

Coup De Grace

Miles Kane

Open the centerfold and behold
The creases you've come to know make up your soul
Inspect the spectacle, the divine show
No-one understands but pretends to know

Inside your little palm, singing psalms
Peering through the space between your arms
My story lacks in the facts
I don't know what I'm on
So come on, coup de gras

Coup de gras
Coup de gras
Coup de, coup de
Coup de gras
Coup de gras
Coup de, coup de

Running the circles through, right back to you
Finding at the finish line, nothing new
The let-down that sticks like you
Slipping through my fingers gripping onto what is left of you

Waiting for lessons learned, taking turns
The loudest of them all, left to be unheard
My story lacks in the facts
I don't know what I'm on
So come on, coup de gras

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Coup de, coup de
Coup de gras
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Coup de, coup de
Coup de, coup de
Coup de, coup de

You know I want it
You know I need it
You know I need it all the time
You know I want it
You know I need it
You know I need it all the time
You know I want it
You know I need it
You know I need it all the time
Time, time, time, time, time, time, time, time, time

Coup de gras
Coup de gras
Coup de, coup de
Coup de gras
Coup de gras
Coup de, coup de
Coup de, coup de
Coup de, coup de

Coup de, coup de
Coup de, coup de
Coup de, coup de