Pocket

Sam Sparro

If you stand tall
With your back
To the door
Then it's
Your own fault
When you get knocked
To the floor
You may have
Fooled me once
But I've got
A pretty damn
Good memory

It's a small world
What a type cliche
But it's a small world
How many times can I say
That everything
You do will end up
Coming right back
Around again

And if you don't know
That by now
Then I feel quite
Sorry for you
I'm sorry for you
Yeah
The people
That you keep around
Well
You learn from them
And they learn from you

So keep
Your friends close
And your enemies
In your pocket
Yeah
Keep your friends close
And your enemies
In your pocket

When you just
Might start
To melt them down
I come around
So keep
Your friends close
And your enemies
In your pocket

It's a long haul
To the front of the line
And you get there
In your own sweet time
But there's

Always somebody
Who decides
To cut right
In front of you

A wide eye
Looking for
A ticket to ride
It's a long night
I hope you make it
Out alive
You can't spend
Your whole life
Worrying about
What's behind you

And if you don't know
That by now
Then I feel quite
Sorry for you
I'm sorry for you
Yeah
The people
That you keep around
Well
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Your friends close
And your enemies
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When you just
Might start
To melt them down
I come around
So keep
Your friends close
And your enemies
In your pocket

And it's
A lively colour
Not black and white
But some people think
They're the ones
Who got it right
In a room so full
Well
You have to be
A little more flexible

And if you don't know
That by now
Then I feel quite
Sorry for you
I'm sorry for you
Yeah

The people
That you keep around
Well
You learn from them
And they learn from you

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Your friends close
And your enemies
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Yeah
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Just might start
To melt them down
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