

## Edwin Starr

### "Mine Is At"

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I slept in the subway  
Just for a ruse  
No stars for company  
Just a bottle of booze  
See my lifestyle ain't changed much  
I just take more risks  
That's remarkably easy  
When you're remarkably pissed

Good times, bad times  
Talking blues and spinning rhymes  
And this is where mine is at  
This is where mine is at  
Through strange times, deranged times  
I've only taken what was mine  
And this is where mine is at  
This is where mine is at

I moved to the country  
Bought a rooster and hen  
It's just the drink talking  
I've been at it again  
See I love to bullshit  
Though I'm more honest than most  
As I write from my cottage  
On the Derbyshire coast

Good times, bad times  
Talking blues and spinning rhymes  
And this is where mine is at  
This is where mine is at  
Through strange times, deranged times  
I've only taken what was mine  
And this is where mine is at  
This is where mine is at

The lies that I swallowed  
Force fed as a child  
A promise so hollow  
My anger, my bile  
Now my head is swimming

The heather's on fire  
The bottle's been opened  
But the genie's expired

Good times, bad times  
Talking blues and spinning rhymes  
And this is where mine is at  
This is where mine is at  
Through strange times, deranged times  
I've only taken what was mine  
And this is where mine is at  
This is where mine is at  
This is where mine is coming from  
This is where mine is at

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