

## Streets

# "Geezers Need Excitement"

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Geezers need excitement  
If their lives don't provide them this they incite violence  
Common sense, simple common sense  
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Out the club about three, to the take away  
The shit in a tray merchants  
Shops got special perchant for the disorderly  
Geezers looking ordinary and a few looking leery  
Chips fly 'round to the sound of the latest chart entry  
An incendiary waiting to blast

No harm with the contest, who can throw the furthest  
Behind the counter they look nervous, but  
Carry on cutting the finest cuts of chicken from the big  
spinning stick  
Then over flies a chip, flips, and hits you on the back  
You spin 'round on the attack "Fuck you playing at?"  
He looks like a Cheshire cat, almost falls down

Your frowns and Superman eye lasers don't even  
register  
By now you want to leather this twat  
And forever your gonna regret that, your choice of path  
So mash his head up and your girl's now fed up  
But stop to think and it's never gonna be  
The Jackie Chan scene it could have been to end up

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So you owe someone money subbing scunny  
Best pay me Billy, no worries  
One fifty on Sunday  
But in someway that turns into Wednesday  
Then goes straight to pay on a hazy evening in the

local bar cafe  
What a way, what a way

Just to recap for those at the back  
This is everyday tit for tat you owe your dealer  
And can't pay back fee  
Suddenly he's the baddy  
So you tell your mates you could  
Have him anyway, to look 'geez'

But he's a shady fuck, Beamer three series  
Lock, stock and two fat fucks backing him up  
Can't convey enough of his desire for the paper stuff  
In a blunt fashion, Billy's angry with a passion  
So please just accept it ain't happening and go back to  
your runnings  
'Cause you might get yourself in trouble one of these  
days

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Get hold of this bird after pub closing hours  
Would your girl like this?  
No don't think so somehow, in the winter showers  
But she'll never know and your face will never show shit  
This is how goes it and besides she was well fit  
And who could resist

Move up to the next place, a smooth club  
To flex bass beats and your best mates all down  
Nice sound, Smirnoff ice rounds  
MC's clowning, [Incomprehensible] boys frowning  
Every thing's sweet, every thing's tucked in  
And 'round here we're all downing

But all of a sudden though, just through the smoke  
Is your bird laughing and joking with a bloke?  
Ain't just that either, as she moves closer  
Miss-shape what looks like their lover, he's tonguing  
her  
All rage sweeps up through your torso  
You're more so ready to go over and show him who's  
man

Football fan style  
Leave it in the can for a while

'Cause even as they smile he's still got choices  
Don't listen to them voices  
Then at the end of the day you may just have caused  
this  
So leave the forces

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