

The World Was A Mess But His Hair Was Perfect

The Rakes

All dressed up with somewhere to go
Got ten new messages on your phone
Keep trying to stop the night from falling to pieces
The night goes on and on and on and on
Where're you going and where's Steve gone
This whole night is just falling to pieces

And you go on and on and on
Talking shite through the night
Just trying to stop our arguments falling to pieces
You slag off America in the pub
Saying the war was shite
Then in the club drink some Buds and smoke some Marlboro Lights
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This girl's mouth is moving 'ra ra ra'
Her eyes and fingers are slipping
She drops a glass and it's falling to pieces
The guy behind, his eyes meet mine
Please I don't want a fight
Just don't touch my face, or hair
Cos that would ruin my night.

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