

# James, Whiteboy

Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha

Five nights  
No sleep  
My minds battered  
Stock market freefall  
Dreams shattered  
Lost cause  
Pulled up  
A sure winner  
Made a few bob in a new job as a serial killer

You wanna talk to me white boy man  
You wanna talk to me white boy boy man  
You wanna talk to me white boy man  
Every night microwaved TV dinners  
Mobile phones make her brain shimmer  
Don't say the c word she got the all clear  
That jokes bad taste and so dog eared  
My mum says I look like Yul Brynner  
Too old for Hamlet . Too young for Lear  
Got a shaved head lost weight fakir  
Got a pierced nip cos it's still hip to appear queer

You wanna talk to me white boy man  
You wanna talk to me white boy boy man  
You wanna talk to me white boy man

Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha

And I'm all mashed up  
Mums droning on and on and on and on  
And I'm all mashed up  
Mums droning on and on and on and on  
She wants this she wants that  
She wants bling she wants tat  
She wants creams that can cover the cracks  
Wedded bliss  
Cancer scans  
She wants family man  
Self esteem  
And her old body back  
She says