

# Marc Almond, It's A Mugs Game

Oh God it's another night  
And your head is feeling  
Like a lump of lead  
You should never have drunk  
Those party-fours  
You should of been home being good instead

Ever been in a deja vue  
And the end is the same again  
You ran out of your silver thins  
And you're trying to be so high class  
Though you need a bath and your hair's looking like string  
And though you're nearly broke you end up paying for all the drinks  
And you tell them 'oh it's nothing  
There's a million where those come from'  
And then you whisper to your longest-suffering friend  
'please lend me a few quid'

Oh God it's another day  
And your stomach's feeling  
Like a blown-up balloon  
You should never have eaten that greasy food  
The doctor told you that chile was bad for your blood

And you're standing at the chemist in boots  
Coughing up your guts like you're at deaths door  
All this for a packet of do-do's  
And the assistant gives you a wink and you turn bright red  
It's at time like this that you wish you were dead  
And you take the whole packet and you feel like you've drunk  
A bottle of bleach  
And you tell yourself 'never, never again  
Well, not until next week anyway'  
And you were never one for holding drink  
And you stagger off to the toilet  
And you throw up like it was christmas  
And you miss the bowl and you hit your shoes  
And there's no paper towels  
Now what else can go wrong for you  
It's a choice between a cab fare home  
And a packet of cigarettes  
So you choose and the money sticks  
In the machine and the manager says

'tough shit - drink up and leave'

Oh God it's another disease  
And you just got rid of the last  
You were beginning to feel ok  
And the friends you gave it to  
Were speaking to you again.

And you find yourself having sex  
In the back of a car  
And the girl underneath  
Doesn't care who you are  
And you're nearly there  
And she still doesn't care  
And her chewing gum  
Is getting stuck in your hair  
And there's something wrong  
Something that you forgot  
Oh shit, you've forgotten the rubber

And you don't want a kid  
Well, deny it was you  
If your dad finds out  
Then he'll make you stay in  
And do your homework  
And cut your hair  
And wear your school uniform  
Out in the street  
Oh what a fate worse than death  
Oh well he can't hit you  
You can hit him back  
And play your records so loud  
All the ones that he especially hates  
Deep purple in rock, led zeppelin ii  
Well even you hate those  
Well on second thoughts  
I think I'll leave home  
And go and live in america  
Because they earn more money there  
And they can get away with murder - yeah!

Oh this is a mugs game  
I can't wait until I'm twenty one  
And I can tell them all to sod off.