

Scorcher "Final Chapter"

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"Yeah, you listening?"
We went from the perfect couple
To workless double
We started out head over heels,
Cinema, shopping, regular meals.
It was life in the fast lane;
She used to hold me close on the back of the bike
It was actually like this girl was my actual wife.
When we hit the sack for the night,
I ent got a clue why she got up for work
Made breakfast in crystal top and a skirt,
She even helped me break down boxes of work,
I thought she'd be with me till I hit the box in the dirt,
But things didn't work out perfect, they worked out
workless,
And now my fools are searching.

"Yano like when you got a good thing? And you fuck it
up?"

Yeah, eh listen,
I thought we could make it work,
But tryna be friends just makes it hurt
And it's all my fault cos "she'll never leave" was all I
thought,
I was so wrong, she's so gone, the pain that I'm
feeling's so strong,
I ent felt like this before, cos girls like felt like shit
before,
Real talk I missed the point, she went from my friend,
girlfriend,
Other half, to other past,
Sometimes I'd be out with my friends and be down as
fuck,
About what the couple lost,
I put a brave face on things but it doesn't mask,
Cos they really know me, and it shows that I'm really
lonely,
Cos when there's a big group of girlies,
I ent in the mood for trupsing' I fall back,
And if I get balls to chat and take down numbers,
I don't wanna call back, cos other girls bring back

memories,
Of the good times writing diary,
The good lives, breakfast in bed, the good nights,
But now it's goodnight for real, that's why I gotta say
goodbye for real,
It's my time to chill,

"Yeah, I gotta let go, I gotta let go, yeah, it's the final
chapter..."

"Look eh look"

Who would of thought me and you would of tore?
It felt like everything felt right, and then I took things
too far.
I cheated, argued, hit you a bit too hard,
And so we ain't making my wrongs right,
I should never of fucked that girl in the spotlight,
I forgot that I cared, somehow forgot you were there,
But you know what you got when it's gone,
And I took you forgot granted, the trust the brick and I
piled it,
The drugs you hid, the cupboard you stuffed with
bricks,
The day them dukes ran up in your crib with a couple of
sticks,
Them times are really crazy, I was on the run, police
were chasing,
And you stood right by my side,
Until I fucked up for a girl with a voice,
When you deep down were the girl of my choice,
I wish I could take it back, I miss my baby bad.

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