

Chumbawamba

"The Big Picture"

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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 wonder's 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-found...

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

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