

Chumbawamba, The Candidates Find Common C

There are those
Spend the night under bridges
Over by the river
Down in the park through the winter
But there's a house that I know
Safe and warm
And no-one ever goes there
(Down where the priests bless the wine...)
She's been born into the wrong time
She keeps nonsense on her mind
She's a poet, she's a builder
She's as bored as bored can be
She's a have-not, she's a know-all
She knows just how to say yes
She's 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 who lost the house
Which paid to the man who put up the rent
And threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home
She's a clueless social climber
Likes the wrong side of the bed
She's a pick-me-up and she's a drink-to-me
In the company of friends
She's tried every variation
She's so common, she's so cold
She's homesick for a future
Can't stomach what she's told
On every street in every town
All her days are up and down
At home among the lost-and-found...
This is the who lost the house
Which paid to the man who put up the rent
And threw out the girl to
Feather his own sweet home
Here's the good samaritan
Looks away and carries on