

## Humble Gods

### "Beckton Dumps"

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Baby!  
I can't seem to open my eyes  
But I must get out of this bed  
'Cause the phone keeps ringing downstairs  
And I know that this ain't no place for a sleepy head  
I go down to my chest  
Oh! Yer!  
Put on my old string vest  
Swing it on baby  
Well I feel like I'm in need  
So I go back up for a smoke  
And then I slip back in my easy chair  
Then I give my lucky dog a stroke  
Well he just gives me a wink  
And I know what that mean now  
Well it mean that I need to put on his lead  
If I don't want a mess on my cheap pan  
That's cool  
'Cause I know I can trust him  
To grab the fuzz if they bust in  
Get him boy! Oh! yer!  
Well what does it take  
To make a jelly roll?  
Who can you sell?  
When I wake up to a grey day  
How do I ship away so easily?  
Oh!  
Baby!  
Baby!  
Well I feel too old to get a hair cut  
And I ain't had a shave in months  
Now when I don't go out  
I keep my door shut  
And I get on back to good old Beckton Dumps  
Drowning!  
Now warn ya!  
I'll be right back!  
I won't go there!

