

Pop In G

Heatmiser

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

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