The Enemy, No Time For Tears

The morning after, the revolution
P.C 1525 told me there was no real solution
Bruised lips and a ripped up jacket
Money all in the road
Sat down with a big fat mac
Screaming what about my way home
Were gonna get out the city
Were gonna get out the way
Weve got cash in the kitty
Were gonna get our way
Gotta get old
Gotta get old
Theres no time for tears
When you live in the real world
Theres no time for tears
When you live in the real world
Gettin back to a empty flat
Hacked up and even more
Screwed up wrappers from a take away dinner
Scattered all over the floor
This isnt glamorous
Its not rock and roll
This is England on a Saturday night
This is a nations soul
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