

Chris Rea, 90's Blues

Well I look out of my window
I see the morning cold and grey
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I told you so many years ago
They're all gonna end up, end up this way
Well the fat man took my money
And the daughter won't give it back
The fat man took my money
Sons and daughters won't give it back
Put my family out on the street
Put my marriage on the rack
Well they steal your water
And if you want some you got to pay
The greenies point their fingers
The people know better they don't listen what they say
They live in fear and frustration
Oh their crappy lives why should they give a toss anyway
Nineties blues
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