

Slim

"Nice With It"

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I feel like having a great big party,
That'll last until the day I grow old.
Or pretending I've lost my marbles,
So I never have to do what I'm told.

Now I'm a few pews short of a church, my friend.
But you know we all go in the end.
But in the meantime, I feel fine.
So after all this time,
Don't you ever come around my house again.

Meanwhile; tell me I am crazy.
Tell me that the lights are on,
But there's no-one in.

Spending my days like fly on the wall,
Too stupid to face the facts.
But everytime I play it this way it's pitiful,
They slap my face but pat my back.

If my trainers were Puma then I'm sorry, old pal,
Because you only sing when you're fishing.
And we've seen it. we've been it, we're trying hard,
To figure a dignified way out.

So there'll be no more Mr nice guy from now on.
Or there'll be no-one left to mourn us when we're
gone

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