

Jamie T, Sticks 'n' Stones

When theres no one left to fight
boys like him dont shine so bright,
Soon as I see the dust settle
hes out on the town tryin to find trouble.
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I take a train again away from shame
And blame a city pained to see
a friend I hadnt seen since I was drinking underage.
I was a ten a day, howd you say, little shit
White lightning, heightening all my courage, quick wit.
We wore checkered season wallabies
buttoned shirts and whiskey
mutton dressed as lamb a fan of bands
like The Jam Jam Jam Jam,
I dont know who I am, he said I dunno if I can
I said yeah man, you can-can.
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Drunk and being sick, I feel like shit
I gotta quit I hope I havent missed the last train
Gonna be stuck in Hampton Wick,
With the boys across the platform
Shouting lightweight prick!
Im a featherweight champion, cheap to get pissed
wish Candy were here with me, shed deffa deal with it
tell em all to shut their mouths and go suck their mommas dicks
coz she aint no she aint that low, three fingers down
or the other two up, and Ill sing this proud.
Runnin with believers, go time for fever
and I havent got time for you either
with your sticks n stones, sticks n stones
I take em home on my own.
Runnin with believers, go time for fever
and I havent got time for you either
with your sticks n stones, sticks n stones
I take em home on my own.
As I travel down the track all my memories flood back.
We were runnin at ease from enemies
and rushed back to your mommas flat
its the only place but home I feel relaxed enough to crap
I know it sounds crude, but theres something in that.
Hows danny doin? Hear hes high flyin and that
stockbroker in the city with a lady and a baby.
And Fee, is she free from the demons she had
Was it two months clean, routine to relapse.
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I take em home on my own.
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I take em home on my own.
She smoked all of your weed
thats why the loved ones out to leave,

Why when you take the lead they stab you in the back
till you cant breathe, When youre bleeding on the floor
and no one hears your call at all
she screamed out to the party
you are sheeps and cattle
I was hanging out with Louie in the shooting gallery
when the news got through to me about you and Jeremy.
Pat on my back, and a swig on my brew
youre still my friend, its impossible to hate you.
Cradle to the grave, I know we always misbehave
people latch down and then they rain on our parade.
Girls we love leave when we want them to stay
like today, remember, what shall we say?
When theres no one left to fight
boys like us dont shine so bright,
Soon as I see the dust settle
lets go out and find some trouble!
Runnin with believers, go time for fever
and I havent got time for you either
with your sticks n stones, sticks n stones
I take em home on my own