

Robbie Williams

"90's"

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Picking up the story from where I left off
It's 1990 now so school can fuck off
I got no GCSEs, nothing higher than a 'D'
I couldn't tell me mum because she'd batter me

Me and Tate sat on the bowling green, life was a shitter
We had five quid between us and bought six cans of
bitter
I took me ten Benson home and I smoked through the
sorrow
If I could just avoid me Mum, maybe I'd tell her
tomorrow

I stumbled through the door I said, "Mum it's like this"
She said, "That man's been on the phone and you've
made the list
You're in that boy band son, come and give us a kiss?
Phoned up Martin and Rich and carried on getting
pissed

Boys I don't believe it, I'm goin' to be famous
Pick you up in a Porsche and buy you lots of trainers
I met the other guys, one seemed like a cock
I think it's going to be like 'New Kids On The Block'

I can't be bothered 'cause I'm lazy
(I only wanted to get down)
I hate those that hate me
I can't forgive and it's crazy, baby

Now I'm a video star
(I'm making trouble in this town)
Do you know who you are, baby?
(For the five of us)

I adopted four brothers, some I liked more than others
One was like a brother from another mother
But the lead singer made it hard to like him
And I still loved him, despite him

The first three months, you know I nearly quit
I played snooker with my Dad, he said "Don't be a dick

Unload the bullets, you're mind is a gun
You're gonna shoot yourself when they're number one?

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Now it's dinner with Versace, lunch with Princess Diana
And I'm gonna get battered if I go out in my manor
'Cause as much as we were loved we were also hated
The boys got jealous 'cause the girls got plated

And now we're famous and that, and we're dancing
and that
And I'm thinking I can sing why am I stood at the back
So fuck the band give me Sambuka and gak
Now we're all a band of nerves, you know a band of
brothers

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And now it's breaking my heart because the dream's
turned to shit
It ain't broke but I'll break it in a little bit
And I'm always in trouble but I've stopped saying sorry
Everybody's worried ?What the fuck's wrong with
Robbie?

He's not answering his phone, he's not talking to me
I saw him on the telly at Glastonbury?
And now I'm running away from everything that I've
been
And I'm pissed and I'm fucked, and I'm only nineteen

I can't conform no more, I can't perform no more
But the boys know I'm fucked and so they show me the
door

And if the truth be told I wasn't fit enough to stay
So I put my head down and walked away
That was the 90's, '90 to '95

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