

Babyshambles

"Gang Of Gin"

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I get around to singing about
That gang of gin I'm in
Then you'll know most certainly
The kind of game I'm in
You sound around to swinging about
The gang of gin I'm rolling in, oh
Then you'll know
The kind of state I'm in

Who will buy my beautiful roses?
Who will buy my beautiful songs?
Who will buy my beautiful roses?
Who will buy my beautiful songs?

Oh in a nutshell
Yeah in a nutshell, oh
In a nutshell
In a nutshell

I get around to singing about
That gang of gin I'm in
Then you'll know
The kind of game I'm in
She was getting pally with a scally in the alley
Giving head for gear
She calls a spade a spade
Got slit from ear to ear

Who will buy my beautiful roses?
Who will buy my beautiful songs?
Who will buy my beautiful roses?
Who will buy my beautiful songs?

Well I showed no decorum
Spilled my heart out on the forum
Looked like a snapshot
Of the most tragic day

I'll tell you my story
The treachery it bores me
Carl and McGee both promised me
It would not happen this way

Carl is kept sedated
The frontman elevated
And McGee doing all he can to ruin my band
And keep me out the way

In this industry of fools
Musclemen and ghouls
If you're not a puppet or a muppet
Then you might as well call it a day-ayay

The truth here gets distorted
The wall scrapings get snorted
I'm welcome back if I give up crack
But you gave me my first pipe anyway

Can't show no decorum
Posts left on the forum
Was like a snapshot

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