

## The Streets "Memento Mori"

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### "Memento Mori"

Ah, what was the question  
Oh yeah, momento mori  
It means remember it's inevitable that we will all die  
It sounds quite depressing when said so raw and direct  
But it means don't hang yourself on a material life  
But that gets dropped when I'm bop on shopping day  
Am I shallow, am i hung up on such wrong ways  
Yes I am shallow and loving every wrong play  
If love is blind then why do we all buy lingerie  
I've got nothing in my life away from the studio  
So when I'm loose I end up consuming dough

Memento mori, memento mori  
It's latin and it says we must all die  
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit  
So I buy buy buy buy buy buy

If I start to think of life I have prangs of paranoia  
Pull one stripey shirt off a racks or another  
Overthink my fate grasping a pastel jumper  
Panic buy a flight home, prang though actually sober  
Change my mind and fly back into vegas  
Buy more pastel shades and some famous labels  
Frame the ferrari through the day with the mayhem  
Just to forget about the race in my head  
I don't really care about the luck and the look  
But driving a ferrarri is fucking book

Memento mori, memento mori  
It's latin and it says we must all die  
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit  
So I buy buy buy buy buy buy

I think if I could see me now from my growing past  
I'd Hate the shirted cunt that seems to be so fucking  
flash  
I reckon from the threads I think all I think's about cash  
But my manager tells me I ought to think about cash  
It's like people don't know the eighties started  
My car just keeps carding with the card machine

You don't regard the old you, driving a ferrarri  
Mine's the driving license through Nevada at speed  
I never think about money  
In fact I have no idea how much money I have

Memento mori, memento mori  
It's latin and it says we must all die  
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit  
So I buy buy buy buy buy buy

Chilly 'n carmen air sips as I'm parting her hair  
But I'm an asbo drinker I want to be chilly parkair  
But asbo drinkers just don't dig my art and my flair  
Even if they dig my asbo driving, past their carlight  
flair  
Sometimes when I my diamond trinkets with my whores  
I know I've strayed a bit from my old sins and my walks  
But then I laugh out loud that my car still fucking talks  
I feel awful for a bit but at least I'm not poor

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