Chumbawamba
"The Big Issue"

Visit "The Big Issue" on MotoLyrics.com

There are those, spend the night
Under bridges
Over by the river, down in the park
Through the winter
But there's a house that I know
Safe and warm
And no-one ever goes there
Down where the priests, bless the wine

She's been born into the wrong time
She keeps nonsense on her mind
She's a poet, she's a builder
She's as bored as bored can be
She's a have-not, she's a know-all
She knows just how to say, "Yes"
She's skating frozen chaos
Till the no good Gods are dead

But sometimes in the dead of night
Woken by the city lights
She wonders how she keeps alive

This is the girl who
Lost the house which
Paid to the man who
Put up the rent and
Threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home

She's a clueless social climber
Likes the wrong side of the bed
She's a pick-me-up and she's a
Drink-to-me in the company of friends
She's tried every variation
She's so common, she's so cold
She's homesick for a future
Can't stomach what she's told

On every street in every town
All her days are up and down
At home among the lost-and-founds

This is the girl who
Lost the house which
Paid to the man who
Put up the rent and
Threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home

Here's the good Samaritan
Looks away and carries on
Looks away and carries on

This is the girl who
Lost the house which
Paid to the man who
Put up the rent and
Threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home

This is the girl who
Lost the house which
Paid to the man who
Put up the rent and
Threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home

This is the girl who
Lost the house which
Paid to the man who
Put up the rent and
Threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home

This is the girl who
Lost the house which
Paid to the man who
Put up the rent and
Threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home

Thank you for every tree and flower
Thank you for every sky of pool
Thank you I should be every hour
Truly thanking you