

James "Whiteboy"

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Five nights, no sleep
My minds battered
Stock market free-fall
Dreams shattered

Lost cause, pulled up
A sure winner
Made a few bob, in a new job
As a serial killer

You wanna talk to me, white boy, man
You wanna talk to me, white boy, boy, man
You wanna talk to me, white boy, man

Every night microwaved TV dinners
Mobile phones make her brain shimmer
Don't say the c word she got the all clear
That jokes bad taste and so dog eared

My mum says I look like Yul Brynner
Too old for Hamlet, too young for Lear
Got a shaved head, lost weight, fakir

Got a pierced lip 'cause it's still hip to appear queer

You wanna talk to me, white boy, man
You wanna talk to me, white boy, boy, man
You wanna talk to me, white boy, man

And I'm all mashed up
Mum's droning on and on and on and on
And I'm all mashed up
Mum's droning on and on and on and on

She wants this, she wants that
She wants bling, she wants tat
She wants creams
That can cover the cracks

Wedded bliss, cancer scans
She wants family man
Self-esteem and her old body back

She says

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