

Streets

"Geezerz Need Excitement"

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Geezerz 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
Geezerz looking ordinary and a few looking leary
Chips fly round 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 girls 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

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