

Streets, The "Get out of My House"

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Go, get out of my house
Please
And actually give me back my keys
But
I'll be proper angry
If
You're not back later on your knees

Look, if I'm talking to you you shouldn't be gawping in
thin air
You're so selfish but what about us, as in pair?
I needed you to come over man, I needed you to be
near
I'm about to do something crazy; you'll regret this, I
swear
This one time I really needed you to head over mine
where
I was throwing up all morning it was all in my hair
Then because I was so dizzy I almost fell down the
stairs
Like you always do, you know, you just don't fucking
care

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Look, come on, calm down, it wasn't all totally like that
You're over-reacting just a bit, maybe we can sit down
and chat?
It's just you know I had stuff to do, you know, this and
that
Maybe it wasn't so important as you being in the sack
But I had to sort out my pills man, I needed to stock up
my stash
I couldn't do it any other day, I had to do it then, quick,
snap

And you didn't want me there last Sat so I left you on
your jack
And this Saturday I thought it was the same deal as last
Sat at your gaff

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You don't care about my broken TV
I sit on my sofa all day smoking weed
I never phoned that bloke from the TV company
So please don't be like this, please please please

Actually now I think about it, what am I guilty about?
I felt like I was in the wrong, I felt like I was the lout
Oi, this is what happened last Saturday now, I think I
remember now
You were ill last Saturday and two weeks before that
little bout
You know I need that medication for my epilepsy now
Or I run the risk of having a fit, you know I can't go
without
So when you being in bed is because last night you got
pissed
It's you that's being selfish, it's you that don't give a
shit

I'm gone, I'll get out your house
Then
I'll never be back again
But
I'll still be 'cieving when
You
Text me to make up and be friends

So there you go
Eh?
Don't try and gimme that shit, right?
'Cos, d'you know what I mean?
You're not exactly...fuckin'..y'know..d'you know what I
mean?
It don't really matter anymore, d'you know what I
mean?
It's hard enough to remember my opinions without
remembering my reasons for them
You're confusing me now

I'm not gonna give you an example
I can't remember an example
You do it all the time
You know, that thing that you do
I...look, I can't remember when you last did it can I?
I'm gone anyway
I'm never gonna darken your towers again, I'll tell you
that
And that thing about Femme Fatale yeah?
She's fit, and she's fitter than you anyway
I like her, d'you know what I mean?
I'm never gonna meet her
So before you get these jealous...I like her, y'know

You can turn that off

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