should of my peacock suit
Did you think I should

Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah
Peacock suit, yeah