

## **Streets, The**

# **"The Hardest Way To Make An Easy Living"**

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I need something in my life to straighten me out  
Let's rent this shed, we'll do vocals in the bog  
Call toast PR tell 'em we've opened up shop  
Campaign meetings at Warner, no coke and not drunk  
3 years to make this work, or look a joke and be broke  
Blag their lawyers like the con with a dog  
And there'll be no more straight scores to drop and  
keep dropping  
Settle my gross addictions with my net and come  
Tell my mum over tea that my whole life's fucking up  
We've got two fifty grand in the budget to go  
Subtract five for club promo  
Lose five for a good video and fifteen for a dud video,  
fuck that

It's the hardest way to make an easy living  
The party stage is a bit nearer to delivery

Mayhem textes me about the press and TV  
See if I've taken any Es  
So I can get some sleep  
Nap on the settee, the laptop next to me  
Wince for my family at the skinner scandal of the week  
TV pluggers, product managers straight up  
Club promo needs to step up, help it work  
Stick to our guns, don't crack to demands  
Tell my mum in the car, that the car might have to go  
back  
Two hundred and twenty five grand  
Twenty six grand for a showcase  
And five more on tour support and support story

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We'll never get bankrupt if we never have a go  
This is no ordinary able, I need to flash up my flow  
Go into Morris stead as well as saville row  
I want a pin-stripe suit that no man owns  
Cash in the Kano beat for the silver shadow  
Send it to warrior for the flash and the glow

The safest way to double your money is to fold it in  
your pocket  
Tell my mum during breakfast that I got no sleep  
Eight grand paid in September, April, may and  
December  
If this keeps going so well, this is going to be the end  
of us

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In spread betting it's easy to draw a small fortune start  
With a big fortune and lose into a small fortune  
Haven't got a clue, we blindly charge on  
Death threats from a boy of the girl I sarged on  
She said she didn't have a bloke, another lesson  
marked down  
Verbal agreements aren't worth the paper they're  
marked on  
Get scans of reviews, we beg to chart up  
Tell my mum over tea, the press have started up  
We've spent a fortune  
'Cause with ghost buying it's the end for tune  
We need to sell some records soon

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