

Babyshambles, Bacardi

when you walk home from the party
drunk on bacardi and listening
to the voices that lie to you nightly
make you frightened of everyone
when you walk home from the party
drunk on bacardi and listening
to the voices that lie to you nightly
make you sorry for something
you go home and spend your life alone with the stereo
watching the late show or force yourself
out in the night to meet your generation
you feel like claymation in fluorescent light
on our knees, we made it hard to see
we made it hard to breathe and the air was thin
on our knees, we made it hard to see
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we made it hard to breathe and the air was thin
made it hard to see
made it hard to breathe
made it hard to see
made it hard to breathe