

Jamie T

"So Lonely Was The Ballad"

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So lonely was the ballad
Harmonica man Sam was so knackered after jives of
love
He puts on the gloves and then puts on his hat
Then it's home to the missus who sits on his tongue

Selfish sons with their packs of cigarettes
Forking out two take your girl with the ticket
Sometimes sane other times not with it
Standing at the picket, man your hands they're
freezing

Girls with their pearls on the flex of Monroe
It's an half g blow Marilyn's gone loco
Navaho, hi ho silver
Hey ho, let's go dancing with the average joes

We talk with their fists and argue with their friends
Always take the piss but they're loyal in the end
But watch out 'cause they'll steal your girlfriend
Take her 'round the back; she'll come back limping

Girls singing on the bus, fellas kicking up a fuss
Crying out sighs but they're still looking dangerous
Oh, this is definitely all for you
Living life in the fast lane and a
Give it up when you got no game, well, oh
Oh, this is definitely all for you

So remember when you choke there's a reason being
We leaving the town 'cause we ain't been believing
Blowing up smoke from the lungs to the ceiling
Making sure nightmares turn up when you're dreaming

We all good, we can bounce this way
On the mike everyday, kicking up the country, oh
Good time in the old city
Who listening and who wants more?

'Cause the girls singing on the bus, fellas kicking up a
fuss
Crying out sighs and they're still looking dangerous

Oh, this is definitely all for you
Living life in the fast lane and a
Give it up when you got no game
I said, ?Oh, this is definitely all for you?

And how it was they noticed
How the panic times subsided after listening to this
tape
So, we would appreciate your feedback

People who have panic attacks
Often feel that they should be able to deal with them
And indeed the resources you need are already within
you
It's just that sometimes the appropriate responses
To a particular situation are not immediately accessible

Some of them said you never made the cut
And young son break away wanna be older
Sober as a judge as the door slammed shut
Three bags full and a yes for the no sir

Say as you leave them, "Get up and go, go"
Say, "Hello, showaddy waddy wa wo wo"
There's never been a better way
Than getting right out of this town on Monday

Well, I still wear my old tap shoes, they fit
You and me looked twelve years old back
When I was ten whilst boozy Suzie
Got woozy with a hoozy, advantage taken

If I ever see again that chaperon
Get kicked in the teeth by street-done tone
Well, her dress is ripped and her shoes are soaking
One step, three back, drinking potion

Girls singing on the bus, fellas kicking up a fuss
Crying out sighs and they're still looking dangerous
Oh, this is definitely all for you
Living life in the fast lane and a
Give it up when you got no game
Well oh, this is definitely all for you

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