

The Streets, Empty Cans

If I want to sit in and drink super tennants in the day I will,
No-ones going to fucking tell me jack,
But can you rely on anyone in this world?
No you cant; it's not my fault theres wall to wall empty cans
Everyone wanted this to all go wrong for me from the start,
It's fucked up that a mans life can just be attacked,
Watching this morning with a beer is much better relying on,
Unknown cunts for mates i was given that don't have my back.
Scott texted me to say he'd have a look at the TV for me,
But i layed it down telling him to fuck right off chap.
Phoned this company out the yellow pages;
Told them to take away the TV and fix it quick snap.
The next day they took away the TV and told me they'd repair the little bit,
Thats broken round on the back.
I thought that would be that but the next bit was on top,
This was where it all started to get a bit out of hand.

No-one gives a crap about Mike;
Thats why i'm acting nasty.
You know what you can do with your life;
Introduce it up your jacksie.
'Cause No-one gives a crap about Mike;
Thats why i'm acting nasty.
You know what you can do with your life;
Introduce it up your jacksie.

The TV man comes back later, knocks on mine,
To say he's found something in the back of the TV,
I'm looking at it absolutely speechless,
Cant quite believe he's trying to pull this fucking stunt on me.
I knew it was a simple case of the power supply gone on the back,
But he's trying to tap me up for more money.
He says it's not like that and I'm like fuck off and die,
And stick up my two fingers and one more to make three.
He says dont talk to me like that, and i don't understand,
Face is in his face and i tell him i understand perfectly.
And he grabs my shirt and i grab his face with my hand,
So he brings his fist up and twats me a good one on my cheek.
Now I'm trying to pull his head down so i can knee it,
But he's got my ear; he's twisting it round so much that it's really hurting me.
And we both go down on the floor, and he pushes my head back;
Onto the corner of the fridge which is total agony.
Then he gets up and runs out the kitchen, and out of the door,
Shouting stuff to me, slams the door shoutin' at me.
So here i am in my house, drinking on my own settee;
Everyones a cunt in this life, no-one's there for me.

No-one gives a crap about Mike;
Thats why i'm acting nasty.
You know what you can do with your life;
Introduce it up your jacksie.
'Cause No-one gives a crap about Mike;
Thats why i'm acting nasty.
You know what you can do with your life;
Introduce it up your jacksie.

(break)

If I want to sit in and drink super tennants in the day I will,
No-ones going to fucking tell me jack,
But can you rely on anyone in this world?
No you cant; it's all my fault theres wall to wall empty cans.
I sat in the kitchen all fucked off,
Imagining over and over what they're all doing behind my back.

Dodgy things going on, actions i regretted,
Stain bottle with a pipe and tin foil on the matt.
Scott texted me telling me he'll have a look at the TV for me,
And I Felt like just telling him to fuck right off chap.
But what he said about wanting to do the right thing by both mates,
And then opting to stay out - it seemed to match.
But i's told him he could make it up by fixing the TV,
He said thats the least he could do to square things flat.
I thought that would be that but then the next bit was mad,
This is where everything started to all turn back.

The end of the something i did not want to end,
Begining of hard times to come.
But something that was not meant to be is done,
And this is the start of what was.

He had to unscrew about fifteen screws before he could pull the panel off the back,
To get in the fecking thing;
But just as he did so, he said he saw something,
That slipped inside behind the panel - down the back of it.
Must have been some leaflets or a bill maybe,
I didn't want to lose the bill incase it was a final warning.
So we both tried to get the back off and work out if there was any more screws to get out,
Or if we left any in.
And when he looked down the back of the TV, his eyes just froze,
Before he rammed his hand in saying, no shit.
He's looking at me absolutely speechless,
he can't quite believe what he's trying to pull out the slip.
I get up wondering what he's smiling about, he's shaking his head at this point,
With the biggest of grins;
I look down the back of the TV and thats where it was, in all it's glory - my thousand quid.

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Begining of hard times to come.
But something that was not meant to be is done,
And this is the start of what was.

About 2 this afternoon the last of the people left my house,
'Cause they never stop chattin' til all the rackets gone.
I really feel like things clicked into place at some point,
Or maybe it's the fact that me and Alison really got on.
Or maybe it's that i realised that it is true;
No-ones really there fighting for you in the last garison.
No-one except yourself that is, no-one except you.
You are the one who's got your back 'til the last deeds done.
Scott can't have my back til the absolute end,
'Cause he's got to look out for what over his horizon.
He's gotta to make sure he's not lonely, not broke.
It's enough to worry about keeping his own head above.
I shut the door behind me, huddled up in my coat,
Condensation floating off my breath, squinted out the sun.
My jeans feel a bit tight, think i washed them a bit too high;
I was gonna be late, so i picked up my pace to run.

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