

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 home And 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 river It's impractical
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 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 river

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