

# The Streets, Give Me My Lighter Back

hey, i already send these, but they're still not up yet, so....

'Cause I can't be doing with your crap anymore  
So why don't you give me my lighter back  
And then track  
Cause I can't be doing with your crap anymore  
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You walk in the door packed pockets  
Guess what geez  
Say you've had it but now you've lost it again  
You've forgotten to bring your wallet  
But fair play i buy yous a brandy and coke safe  
I always do anything for my mates go sit down i'll bring it over  
'Cause I'm no way that you always seem to avoid paying  
But your blag blag blag gets scene scene scene  
And how many missed calls have I got  
To take before you get some credit and call me for a change  
Eh eh eh eh eh eh

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Oi then after i top non one two one i notice you've gone  
And i'm sat staring into space lookin' like a billy no mates on his trike  
My favorite lighter seems to have done one  
'Cause it was here when you were here and now it's gone  
Now you're gone i mean just cause i bought you a drink  
I'm not trying to tie you to the seat i don't give to receive  
But you seem to live to recieve so i end up chatting to andy  
Talking about his fucking grief with the knob you gave me for twos

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Half hour on i'm makin' my way to the bog say aye to him nod to the corner say safe to you  
One now walk past the bar where you're at you've blatantly bought her a jar with the money  
You said you didn't have i walk past but I wanna lose my rag then i do my business  
And as i've come out the bog your girlfriend walks in sees you drinkin' with nick's girl  
And tips the drink over your head and if you ask me it serves you fuckin' right, you've got to hold it

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