

My mistakes were made for you - 1/1

Interprété par The Last Shadow Puppets.

As subtle as an earthquake I know,
My mistakes were made for you.
In the back-room of a bad dream she came,
And whisked me away, enthused.

And it's as solid as a rock, rolling down a hill
The fact is that it probably will, hit something
On the hazardous terrain.
And we're just following the flock round
And in-between
Before we're smashed to smithereens, like they were
And we scrambled from the blame.
And it's the fame that put words in her mouth,
She couldn't help but spit them out,
Innocence and arrogance intertwined,
In the filthiest of minds.

She was spitting on her birthday, and now
A face in the crowd, she's not.
I suspect that now forever, the shape,
She came to escape is forgot.
And it's a lot to ask her not to sting,
And give her less than everything,
Around your guilty conscience she will wind.

And we're just following the flock round
And in-between
Before we're smashed to smithereens, like they were,
And we scrambled from the blame.
And it's the fame that put words in her mouth,
She couldn't help but spit them out,
Around your guilty conscience she will wind.
And it's a lot to ask her not to sting,
And give her less than everything,
Innocence and arrogance intertwined.
And it's a lot to ask her not to sting, and give her less than everything,
Innocence and arrogance intertwined