

# Chris Rea, 90's Blues

Well I look out of my window  
I see the morning cold and grey  
I look out of my window  
I see the morning cold and grey  
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  
Nineties blues  
Nineties blues