

# 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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