

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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