

# 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 the blue  
They're like, "Alright, what you 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 lads' night out  
Man at the bar cos it was his shout  
Clocks this bird and she looks ok  
She caught him looking and walks his way  
"Alright darlin', you gonna buy us a drink then?"  
"Err no, but I was thinking of buying one for your friend"

She's got no taste, hand on his waste  
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"

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  
"Why?" Because I've lost my phone

Oh yeah, actually umm, I'm pregnant, umm yeah  
I'm having a baby in like 6 months and uhh, yeah, yeah

"I recognise this guy"  
That's what you're thinking  
As he walks over her face starts sinking  
She'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"  
"See the thing is I really don't have the time"

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  
Because I've 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 a million years

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Uhh nah I, I've gotta go, cos my house is on fire  
I've got, I've got herpes, err no it's syphilis