

Streets, The "The Sherry End"

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Till the very end
We'll be cast his friends
I've known you better and
You've seen my worst
So let's invent worse

When a good night flounders and it's over
How good it was I tend to know
By adding up or rounding down
The evening's count of jokes
Me and my ilk share a twang that's indeciphered by
other gangs
That's the thing I love about my fine brothers in slang
If it's got a funny story it's made to me
It's not for others in ear splash
It's ours, it's mad, it's many hours spent laughing at
hours past
We smirk or outsmart the quirk that will spark a word
which we will laugh at
It sparked around the crowd this work of art which we
have found

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I love the craze of a latest phrase amazing mongrels of
enjoyment
Crazy paving sayings are a joy to stay with mates
And girls all love the lingo, they curl right up and bingo
They go that extra smile they go the whole damn snog
I mean it though a joke from that one like that was
wrong
That makes no sense really
Shortened to a word then to a nod that is friendship to
me
The secret handshake of three mad mates
That makes me pleased to share traits
In understanding absurdities that mean our brains play

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