

## **The Metros "Robbin' Hood"**

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It's a common misconception that  
Beer is a repressive, but a matter of fact  
I think, I can tell you from experience that's  
Simply not the case  
Half 10 and you're down the boozier  
Playing pool and he's a bar-room bruiser  
Few pints and a packet of crisps  
Starts talking with his fists

All the alchies I know always talk about love  
See what they're missing, and cause a big fuss  
Last orders! What's the rush!

And beer, and coke, and speed, and pills, and grimey  
venues, cheap thrills, and I don't know, drugs kill, but  
boredom makes me ill.

Lalalalalala  
Whoa Whoa Whoa  
Oh Oh  
And it's all too late (lalala)  
Degradation of the welfare states (Whoa whoa whoa)  
Spirals into hate  
Whatever happened to the greater good?  
Like Che Guevara and Robin Hood  
And I don't know

And it's Friday night and you've had too much  
There's a pretty girl and you've fallen in love  
But she soon finds out you've had enough  
Another night, sleeping rough  
And don't worry that you're on the floor  
It doesn't matter that your balance has gone AWOL  
And I'll be find with another pint  
It wasn't me who started that fight

Confidence is like inconsistent  
It's not morality, it's like non-existent  
Like and double vision  
But you hit the deck, with sweet precision

And beer, and coke, and speed, and pills, and grimey

venues, cheap thrills, and I don't know, drugs kill, but  
boredom makes me ill.

Lalalalalala  
Whoa Whoa Whoa  
Oh Oh And it's all too late (lalala)  
Degradation of the welfare states (Whoa whoa whoa)  
Spirals into hate  
Whatever happened to the greater good?  
Like Che Guevara and Robin Hood  
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