Jake Bugg, Messed Up Kids

Johnny deals a bit of blow on the side
Thinks that he's invincible, hates a fight
Jenny walks the streets alone she was fine
But she got kicked out of her home in hard times

The messed up kids are on the corner
With no money
They sell their time they sell their drugs
They sell their body
And everywhere I see a sea of empty pockets
Beautiful girls with eyes so dark within their sockets
So far away
It's a washed out Saturday
The sky all pastel shades
Under breeze block palisades

Lights are smashed
The streets are closed in the town
Places no one really goes to hang around
Give up on us long ago with no hope
All you hear's the cold wind blow and get stoned

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