

Jamie Stevens

"Pacemaker"

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Pacemaker

Juveniles, hide your porno mags
The girl's got problems at her yard so she's packing up
her bags full of rags
Her man got down from Po Na Na
While the Madre still in the kitchen smokes a 20-deck
fags
Body bags come back on planes from wartorn Iraq
It's the stark naked truth, a dark aftermath
Baby T, the juice and the dog just barks
Remember man the bully always had the last laugh
It was a blast last night down the old 12 Bar
White socks, black shoes with the ballads in the car
With a lump in the throat she won't understand
Twos on a cigarette it's all blah blah
Bloody obli obla dah glug down liquor
Life goes on for all the daytrippers
Starts off small but it's gonna get bigger
By the end of this letter it may all be better
Well she's always asking with the who, where and how
The girls say ooh la la
Well if I had another chance I'd do it differently now
And the girls say ooh la la la la la la
From Trafalger Square where the crackpipe reeking
To in your dark damp flat, the ceiling's leaking
You fell in love when you first started chatting
But got so bored cause she never stopped speaking
Consider this son on the bad behaviour
He's keeping all the freebies, delivering the papers
You hate us, shake down fakers
Oh, you'll never get nowhere
Cause I'm the pacemaker
(Keepup, runny runny run run)
Pretty please me, oh, she's easy on the eye
Some say that today only the good young die
Ipee-oh-kai-yay, it's been right good day
I wanna ask questions but I don't mean to pry
How did you get to where you going to before you
came slowly moseying through this bar?
You started your race, Jonny Cockeral wants his money
Give up the man he's a fruit and nut bar

(I'm serious, he's a real nutter)
Oh, I gotta see the GP, coughing up lungs
Doc says stop or you're going die young
I haven't even started to do what I done
You young don't listen, you just carry on
Well, we heard it before when your song got sung
Get a grip son
Why?
Cause you're always drunken
We're not captains just skivvy sunken
Humdrum drum, drum, live fast die young
Mr Skin stumbling, the road rocky
Trespassers on the private property
Remember back then it was the ranter banter
Young sons watched their young Pas get cancer
Vagabond Sandy crying out for he missed her
Missed her so much that he went drank the brewery
So sing-a-long Sam this is a song about you
We all went out and we got pissed-ola
I don't wanna fight he's a right big cunt
But the fellas say go on my son, my son
It's all a bit of fun 'til someone gets done
But the fellas say go on my son, my son
Well, I'm more likely to pick up and run
But the fellas say go on my son, my son
Ah fuck it, well, he's a right big cunt
But I'll knock him one, fuck that
Run, run

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