

Jamie T, Sheila

Sheila goes out with her mate Stella,
It gets poured all over her fella,
'Cause she's says, man he ain't no better,
Than the next man kicking up fuss

Drunk she stumbles down by a river
Screams calling London
None of us heard her coming
I guess the carpet weren't rolled out

(Oh when my love, my darling,
You've left me here alone.
I'll walk the streets of London
Which once seemed all our own.

The vast suburban churches,
Together we have found:
The ones which smelt of gaslight,
The ones in incense drown'd)

Her lingo went from the cockney to the gringo
Any time she sing a song,
The other girls sing along.
And tell all the fellas that the lady is single.
A fickle way to tickle,
On my young mans ting.

She's up for doing what she like,
Any day more like the night.
She drowned drunk sorrows.
That she stole, bought, borrowed
She didn't like fights,
But at the same time understood that
Fellas will be fellas till the end of time.

(Good heavens you boys, blue-blooded murder of the English tongue.)

Jack had a gang
That he called "The Many Grams",
He was known as smack Jack the Cracker Man
In life he was dealt some shit hands
But the boys got the back now

And Jay went the same way
As Mickey and Dan
Dependent mans upon the heroins
And man Lisa had a baby with Sam,
And now Jack on his own man,

Well done Jack, glug down that cider
Your right she's a slut
And you never fucking liked her
Not like what he stopped so shocked
'Cause it turns out the last dance
Killed the pied piper

Tough little big man friends
With your daughters
Only cos they drive him
To pick up all his quarters
Crawler, larger lout brawlers
Fall to the floor think they're free
But they aint near the border

Too young gunned down by your hell fire corner
Always did a favour,
But never took a order,
Behave young scally wag,
A fine young galahad
Glad ragged up but only ever getting fag hags,

Hung on his shoulder, cheap price shop tag
Slag better understand
He came for the glamour
But this town's original
Superficial the issue
For one dear Jack,
there 35 doppelgangers

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So this a short story 'bout the girl Georgina
Never seen a worse, clean young mess
Under stress at best, but she pleased to see ya
With love, god bless, we lay her body to rest
Now it all dear started with daddys alcoholic

Light weights chinking down, numbing his brain,
And the doctor said
He couldn't get the heart dear started
Now beat up, drugged up
She feeling the strain

She says in a rut
What the fuck I spose to do
Suck it up start stop keep running through,
True but you try aint easy to do,
She been buckle belt beaten
From the back like a brat

Dunno where she goin
But she know where she at,
So Georgy its time to chain react,
But the truth is you know
She probably fought back,
Tears stream down her face,
She screamed away

When I fall, no one catch me
Alone lonely, I'll overdose slowly
Get scared, I'll scream and shout
But you know it won't matter
She'll be passing out

I say giddidibiggidiup just another day
Another sad story, that's tragedy
Paramedic announced death at 10:30
Rip it up kick it to spit up the views

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