Cock Sparrer, I Live In Marbella (Working, Part 3)

Well I worked on a site and I soldered up pipes
And I still ended up with nothing left to show
So I thought I'd give it one more go
I met this bloke and I thought it was a joke
When he asked if I had it in my heart to rob
What he meant was a nice bank job
So I thought I'd give it one more try, one final chance before I die
I got me a gun and a ticket to the sun

(Chorus)
And now I live in Marbella, the sun, the sand, I've got the lot
And I live in Marbella coz I'd rather live there than not

I met with the mob and we set up a job
The ugliest bunch of gits you'd wanna meet
In a pub down in Denmark Street
Then I take to the wheel and we rob and we steel
Without a hitch we're running out the door
Coz the manager's my brother-in-law
Then we're sharing out the dough, jump in a cab out to Heathrow
Time for one more drink before I go

(Chorus)

My apartment's cool, it's even got a pool
Marble everywhere and a maid to change the sheets
I make her come twice a week
And I drink in the bars with T.V. stars
Eastenders, Brookside, Coronation Street
I've landed on my feet
And my mates pop over from the Smoke
For a swim and a sunbathe and some coke
Money and friends, what a happy end