

4 Out of 5

Peter Bjorn and John

I say, I say, I say, I say
1, 2, 3, 4 out of 5 ain't bad
And once you're in
It really doesn't feel so cramped

You win, you win, just a little, but you win
That pretty face is telling lies
It's plaster more than skin
But it's good enough, you win

Where did it all go right?
You make plans that you don't stick to
If I'm ill then you feel sick too
Ain't it strange?

Come down, come down
Just a tiny bit come down
And when the saints go marching in
One saint will get you with one swing
So please give up and come down

Did it all go right?
September you don't take notice
October you try to ignore us
November you look so gloomy
December you give in to me
Ain't it strange?