

Special Needs, Gloucester Road

I can't go back to fromwhere i grew up,
With my tail round my legs
And three quarters round my neck
Will it end
Our love sleeps in cinemas.
Closed and so drugged.
Aspiring young men
We are not doing what we ought to

Long nights, I v'e had a few
And they do for you.
I know that I'm fucked up
I know that I'm messed up
Its staring out from the railway track

I can't be your man

Our love is picked off the carpet
It kicks at my hips and drives me bloody mad
Will it end.
This is what barbedwire does to the breeze
Us aspiring young men
We are not doing what we ought to
Will it end?

Long nights I've had a few
And they do for you
Staring out from a railway track

I cant be your man

Young love tripped up on a rainbow
Staring out of a railway track