

## 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?