

The Brits

Robbie Williams

Well that Brits night was so fucking boring
Past the days of yes, yes, Charlene
Coke in the bogs till seven in the morning
Look the wrong way and we end up brawling
When I had a bit of beef with you know who
And I fucked a few female stars or two
Nearly everything I said I'd end getting screwed
Spitting at the paps, looking rude in the news
Oh yes, you're still rocking with the best
Second person in my year to have touched a breast
I'm nearly forty now and I'm still impressed
Here's the midlife crisis I guess
Oh, I recall taking in the wonder of it all

I'm still looking for an answer through the looking grass
Still not concentrating at the back of the class
No thanks, Sir, this one's for you
It's like a VD clinic: only pricks are in it
So fucking dull and professional and timid
To be frank, Sir, I prefer this showbiz chancer
I still want to get laid by you, right

Now I know I've got fat, but make no mistake
Every million that I make they bake me a cake
So I've got plenty, a hundred and twenty
Wear clothes of tweed like Amanda Gentry
I still want to get you naked
I'll see you in the summer, so glad you could make it
I'll be that mega white thing, fast as lightning
A Knebworth shape but twice as frightening
If they can't be bothered then I promise you this
If they won't entertain you then I'll do my fucking best

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Would you let me lay you down right here?
Would you let me live?

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