

# Nothing Precious at All

## Stereophonics

I been people watching again  
I think they watch me too  
There's a new girl at the coffee house  
She's got first day blues

She's got red hair and a motorbike  
And lime green shoes  
A mohair hat and a summers dress  
And black tattoos

And then she fly away  
In her high heel feet  
And her fire dress  
And she's throwing things  
That took her time to save it up  
And buy what's special  
Then she look around  
And sees what's left  
And it's nothing much  
Nothing precious at all  
Nothing precious at all

Gonna drink herself to sleep tonight  
And that's nothing new  
She goes out almost nine every night  
And gets high as the moon

She takes photographs of American cars  
Where she went to school  
She likes fireworks and candlelight  
And fake bad news

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Is she a loner or a mother's girl  
That's up to you  
She got fine lines round her tired eyes  
And they're painted blue  
She could sleep around with anyone  
If she wanted to  
Gotta go my time is up right now  
Got stuff to do