

Lightyear, 200 Kebab Shops

Scarred elbows and a brain
A lot less pungent but eventually it smells the same
Of out-of-date normality
A best before performance which I needed
It's a drug technically
Get in, load in, load out
We argue, we shout
Some lyrics, attention that we should pay

We don't speak enough
I struggle to say

Ten hours sitting in a van
Would probably even turn
Noam Chomsky's brain to spam
(Deterring Democracy)

Two hundred pubs
Two hundred kebab shops
(It's doing my fucking head in)
Two hundred pubs
Two hundred kebab shops
(I'm a gold bullion with lead in)
Bring me Ben Lee, a bit of dry ground
Three sixty flips which I lost then found
Bring me some strings and maybe two tins
A cheap talkplan but not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings
Not too many rings

I realise I've
Been priveleged
To lead this life
Although I need new shoes
So sometimes my feet itch and my
Council of Elrond tells me to try something new
Terribly Sorry Bob you can't take Bad Karma
My Self Abused
Or my Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain
I'm afraid you won't leave with
Something to Remember Me By

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Two hundred kebab shops
(It's doing my fucking head in)
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Bring me Ben Lee, a bit of dry ground
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Not too many rings
Not too many rings
(Not too many rings)

'Well yeah, I find this really hard to do. I love being in a band, there's nothing like performing and playing live, and meeting people; but sometimes it all gets a bit too much. There are a few months where you're surviving on three pounds a day, which is three portions of chips and whatever we can steal off the big headline band. I'm

spending that much time in a van with other people, it's a bit of a headfuck to say the least. The point of this song was to say that as well as seeing hundreds of venues last year, we also saw hundreds of kebab shops; and that touring can be very mentally and physically tiring. It's weird - normally on tour after a few weeks I'm so tired I become a zombie, get loose in the village and talk to anyone. I consider myself to love communicating with people, but I hate the way that I develop this psychosis. I try, but shit just comes out which has absolutely no conviction whatsoever. I think that people think we're making loads of money because we're in a band, and I know I might sound like a cunt but don't ask me to buy you a beer 'cause I'm 'in the band', 'cause I'm skint; but I'll happily steal one from OPM if you want. This is a complete ramble by the way, and I think that when Household Name hear this, they'll be like 'What the fuck is Chas doing?' but I would like to say thank you for coming to all our shows; I really just don't understand how the band got from playing in Jim's garage while I was singing down a headphone on a bamboo pole in front of two viewers, Jim's dog and his sisters, to playing to the thousands of people... I'm writing this five minutes before we do the recording. I'm so sad.'