

Beady Eye, Second Bite of the Apple

Shake my tree where's the apple for me
Tickle my feet with the NME
No point laughing if you don't know why
I phone my love just to hear her smile

The word is up if you're tough enough
The word is up if you're tough enough

Girl in the queue, got an eye on you
Think you're in and she's looking for sin?
Yes you're not wrong
She wants to know what's in your pocket
Singing that song, dig it all night long

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Come on! Show what you love now
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