

## Streets, The "All Got Our Runnins"

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again I step out my yard  
head swings round, clocks my landlord  
start chippin' up the road cos I owe him three-weeks  
dough

the ship's sinkin', tele's on the blink  
'n' in the pub it's one beer to last all evening  
later on chips for feedin'

when the quids are down  
try sneakin' a bottle of brandy round bouncers into the  
Ministry Of Sound  
scored, Moffat, back indoors with a profit  
'cos they do say havin' no money forces one to make  
the right choices on life each day  
if you can't pay you can't play

success hides a multitude of sins  
but I ain't successful and my piggy-bank's still in the  
bin,  
been there since I was a kid

goin' round in circles, not being careful but say;  
"I get paid on Friday, can't wait to live life my way"

'cos on the streets I'm just a geezer  
I gotta make ends meet, yeah?  
gotta do what I need to  
shit, we all got our runnin's now  
on the streets I'm just a geezer  
gotta make ends meet, yeah?  
gotta do what I need to  
shit, we all got our runnin's now

Brut pocket I'm back in the Burassic seat again  
after spending sixty pound last week on beers with  
friends  
brought it all on myself see, granted  
now I'm scorin' draw for everyone to get my next spliff  
sorted  
hang round mum's house to get smothered

got no tins in the cupboard this week  
hold on to your seat 'cos it's all gone a bit Pete  
live for the moment said he \*wrong\*  
downin' beers out of my tree, now the moment's  
passed the cash is a distant memory  
you know things are bleak when you're tellin' the birds  
you asked out last week that things

are busy  
when really you've got no dough in the piggy  
two days after pay day's clocked  
and it's back at The Black Dog stuffin' them socks into  
pool table pockets

\*Chorus\*

I'm skint, got no moolah  
need to get some colour in my cheeks says mum  
that'll be my English inner city tan  
I'm skinny like a woman, need to get some punan'  
through the door  
\*Please Sir, can I have some more?\*

oi.  
oi, lend me a tenner so I can go to the chip-shop,  
twenty-four garage and then for a quick top,  
this time opting for the reassuringly cheap option

when the quids are down,  
my Schott hoodie's my ball gown  
my essential accessory is my bad day frown 'cos,  
life in the third-class carriage can be evil  
when your only ticket to freedom is a permit to travel  
so, Uncle Shiner, you best go get the spade and dig  
me a grave  
'cos I can't pay the rent but I got ' hundred-and-nine  
pound pair o' trainers on

\*Chorus\*

La la la  
and then this geezer turned round to me and said  
"What are you doing, you twat"  
and I was like  
"What the fuck, is this, what are you saying, you div?"  
oiâ€¦ that's it.

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