

Marlon Brando

Alex Cameron

An angel, standing right there before my very eyes
A vision on the arm of another man, but baby this should come as no surprise
And I wanna let him know what a pussy he is
And I wanna let her know that I bench what he is
But I won't
'Cause I heard him say something and I can't seem to forget and I want him to regret it So I'll
you something sister, I'm feeling mighty fine
You tell that little faggot call me faggot one more time
Where I'm from little darling, a king hit ain't a crime
When you'll see his face tomorrow gonna wish that you were mine Darling, I want you to know
that I heard what he said
And that's okay
I'm pretty cooked but my shit is far from dead
Well I saw you last week and you looked real nice
Outside the super club, I was behind fluffy dice and I know
That we only just met but I think this is real and I want you to feel it
So tell me something baby, tell me I ain't fine
I feel like Marlon Brando circa 1999
I'm on one little darling, these pingers give me shine
You see me out here dancing bet you wish that you were mine And I know
Your friends are gonna talk about me, saying I'm the one to blame
But that bloke should have kept quiet baby, why'd he go and speak my name? Girl
I guess I just want you to be with me
I want you to say that my hair looks nice and my face has a Beckham-like quality
And I know that I blew it and I know it ain't right to be calling men faggots and to be starting
fights
But I can't stop
I'm a dam overflowing, I'm a river run wild and I guess it's about that time
I feel like Marlon Brando, feel like Marlon Brando, feel like Marlon Brando, feel it, feel it
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>