

## **Tom Robinson "Martin"**

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Just want to tell 'bout Martin  
Cause nobody I know's got a brother like him  
As kids we could never be parted  
The neighbours all knew us as the terrible twins  
At school some kids where always looks for a fight  
And Martin never wanted a fuss  
Ol' Big Mouth Brown thought he's push us around  
Being three year older than us  
So I smash him in the teeth with a cloakroom stool  
Got six of the best and suspended from school

But it was worth with a brother like Martin  
(Martin)  
It was worth it with a brother like him

We used to nick motors for a joy ride  
'Till we rammed a Black Mariah in this XJ 6  
To give my brother time to get clear  
I had to punch a few policemen before I was nicked  
Got borstal for taking and driving away  
And beating up the boys in blue  
But Martin never missed a single visiting day  
Hitched from Clapham to Crewe  
With all me racing mags and the little bits of news  
Smuggling in ciggies and a little bit of booze

No one ever had a brother like Martin  
No one ever had a brother like him

Look, people get the wrong impression with Martin  
I know he didn't mix much but he's no snob  
The weekend I got out of remand home  
He got Uncle Ruby to find me this job  
And back at my Nan's he'd repainted my room  
And bought me a brand new carpet  
There was all me old records and books on a shelf  
And a secondhand telly from the market  
You can get a bit hard when you've been inside  
But I hugged the old bastard and I almost cried

Cos no-one ever had a brother like Martin  
No-one ever had a brother like him

(Cos no-one ever had a brother like Martin  
No-one ever had a brother like him)

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