

Bang Bang Bang

Mark Ronson & The Business Intl.

Un Deux Trois!
(Turn it up a little bit more)
Bang Bang Bang! Feathers, I'm plucking feathers
One by one by one
No more skylarking
around my head
Your information
But there's no hiding behind
Moulting feathers
On the plane, on my brain
'Bout to do the show
40k contract?
Take it out the door
Dice symbolise my life
Roll 'em on the floor
From your grubby hands
As you ham and grandstand
You live a shitty life
We live the bon bon vie
You hide it in the book
While we watch the TV
Think you got us fooled?
Who? never again
First time, shame on me
Second time, your time will end
No way
Bang your dead
Paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tete
Je te plumerai la tete Bang your dead
Alouette
Paint your silhouette
Je te plumerai la tete
Je te plumerai la tete No way
The clock is ticking forward
No way
It's just a cruel cruel world Cruel world is fitting
They got us all hidden
With late night decisions
And lab rat incisions
When faced with decisions
To fight or fricasse

And you clearly decided
 On how to handle me
 Difficile, imbecile
 Is it fake? Is it real?
 Are we dying on our feet?
 Are we trying in our sleep?
 There's a rumour going round
 'Bout the suits running town
 If you look into the sky
 Dead birds fly high Numbers, you fly by numbers
 You're logging hours
 And don't see the big picture
 Over your shoulder
 You'll get no last words
 because it's too late
 You; ve clipped your own wings,
 Your own wings CHORUS We're never gonna believe in
 The stories that you're weaving
 We're never gonna believe in
 The stories that you're weaving
 We're never gonna believe in
 The stories that you're weaving
 We believing in the proof
 We believing in the truth
 We believing in each other not you Stories (you with the tall tales)
 How many stories (so many tall tales)
 We climb the structure
 (We scale the ladder)
 You build it higher (You make us madder)
 We take our aim
 (So now we're bearing arms)
 You perch above your nest
 (Gotcha in your charms)
 The stories in your head
 (Crazy bald-headed)
 That's what got you dead No way
 The clock is ticking forward
 (As the time just ticks away)
 No way
 It's just a cruel cruel world
 (Cruel cruel world) CHORUS Un Deux Trois
 No one ever does it like that anymore
 Bang Bang Bang
 When feathers fly, you can deny everything
 When feathers fly, you can deny everything
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

