

# King Krule, Easy Easy

Well same old Bobby, same old beat  
Well yeah they got nothing on me  
The same old clutch, same old streets  
But yeah they got nothing on me  
And easy come and easy go  
Well yeah I'm sure I told you so  
Well they just want you for your dough  
Man I'm sure I told you so  
And with your dead-end job  
That's been eating away your life  
You feel a little inside  
The trouble and strife  
And now you spend your evenings  
Searching for another life  
And yeah I think mate  
I think you've got them in your sights

Well, easy, easy  
There's no need to take that tone  
Well easy  
I'm on the telephone  
Man, just leave us alone

O no! I should've kept my receipts!  
Cause the sandwich I bought  
Yeah it's been off for a week  
And Tesco's stealing my money  
When positivity seems hard to reach  
I keep my head down and my mouth shut  
Cause if you going through hell  
We just keep going

You're easy  
So easy  
You're easy  
Man, just leave us alone  
I'll be one minute on the phone