

## Bellamy Brothers

### "The Boy With The Arab Strap"

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A mile and a half on a bus takes a long time  
The odour of old prison food takes a long time to pass you  
by  
When you've been inside  
Day upon day of this wandering gets you down  
Nobody gives you a chance or a dollar in this old town  
Hovering silence from you is a giveaway  
Squalor and smoke's not your style  
I don't like this place  
We better go  
Then I compare notes with your older sister  
I am a lazy gett, she is as pure as the cold driven snow  
She accepts my confession  
What did you learn from your time in the solitary  
Cell of your mind?  
There was noises, distractions from anything good  
And the old prison food  
Colour my life with the chaos of trouble  
Cause anything's better than posh isolation  
I missed the bus  
You were laid on your back  
With the boy from the arab strap  
With the boy from the arab strap  
It's something to speak of the way you are feeling  
To crowds there assembled  
Do you ever feel you have gone too far?  
Everyone suffers in silence a burden  
The man who drives minicabs down in old compton  
The asian man  
With his love hate affair  
With his racist clientele  
A central location for you is a must  
As you stagger about making free with your lewd and lascivious boasts  
We know you are soft cause we've all seen you dancing  
We know you are hard cause we all saw you drinking from noon  
Until noon again  
You're the boy with the filthy laugh  
You're the boy with the arab strap  
Strapped to the table with suits from the shelter shop  
Comic celebrity takes a back seat as the cigarette catches  
And sets off the smoke alarm  
What do you make of the cool set in london?  
You're constantly updating your hit parade of your ten biggest wanks  
She's a waitress and she's got style  
Sunday bathtime could take a while

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