

Lightyear "200 Kebab Shops"

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Scarred elbows and a brain
A lot less pungent but eventually it smells the same
Of out-of-date normality
A best before performance which I needed
Its a drug technically
Get in, load in, load out
We argue, we shout
Some lyrics, attention that we should pay
We don't speak enough
I struggle to say
Ten hours sitting in a van
Would probably even turn
Noam Chomskys brain to spam
(Deterring Democracy)
Two hundred pubs
Two hundred kebab shops
(Its doing my fucking head in)
Two hundred pubs
Two hundred kebab shops
(Im a gold bullion with lead in)
Bring me Ben Lee, a bit of dry ground
Three sixty flips which I lost then found
Bring me some strings and maybe two tins
A cheap talkplan but not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
I realise Ive
Been priveleged
To lead this life
Although I need new shoes
So sometimes my feet itch and my
Council of Elrond tells me to try something new
Terribly Sorry Bob you can't take Bad Karma
My Self Abused
Or my Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain
Im afraid you wont leave with
Something to Remember Me By
Two hundred pubs
Two hundred kebab shops
(Its doing my fucking head in)

Two hundred pubs
Two hundred kebab shops
(Im a gold bullion with lead in)
Bring me Ben Lee, a bit of dry ground
Three sixty flips which I lost then found
Bring me some strings and maybe two tins
A cheap talkplan but not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
(Not too many rings)
Well yeah, I find this really hard to do. I love being in a
band, there's
Nothing like performing and playing live, and meeting
people; but
Sometimes it all gets a bit too much. There are a few
months where
Youre surviving on three pounds a day, which is three
portions of
Chips and whatever we can steal off the big headline
band. Im
Spending that much time in a van with other people, it's
a bit of a
Headfuck to say the least. The point of this song was to
say that as
Well as seeing hundreds of venues last year, we also
saw hundreds of
Kebab shops; and that touring can be very mentally
and physically
Tiring. it's weird - normally on tour after a few weeks Im
so tired I
Become a zombie, get loose in the village and talk to
anyone. I
Consider myself to love communicating with people,
but I hate the way
That I develop this psychosis. I try, but shit just comes
out which has
Absolutely no conviction what'ssoever. I think that
people think were
Making loads of money because were in a band, and I
know I might
Sound like a cunt but don't ask me to buy you a beer
cause Im in
The band, cause Im skint; but I'll happily steal one from
OPM if you
Want. This is a complete ramble by the way, and I think
that when
Household Name hear this, they'll be like What the fuck
is Chas
Doing? but I would like to say thank you for coming to
all our shows;

I really just don't understand how the band got from
playing in Jims
Garage while I was singing down a headphone on a
bamboo pole in
Front of two viewers, Jims dog and his sisters, to
playing to the
Thousands of people... Im writing this five minutes
before we do the
Recording. Im so sad.

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