

Larry Parks

"Empty Cans"

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If I want to sit in and drink super tenants in the day I will
No one's going to fucking tell me jack
But can you rely on anyone in this world?
No, you can't
It's not my fault there's wall-to-wall empty cans
Everyone wanted this to all go wrong for me from the
start
It's fucked up that a man's life can just be attacked
Watching this morning with a beer
Is much better than relying on
Unknown cunts for mates I was given
That don't have my back
Scott texted me to say he'd have a look at the TV for
me
But I layed it down telling him to fuck right off chap
Phoned this company out the yellow pages
Told them to take away the TV and fix it quick snap
The next day they took away the TV
Told me they would repair the little bit
That's broken round on the back
I thought that would be that but the next bit was on top
This was where it all started to get a bit out of hand

[Chorus 1]

No one gives a crap about Mike
That's why I'm acting nasty
You know what you can do with your life
Introduce it up your jacksie
'Cause no one gives a crap about Mike
That's why I'm acting nasty
You know what you can do with your life
Introduce it up your jacksie

The TV man comes back later, knocks on mine
To say he's found something in the back of the TV
I'm looking at it absolutely speechless, can't quite
believe
He's trying to pull this fucking stunt on me
I knew it was a simple case of the power supply gone
on the back
But he's trying to tap me up for more money

He says it's not like that and I'm like "Fuck off and die!"
And stick up my two fingers and one more to make
three
He says "Don't talk to me like that", and I don't
understand
My face is in his face, I tell him I understand perfectly
And he grabs my shirt and I grab his face with my hand
So he brings his fist up and twats me a good one on my
cheek
Now I'm trying to pull his head down so I can knee it
But he's got my ear
He's twisting it round so much that it's
Really hurting me
And we both go down on the floor, and he pushes my
head back
Onto the corner of the fridge which is, total agony
Then he gets up and runs out the kitchen, and out of
the door
Shouting stuff to me, slams his door, shouting at me
So here I am in my house, drinking on my own settee
Everyone's a cunt in this life, no one's there for me

[Chorus 1]

[Interlude]

If I want to sit in and drink super tenants in the day I will
No one's going to fucking tell me jack
But can you rely on anyone in this world?
No, you can't
It's all my fault there's wall-to-wall empty cans
I sat in the kitchen all fucked off
Imagining over and over what they're all doing behind
my back
Dodgy things going on, actions I regretted
Stain bottle with a pipe and tin foil on the matt
Scott texted me to say he'd have a look at the TV for
me
And I felt like just telling him to fuck right off chap
But what he said about wanting to do the right thing by
both mates
And then opting to stay out-it seemed to match
But I told him he could make it up by fixing the TV
He said that's the least he could do to square things
flat
I thought that would be that but then the next bit was
mad
This is where everything started to all turn back

[Chorus 2]

The end of the something I did not want to end

Beginning of hard times to come
But something that was not meant to be is done
And this is the start of what was

He had to unscrew about fifteen screws
Before he could pull the panel off the back
To get in the fucking thing
But just as he did so, he said he saw something
That slipped inside behind the panel
Down the back of it
Must have been some leaflets or a bill maybe
I didn't want to lose the bill in case it was a final
warning
So we both tried to get the back off and work out
If there was any more screws to get out
Or if we left any in
And when he looked down the back of the TV his eyes
just froze
Before he rammed his hand in, saying, "No shit!"
He's looking at me absolutely speechless
He can't quite believe what he's trying to pull, out the
slip
I get up wondering what he's smiling about
He's shaking his head at this point with, the biggest of
grins
I look down the back of the TV and that's where it was
In all its glory-my thousand quid

[Chorus 2]

About two this afternoon the last of the people left my
house
'Cause they never stop chatting 'til all the rackets gone
I really feel like things clicked into place at some point
Or maybe it's the fact that me and Alison really got on
Or maybe it's that I realized that it is true
No one's really there fighting for you in the last
garrison
No one except yourself that is
No one except you
You are the one who's got your back 'til the last deeds
done
Scott can't have my back 'til the absolute end
'Cause he's got to look out for what over his horizon
He's gotta make sure he's not lonely, not broke
It's enough to worry about keeping his own head above
I shut the door behind me, huddled up in my coat
Condensation floating off my breath, squinted out the
sun
My jeans feel a bit tight, think I washed them too high
I was gonna be late, so I picked up my pace to run

[Chorus 2 (x4)]

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