

Adam Ant

"Losing Streak"

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That tinpot town went and spat me out
Onto that eastern track
My Dad he gave me a month or two
Before the city spat me back
A flat bed truck picked me up
And I crossed that great divide
I had 3 good days 'til I spent my pay
Now I'm on a downward slide

Oh I'm on a losing streak
Down a paddle I'm up the creek
Mercy be
I'm on a losing streak

The city don't place any worth
On a small town rouseabout
I've never seen so many folks
But so few who'll help you out
Got a kitchen job to earn a bob
Doing nine hours every night
I called my Dad about six weeks in
And said "Ya mongrel, you were right!"

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