

Acrylic

The Courteeners

You're just like plasticine
Being moulded into a libertine dreamer
I feel so sorry for you
My heart goes out to you
If you were thirteen I'd let you off
But you're not and you should know better

Gather my thoughts on a
Notepad with a Parker pen
And write you a letter but
There's not enough paper in the world
There's not enough paper in the world
Oh have you heard all your friends go
Da da da da da da oh
All the words they seem to know
All the words in your sons go
Da da da da da da oh

You got an okay jacket
But you've got no spine
Please vacate this city of mine

I only wish you had this song
To back-up you're talking to long
But we know that's not the case
Rather show your face
In an injured bar I know but it goes in
Because they serve substandard gin
Nobody goes in there did you win?
Did they ask though no-one cares?

Dadada dadadaaaaa oh,
All the words they seem to know,
All the words in your sons go,
Dadada dadadaaaaa oh,
You got an okay jacket,
But you've got no spine,
Please vacate this city of mine,

You're just like plasticine,
Being molded into a libertine dreamer,
I feel so sorry for you,
If you were 13 I would let you off,
But your not and you should have known better,
Gather my thoughts on a notepad,
With a parker pen,
And write you a letter but,
Theres not enough paper in the world,
Theres not enough paper in,

Oh have you heard,
Your friends they go,
Dadada dadadaaaaa oh,
Dadada dadadaaaaa oh,
Dadada dadadaaaaa oh,
Dadada dadadaaaaa oh,

You got an ok jacket,
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