

# Kaiser Chiefs, Formative Years

How many times  
Can you take it on the chin  
I slept through your last goodbye  
And your mind was set on this  
But I don't care where you've been  
Anymore

In my formative years  
My many wives would say  
Without the hall of dancing  
You know when I was happy  
Thinking I was happy  
Using every technique  
To get you on your back  
Throw you in the sack  
Now I want you back  
I want to be back in my formative years  
In my formative years

Somewhere in the world  
You are waiting to be found  
Like the first that time we met  
In the going of the underground  
And the world kept spinning around  
Anyway

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