

Marble Arch

"It's A Mugs Game"

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Oh God its another night
And your head is feeling
Like a lump of lead
You should never have drunk
Those party-fours
You should of been home being good instead

Ever been in a deja vue
And the end is the same again
You ran out of your silver thins
And youre trying to be so high class
Though you need a bath and your hairs looking like
string
And though youre nearly broke you end up paying for
all the drinks
And you tell them oh its nothing
Theres a million where those come from
And then you whisper to your longest-suffering friend
please lend me a few quid

Oh God its another day
And your stomachs feeling
Like a blown-up balloon
You should never have eaten that greasy food
The doctor told you that chile was bad for your blood

And youre standing at the chemist in boots
Coughing up your guts like youre at deaths door
All this for a packet of do-dos
And the assistant gives you a wink and you turn bright
red
Its at time like this that you wish you were dead
And you take the whole packet and you feel like youve
drunk
A bottle of bleach
And you tell yourself never, never again
Well, not until next week anyway
And you were never one for holding drink
And you stagger off to the toilet
And you throw up like it was christmas
And you miss the bowl and you hit your shoes

And theres no paper towels
Now what else can go wrong for you
Its a choice between a cab fare home
And a packet of cigarettes
So you choose and the money sticks
In the machine and the manager says
tough shit - drink up and leave

Oh God its another disease
And you just got rid of the last
You were beginning to feel ok
And the friends you gave it to
Were speaking to you again.

And you find yourself having sex
In the back of a car
And the girl underneath
Doesnt care who you are
And youre nearly there
And she still doesnt care
And her chewing gum
Is getting stuck in your hair
And theres something wrong
Something that you forgot
Oh shit, youve forgotten the rubber
And you dont want a kid
Well, deny it was you
If your dad finds out
Then hell make you stay in
And do your homework
And cut your hair
And wear your school uniform
Out in the street
Oh what a fate worse than death
Oh well he cant hit you
You can hit him back
And play your records so loud
All the ones that he especially hates
Deep purple in rock, led zeppelin ii
Well even you hate those
Well on second thoughts
I think Ill leave home
And go and live in america
Because they earn more money there
And they can get away with murder - yeah!

Oh this is a mugs game
I cant wait until Im twenty one
And I can tell them all to sod off.

