

# Cock Sparrer, Don't Blame Us

Tower blocks we lived in all come tumbling down  
Moved out to another slum in another part of town  
Playing football in the street and pissing in the lift  
Who really ever thought it would come to this

East ham high street market on a Saturday  
Stuffing things in coats, making out getaway  
Back round Charlie's house to see just what we'd got  
In school Monday morning we'd just flog the lot

Blame the teachers, blame the school  
Blame the parents, come on blame one and all  
Blame the coppers, blame the drugs  
Blame the system, but don't blame us

Games of chicken in the kitchen with a carving knife  
Eight stitches in my hand, I think I got off light  
You're girlfriend's there in tears your mate's made another pass  
when's he gonna learn he only has to ask

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Schoolteachers sing you won't come to anything  
There's no future in playing these dives  
But looking back today we won't have another way  
Because we had the times off our lives

Out of school, out off work and out of cigarettes  
We'll all have some breakfast if he wins the bet  
All the posing & posturing never made much sense  
Little boys, little man, little innocence

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