

Dogs

"Little Pretenders"

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Right now i think i'm better off out with a packet of
snouts and a shivering face than the place called home
i

just come from, there's trouble brewing,
it wouldn't be long

So it's with the boys go spitting in the park with the
freezing outlooks and boiling hearts
buyright cowboys eyes like my mischeif a possie on
pushbikes looking for business

hoods up in flying formation chase the memories away
like little pretenders to the old east enders a Ronnie
and Reggie craze

Pray to the alter of the old bus stop

Pray for a better off life

'Till a distant war drums heavy inside

woss up with Paul, he's pullin out a knife

Oi Paul! i said you off your face if you think there's
glory it's East 1 mate not West Side Story
put the fuckin knife away or they'll bang you up for
the rest of your days

He looks at me with the Devil in his eyes 'are you on
my side or are yu mechandised'?!
i dont need yu no more, i'm better on me own
and with a stab stab stab he left me in the road

hoods up in flying formation see the old gentleman
run like little pretenders to the old east enders
'you aint no gangster son'

you know i fought two wars for your skinny behinds
you kind dont deserve pro life

'till a distant war drums heavy inside as i fall to the
floor Paul's pullin out a knife

He's given up on life

Stupid!!

hoods up in flying formation chase the memories away
like little pretenders to the old east enders riding to a
better day

Pray to the alter of the old bus stop

Pray for a better off life
'Till a distant war drums heavy inside
woss up with Paul, he's pullin out a knife

And i'm burning inside

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