Heatmiser, Pop In G

mic city sons seem to dumb everything down i got wished a lot of luck and i'll tell you what it's worth now

it's a cold-blooded style never was worthwhile you're as good as they come but you're such a f***ing trial

you went and called me up do you bother me on purpose you make me feel like i'm half my age and at least twice as nervous

you go ah-ha whistling sweet caroline and i'll be there to ?? cos i never speak my mind

it's a miracle how no offence is taken but i'm full of them then anytime you feel up to face them

you go drink your problems still a statue in the barroom you've got feelings left to kill and i won't forget it too soon

it's a cold blooded style never was worthwhile you're as good as they come but you're such a f***ing trial

you go ah-ha whistling sweet caroling and i'll be there to ?? cos i never speak my mind you don't want me to speak my mind