

Wreckin' Bar (Ra Ra Ra)

The Vaccines

Pretty girl, wrecking' bar
Ra ra ra ra yeah you are
Growing up, I'm twice the man
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah I am

The angel's game, F Scott Fitzgerald
The evening news and the morning herald
I know they're not from very far
But those girls do nothing for me

Where you been? You can't say?
Hey hey hey hey yeah you may
That might seem a bit below
No no no it's funny though

Let's go home, I think we oughtta
I know you're your mother's daughter
Well brought up and royal blue
But I haven't got the time for you

Finger pointing, pre-supposing
Watch out man the doors are closing
This is what you get when you turn your back
A clear blue sky turning dirty black