

Kaiser Chiefs, My Kind Of Guy

Well it starts as a joke
Like a stick in the spokes
Or removing a bolt from the brakes

Then a bicycle flips
Crushing ribs, smashing hips
And he broke every bone in his face

Then you're out of control
And you can't fill the hole
That was left by the thrill of the chase

You're a right piece of work
All the flakes go berserk
Have you forgotten how good they taste?

You're my kind of guy
'Cos I like your style
And you sound as horrible as me
And I don't mind
If you're unkind
You're reminding me of me

As the bicycle race
Gathers speed, gathers pace
And you feel that you're going too fast

There's a word to the wise
You should take some advice
'Cos the nice guys always finish last

You're my kind of guy
'Cos I like your style
And you sound as horrible as me
And I don't mind
If you're unkind
You're reminding me of me

You're my kind of guy
'Cos I like your style
And you sound as horrible as me
And heads will roll
As it takes its toll
On you and me