

# Kate Nash, Dirt

Dirty streets and dirty deals  
Doesn't need thinking about  
Nor when you're eating your home-cooked meals but...  
Actually it fucking does  
Dirty streets and dirty deals  
Doesn't need thinking about  
Nor when you're eating your home-cooked meals but...  
Actually it fucking does  
The time that it takes is long  
And the hurt that it makes is strong  
And those eyes that you see are so young  
They're so young  
The backs of trucks covered in dirt  
Dirt from the road, from the track  
Dirt from the devil himself  
I can't see a way of you getting back  
Oh, dirty human being  
Everyday day after day, day after day  
Well, there's no way  
You'll get away  
And the time that it takes is long  
And the hurt that it makes is strong  
And those eyes that you see are young  
They're so young  
These are the dirty deals  
These are the dirty deals  
These are the dirty dirty dirty dirty deals  
And  
Home is where the heart is  
But I don't see any heart left in you and  
Home is where the heart is  
But I don't see any heart left in you and  
Home is where the heart is  
But I don't see any heart left in you and  
Home is where the heart is  
But I don't see any heart left in you  
It's been, been ripped and sliced and torn  
Been kicked and beat and smashed and ...  
It's just a routine, just something  
Just something that you do every day  
There's no hope of getting away  
Home is where the heart is  
But I don't see any heart left in you and  
Couldn't be, not really, not after what you've been through  
So, what's left? What does the world see?  
You're just a piece of dirt where a heart used to be  
You're just a piece of dirt where a heart used to be  
You're just a piece of dirt where a heart used to be  
You're just a piece of dirt where a heart used to be  
You're just a piece of dirt where a heart used to be