

End

"No Time For Tears"

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The morning after the revolution
Pc1525 told me there was no real solution
Bruised ribs and ripped up jacket
Money all in the road
Some blonde with a big fat mouth
Screaming while I'm on my way home

We've gotta get out the city
We've gotta get out the way
We've got cash in the kitty
We've got to get on a plane
Gotta get on

There's no time for tears
When you live in the real world
There's no time for tears
When you live in the real world

Getting back to an empty flat
Head thumping even more
Screwed up wrappers
From a takeaway dinner
Scattered all over the floor
This isn't glamorous
It's not rock and roll
This is england on a saturday night
This is a nation's soul

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