Kathleen

Catfish and the Bottlemen

You're simpatico.

And of all the lift homes and all the mixed feelings
You're cuts above

And you don't own worries or a chest full of heartache Yes I Know

That I'll never work out exactly how you're thinking But let me know when I'm needed homeAnd I'd come

You can leather me with your lips

I've gotta give it to you

You give me problems

When you are not in the mood

I've gotta give it to you

You give me problems

And made me give in to you

Her dealer hates me you know

He used to see her but she sold

Him off on down the riverIt's impratical

To go out and catch a death with a dress fit for the summer So she don't

Instead she calls me up with a head full of filth Yes I know

I'll never acquiesce anything I'm thinking But let me know when I'm needed home

And I'd come

You can leather me with your lipsI've gotta give it to you

You give me problems

When you are not in the mood

I've gotta give it to you

You give me problems

And made me give in to you

Her dealer hates me you know

He used to see her but she sold

Him off on down the river

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