

Streets

"All Got Our Runnins"

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Again I step out my yard
Head swings 'round, clocks my landlord
Start chippin? up the road 'cos I owe him three-weeks
dough
The ship?s sinkin?, tele?s on the blink
An? in the pub it?s one beer to last all evening
Later on chips for feedin?

When the quids are down try sneakin? a bottle of
brandy
'Round bouncers into the Ministry Of Sound
Scored, Moffat, back indoors with a profit
?Cos they do say that havin? no money forces one to
make
The right choices on life each day
If you can?t pay you can?t play

Success hides a multitude of sins
But I ain?t successful and my piggy-bank?s still in the
bin
Been there since I was a kid
Goin? 'round in circles, not being careful but say
?I get paid on Friday, can?t wait to live life my way?

?Cos on the streets I?m just a geezer
I gotta make ends meet, yeah
Gotta do what I need to
Shit, we all got our runnin?s now

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Gotta do what I need to
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Brut pocket I?m back in the Burassic seat again
After spending sixty pound last week on beers with
friends

Brought it all on myself see, granted
Now I?m scorin? draw for everyone to get my next
spliff sorted

Hang 'round mum?s house to get smothered
Got no tins in the cupboard this week

Hold on to your seat ?cos it?s all gone a bit Pete
Live for the moment said he, "Wrong"
Downin? beers out of my tree, now the moment?s
passed
The cash is a distant memory

You know things are bleak when you?re tellin? the birds
you asked out
Last week that things are busy
When really you?ve got no dough in the piggy
Two days after pay day?s clocked
And it?s back at The Black Dog stuffin? them socks
Into pool table pockets

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I?m skint, got no moolah
Need to get some colour in my cheeks says mum
That?ll be my English inner city tan
I?m skinny like a woman, need to get some punan?
through the door
"Please Sir, can I have some more?"

Oi, oi, lend me a tenner so I can go to the chip-shop
Twenty-four garage and then for a quick top
This time opting for the reassuringly cheap option

When the quids are down
my Schott hoodie's my ball gown
My essential accessory is my bad day frown 'cos
Life in the third-class carriage can be evil
When your only ticket to freedom is a permit to travel
So, Uncle Shiner, you best go get the spade and dig
me a grave
'Cos I can't pay the rent but I got
Hundred-and-nine pound pair o' trainers on

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La la la
And then this geezer turned 'round to me and said
'What are you doing, you twat?' and I was like
'What the fuck, is this, what are you saying, you div??
Oi, that's it

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