

Chumbawamba, The Big Issue

There are those
Spend the night under bridges
Over by the river
Down in the park through the winter
But theres a house that I know
Safe and warm
And no-one ever goes there
(Down where the priests bless the wine...)
Shes been born into the wrong time
She keeps nonsense on her mind
Shes a poet, shes a builder
Shes as bored as bored can be
Shes a have-not, shes a know-all
She knows just how to say yes
Shes skating frozen chaos
Till the no-good gods are dead
But sometimes in the dead of night
Woken by the city lights
She wonders how she keeps alive...
This is the girl who lost the house
Which paid to the man who put up the rent sign
And threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home
Shes a clueless social climber
Likes the wrong side of the bed
Shes a pick-me-up and shes a drink-to-me
In the company of friends
Shes tried every variation
Shes co common, shes so cold
Shes homesick for a future
Cant stomach what shes told
On every street in every town
All her days are up and down
At home among the lost-and-found...
This is the girl who lost the house
Which paid to the man who put up the rent sign
And threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home
Heres the good samaritan
Looks away and carries on
This is the girl who lost the house
Which paid to the man who put up the rent sign
And threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home
Thank you for every tree and flower
Thank you for every sky of blue
Thank you I should be every hour
Truely thanking you