

Knock 'Em Out

Lily Allen

Alright so this is a song about anyone, it could be anyone
You're just doing your own thing and someone comes out of the blue
They're like "Alright What are ya saying?
Yeah can I take your digits?"
And you're like, "No not in a million years, you're nasty
Please leave me alone"
Cut to the pub on a lad's night out
Man at the bar cause it was his shoutClocks this bird and she looked OK
She caught him looking and walked his way
"Alright darlin', you gonna buy us a drink then?"
"Er no, but I was thinking about buying one for your friend..."
She's got no taste, hand on his waist
Tries to pull away but her lips on his face
"If you insist I'll have a white wine spritzer"
"Sorry love, but you ain't a pretty picture"
You can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to sayJust get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number
"Why?"
Cause I lost my phone
"Oh yeah, actually yeah um, I'm pregnant
Um, yeah I'm having a baby in like 6 months so no, yeah, yeah..."I recognize this guy's way of
thinking
As he walks over her face starts sinkingShe's like
"Oh here we go..."
It's a routine check that she already knows
She's thinking, "They're all the same"
"Yeah you alright baby? You look alright still, yeah what's your name?"
She looks in her bag, takes out a fag
Tries to get away from the guy on a blag, can't find a light
"Here, use mine"
"You see the thing is I just don't have the time"
You can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to sayJust get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number
Cause I lost my phone
Go away now, let me go
Are you stupid? Or just a little slow?Go away now, I've made myself clear
Nah, it's not gonna happen
Not in a million years
You can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to sayJust get out my face, just leave me alone

And no you can't have my number
Cause I lost my phone
You can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away
Try desperately to think of the politest way to say
Just get out my face, just leave me alone
And no you can't have my number
Cause I lost my phone
"Actually I'm getting married next week"
"No, seriously"
"Nah, I've gotta go; my house is on fire"
"I've got, I've got herpes, err no, syphilis! AIDS! AIDS, I've got AIDS."

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