

Streets, The "David Hassles"

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You're giving me David Hassles
I just want a Daniel Beddett

There's a tear in my tea
I do fear what will be
You talk like you walk with a dictionary
Tell your friends, this will never end
Time is the time we fucking well spend

Your music is not better than it sounds

Limited channels of primitive fannel
Cookery souped-up, doupery what
Chances and lotteries, that's not for me
Luxury flattery, what have we got
Like brandy or whines
Throttle me, wattle me, bottle me nine
If it looks like a duck
And it walks like a duck
And it talks like a duck
It needs more time to cook

You're singing a song which is limping along
You've not got the voice now, get up and be strong

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I just want a Daniel Beddett

Diplomacy, making no sound like we
And go to hell, sound like peace
It's a disarming charm
While your army is arming
I need a tool for the job
I may be a fool, I don't dob
Choking on smoke and strokin' on tokes
Like a full sugar allen you provoke
People who hear you sing say you don't
Give me a set-list, set it to a jist
The night is cold like I's not liking
The night is as old as just being pissed
My problems are flown in daily

Living my life holding sides
Spliffin' the finger indecisive
But now I'm not sure of why
When we're angry, we slander
We often will pander, that slang can be bang on

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I'm not really thinking this
I watch and listen into things
But once I've seen and I do know
That's my emotions at show
This is me, the me I be
Collective reactions seen by people

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The mystique of what you seek can never exist
The gist is just this
I jest and I test your dress to suggest
You quest to be any but breasts in a vest
So cheek when you speak as if you were unique
It leaks from your beak like the beaded white streaks of
weekend beak
I speak with a tweak
You're a beacon of weakness
If it looks like a duck and it walks like a duck
And it talks like a duck
It needs more time to cook

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