

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
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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