

Basement Jaxx

"Lucky Star"

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Round, round, round we go
So clued up but obviously
Systematically and vigorously
Society behaves so hideously

Quick to move, prove nothing that helps us
We run earth so ridiculously
Guilty, betrayed, so innocently
Earth natives act immigrantly

Grew up parallel to poverty
Little choice did crime for a while
I was born in the court of pocket less
I want to stand judge to put money on trial

Robbery sure did effect me
Kept me in the sight of the old bill
So I state music's the escape
To the front gate, to the house on the hill

This better be my lucky star
I'm too far gone, I've gone too far
This better be my lucky star
I'm too far gone, I've gone too far

Look up, look out
Jump up, jump up
Look up, look out
Jump up, jump up

I've come a little way in a little long time
From doing street robberies and petty crime
I've come far in a little long way
I would just like to say, "I feel fine"

'Cause I was down for a little long gate
Street rat appearance face all bait
I was left in a little long state
I would just like to say, "I feel great"

So don't make me laugh
What do you know about having no money for a trim?

Take school photo's with Jim
What do you know about boiling a kettle for a bath ?

Come on now, be real
What do you know about radio 1, 2, 3?
Bailiffs banging so the neighbors see
What do you know about hustling for a school meal?

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