

# Jamie T

## "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 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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