

Thea Gilmore, People Like You

Sex is the open sesame
To a rich mans eyes
And I am not prepared
To be patronised
To compromise, to sanitise
My ugly tongue cold eyes

And babe you know youd better watch those incriminations
Watch what those fingers do
Cause life has a funny way
Of pointing those fingers
Back at you

And she can be a hole in the mattress
Of a back alley bedroom
Where each frame of her life is blue and stained with
People, people like you
People like you

And sweetheart I think you should let me hold your grudge for you
Im a little better qualified and a lot more willing too
And she just sits there looking vacant like they always do
Well you never know anyone, anyway
I never even knew myself, myself until today
Now my life's a newspaper with some pages blown away

And she can be a hole in the mattress
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People, people like you
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What does this
What does this
What does this smile
What does this
What does this
What does this smile
What does this
What does this
What does this smile do for you?
Does it do it for you?

She can be a hole in the mattress
Of a back alley bedroom
Where each frame of her life is blue and stained with
People, people like you
People like you
Will do people like you
Like theyre not supposed to

Know so many people like you