

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip

"Last Train Home"

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I'm close I'm close I'm there
With ten seconds to spare
And now I'm checking for chairs below the threatening
stares
I've got my ticket, my fare and now the stick in the air
On the last train home yo I don't wanna be there
I just pretend I'm on my phone son, tall dark and
lonesome
Ball park explosion, all night it goes on
This journey is no fun
Keep myself to myself to finish this home run

It's the same every time which plays on my mind
I pray time will find escape from this grind
My mate seems inclined to make this a sign
Maybe I should have stayed home tonight
There ain't no luck in sight
You mothers ruck and fight
You think you hear disdain in my voice your mother
fucking right

Carriage by carriage the spareing savages
If the passenger manages the maximum damage is
On the last train home and I don't wanna be here
They're either stinking of weed or they're stinking of
beer
They're being loud and obscene or they're sitting in
tears
No no this ain't me scene yo I don't wanna be here

Last train home and I don't wanna be here
They're either stinking of weed or they're stinking of
beer
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tears
No no this ain't me scene yo I don't wanna be here

See the city boys in power suits
They try to impose their roles upon the groups
They're drunk and listen to fuel for fear
At times like this I wish I didn't have this beard

See the last train is more stressfull than flying
Which ain't to relaxing for me I ain't lying
Since 9/11 this beard ain't travelled well
Act calm in customs or you'll end up in a holding cell

So mr pip whats your reason for traveling?
Business?
Come this way please

When they went to war with jihad I said no no no
My passport and my visa I did show show show

Maybe I'm a miserable guy but everywhere I look I see
things I despise
Nah I swear I ain't a miserable guy its just that
everywhere I look I see glazed over eyes
And the girls maan, they're worse than the boys
Ten times as rowdy, ten times the noise
What might've looked good under neon lighting
On the last train home looks straight up frightening
Cos the things that glitter ain't platinum
It's just the smoke and mirrors distracting em
They might be fine on their own but with a pack of em
They terrorise from tillbury to dagenham

So I just sit there in silence
The only way to avoid all the violence
Writing rhymes in my mind inspired by them
It's either that or stand up and fight them

Speak instead of hollah
Lead instead of follah
I plead and I implore ya
To leave this drunken squallah
The choice is there before ya
So grab it by the collar
Ah fuck it this is my stop.....

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