

Jamie T, Pacemaker

Juveniles hide your porno mags the girls got problems at her yard
So she's packing up her bags full of rags her man got done from Pa Na Na
While the Madras still in the kitchen smokes a twenty deck of fags
Body bags come back off planes from war torn Iraq
It's the stark naked truth a dark aftermath
With baby T, the juice, and the dog just barks
Remember how the bully always had the last laugh

It was a blast last night down the old 12 Bar
White socks black shoes with the ballads in the car
And a lump in your throat she won't understand
Two's on a cigarette and a talk blah blah
Bloody hell die o blah da glug down liquor
While life goes on for all the day-trippers
Starts off small but it's gonna get bigger
By the end of this letter it may all be better

Well she's always asking with the who, where and how
The girls say ooh la la
Well if I had another chance I'd do it differently now
And the girls say ooh la la la la la la

From Trafalgar Square where the crack pipe reeking
To in your dark damp flat the ceiling's leaking
You fell in love when you first started chatting
But got so bored 'cause she never stopped speaking
Consider this son one of the bad behaviour
He's keeping all the freebies delivering the papers
Ya haters shake down fakers
Ah you'll never get nowhere 'cause we're the Pacemakers

Pretty please me ah she's easy on the eye
Some say that today only the good young die
Yippy yo kay ay it's been a right good day
I wanna ask questions but I don't mean to pry
How did you get to where you're going to before you came
Slowly moseying through this bar you started your race
Johnny cock-a-roo wants his money
Better give to the man he's a fruit and nut bar

Gotta see the GP coughing up lungs
And the doc said stop or you're gonna die young
Well I haven't even started to do what I'd done
You young don't listen you just carry on
Well we heard it all before when you song got sung
Get a grip son why 'cause you always drunken
We're not captain's just skivvy sunken
Hum drum drum live fast die young

Blister skin stumbling the road rocky and trespassers on the private property
Remember back then it was the rant the banter
While young songs watch their young pars get cancer
While vagabond sandy crying out for a nista
Missed her so much that he went drank the brewery
Well sing-a-long Sam this is a song about you
We all went out and we got pistola

I don't wanna fight he's a right big cunt
But the fellas say go on my son my son
Well it's all a bit of fun til someone gets done
But the fellas say go on my son my son
I'm more likely to pick up and run
But the fellas say go on my son my son
Ah fuck, well he's a right big cunt

I'll knock him one fuck that run run.