

Jamie T

"On Holiday"

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First line last line a tick from the mad man
Tambourine Sam hit the bells hard like van damme
Ramshackle both hands slam into a shoe box
Tick a tock a clock watch a band from the right
incited heavy violence with bottles, bricks, bits and
bobs
scared the tyrants
innocence we all got sirens
sound from the silence
Migrants run up through your tunnels, end up in the
highlands
Bygones are long gone
and my love is oh so realistically near none
strongest still here son
car parked argument a man woman re-run
the same old backchat targetting the loved one
highly strong person
staggers round old london
knows most mans from the harlesden to junction
blaggered off a potion
approachin'
polka dot loves with a notion
an unprovoked token

She's away, get away get away on a holiday
Ain't no need to be givin' notice
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No corner stone turned over
I come with a creak through the floorboard
crack when you bunning on your sofa
shiver down your sides long time
a cold shoulder drive your man awake way like daisy
chauffered for them five minutes
a fucking soldiers shellshock patient trapped in on your
own
blood red water drank from the river
since trouble (?) they poisoning your liver
first line and last line the fuck you can figure
all this stress is the finger on the trigger

bootlickin country a (?) russia
just don't wanna tell you stop now or never
with a tripped up bootleg and the vinyl skipping
soundtrack to (?)
bought from a man with the yellow stained tongue
I got the strum (?)
I'm halfway up the wall to where my song got sung
of the crimes we done
the time we done
about the son he shunned
from much too young
(?) far flung with a stone unturned
they seemed to be burnt from the mic mans angry
the pockets too jangly
the prophets go start and stumble
walls of jericho crumble
the screaming of the innocents trapped in the rubble.

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Well I thank you all very much for coming this evening.
It really made my night.
It would have been real strange here if nobody would a
showed up.

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