

Lost Soul Band, The

"You Can't Win Them All Mum"

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You thought you were sea and you thought you were
sand

You thought you were all in this God-given land
But you're nothing like that

You though you were pure and you tangled your fate
And you've given up jogging round Sir John Clarks's
Estate
Your windows are dull

You never liked drink but there's Scotch in your glass
And you've taken up fags after crying in class
You're crying in class

Your ashtray is full and you've let down your Dad
You'll never get married and it makes your Mum sad
But you can't win them all Mum

You're fooling yourself cos you're petrol and gas
And you're running so far but you're concrete and
glass
You're concrete and glass

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sand
You thought you were all in this God-given land
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Your ashtray is full and you've let down your Dad
You'll never get married and it makes your Mum sad
But you can't win them all Mum

You're fooling yourself cos you're petrol and gas
And you're running so far but you're concrete and
glass
You're concrete and glass

And you keep on running now
And you keep on hiding now
But you can't win them all Mum
But you can't win them all Mum

Go go go go now
Keep on Keep on now
But you can't win them all Mum
You can't win them all Mum

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