

## **Liptones**

### **"No Way Out"**

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He's never been late to work  
No, not a single time  
And he consider that people on the dole  
Is committing a crime

And he say, -if you don't work  
Then you shouldn't eat  
And he consider him self as perfect  
But he's just full of shit

He's living inside a dream and there's no way out

Every Friday he goes down to the trotting Corse  
To try his luck  
He is dreaming of a million pound  
But I don't think he'd survive the shock, no

He just lose all his money  
Every time it's the same  
And then he start to drink again  
To forget his pain

Or is he living in a nightmare  
Sometimes it can be hard to tell

Yes, he loves his wife  
In his own special way  
'Cause she cook and washes his clothes  
Every single day

And he takes her for granted  
As he always has done  
But when he is at work  
She invite the postman to have some fun

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