

## Streets

# "The Irony Of It All"

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Hello, hello, my name's Terry and I'm a law-abider  
There's nothin' I like more than gettin' fired up on beer  
And when the weekend's here  
I exercise my right to get paralytic and fight

Good Bloke fairly  
But I get well leery when geezers look at me funny  
Bounce 'em round like bunnies  
I'm likely to cause mischief

Good clean grief you must believe  
And I ain't no thief, law-abidin' and all, all legal  
And who cares about my liver when it feels good?  
What you need is some real manhood

Rasher, rasher, burnin' cash up  
Puttin' people's backs up  
Public disorder, I'll give you public disorder  
I down eight pints and run all over the place

Spit in the face of an officer, see if that bothers ya  
'Cause I never broke a law in my life  
Some day I'm gonna settle down with a wife  
Come on lads let's have another fight

Um, hello, my name's Tim and I'm a criminal  
In the eyes of society I need to be in jail  
For the choice of herbs I inhale  
This ain't no wholesale operation

Just a few eighths and some play station's my vocation  
I pose a threat to the nation  
And down the station the police hold no patience  
Let's talk space and time

I like to get deep sometimes  
And think about Einstein and Carl Jung  
And old Kung Fu movies I like to see  
Pass the hydrator please, yeah, I'm floatin' on thin air

Going to Amsterdam in the New Year, top gear there  
'Cause I take pride in my hobby

Home-made bong using my engineering degree  
"Dear leaders, please legalize weed for these reasons"

Like I was saying to him, I told him, "Fuck with me and  
you won't live"

So I smacked him in the head and downed another  
carling

Bada bada bing, for the lad's like, mad fight  
His face a sad sight, Vodka and Snake Bite

Going on like a right geez, he's a twat  
Shouldn't have looked at me like that  
Anyway, I'm an upstandin' citizen  
If a war came along I'd be on the front line with 'em

Can't stand crime either, them hooligans  
On heroin, drugs and criminals  
Those thugs are the pinnacle of the downfall of society  
I've got all the anger pent up inside of me

You know, I don't see why I should be the criminal  
How can somethin' with no recorded fatalities be  
illegal?  
And how many deaths are there per year from alcohol?  
I just completed gran turismo on the hardest settin'

We pose no threat on my city  
Ooh, the pizza's here, will someone let him in please?  
We didn't order chicken  
Not a problem, we'll pick it out

I doubt they meant to mess us about  
After all we're all adults, not louts  
As I was sayin', we're friendly peaceful people  
We're not the ones out there causin' trouble

We just sit in this hazy bubble with our quarters  
Discussing how beautiful Gail Porter is  
MTV, BBC 2, Channel 4 is on until six in the mornin'  
Then six in the mornin' the sun dawns and it's my  
bedtime

Causin' trouble?  
Your stinkin' rabble boys  
Saying I'm the lad who's spoilin' it  
You're on drugs

It really bugs me when people try and tell me I'm a thug  
Just for gettin' drunk, I like gettin' drunk  
'Cause I'm an upstandin' citizen  
If a war came along I'd be on the front line with 'em

Now Terry, you're repeatin' yourself  
But that's okay, drunk people can't help that  
A chemical reaction happenin' inside your brain  
Causes you to forget what you're sayin'

What? I know exactly what I'm sayin'  
I'm perfectly sane  
You stinkin' student lameo  
Go get a job and stop robbin' us of our taxes

Um, well actually accordin' to research  
Government fundin' for further education pales in  
insignificance  
When compared to how much they spend on repairin'  
leery drunk people At the weekend, in casualty wards  
all over the land

Why you cheeky little swine come here  
I'm gonna batter ya, come here

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