

Favourite Food

Tokyo Police Club

With a heart attack on your plate,
you were looking back on your days.
How you spent them all in a blur,
when they asked if you were for sure.

Let the sugar melt down your throat,
'Cause you know it's sweet getting old.
With a lollipop and a rose,
let the hospital be your home.

'Cause your knees are scratched and your eyes are black.
Put a plaster there and I'll sign your cast.

In the liner notes at the end
some familiar names in tiny print.
On the cover page of the year,
grainy photographs, greasy hair.

But it's noon o' clock and you're still asleep
and your coffee's cold, your coffee's icy.
'Cause your knees are scratched and your eyes are black.
Put a plaster there and I'll sign your cast

'Cause facts are facts
Classic Hollywood as a kid
with the volume up all the way.
Now you do the same and you're right,
things are better in black and white.

But there's another girl in another day
and your fate will feel and taste the same.

'Cause your knees are scratched and your eyes are black.
Put a plaster there and I'll sign your cast

We're the best and the brightest, turn the television on.
Have your seat belts strapped and your helmets on.