

Kaiser Chiefs, You Want History

Yesterday you lay awake on your bed
And worked out you'd done everything that you said
That you'd do before you got to this age
The lord of the bored and a slave to the beige

It's a mystery
It's a mystery
You want some history
It's a mystery

So last night you got up and out of this room
The ceiling is peeling and covered in gloom
But jaguar shoes is a place you can stare
A procession of lessons in what not to wear

It's a mystery
It's a mystery
You want history
It's a mystery

Today as you shake off the drunken debris
All that is left is the vague memory
Of down in the grout of a night on the tiles
It's hard to remember but totally worthwhile

It's a mystery
It's a mystery
You want some history
It's a mystery

It's a waste of money you have to admit
If it's a waste of money you have to have it

It's a waste of brains but hard to resist
If you wanted mystery you've blown it

It's a waste of money you have to admit
If it's a waste of money you have to have it

It's a waste of brain cells hard to resist
If you wanted history you missed it

If the girls start moving the boys will start moving
If the girls start moving the boys will join in

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oh oh oh-oh-oh oh oh oh