

View, Grans For Tea

There's a mile long queue at the chippy
I wish I was at my Gran's for tea
These people call me their friend, but they don't think the same as me

Are you fed up chasing your tail round this housing scheme
Drinkin' your drink now
And staying up too early in the morning

I wander through the streets of Dundee
Mum said you shouldn't walk them alone
A fight's a fight, 'n' that's quite alright

But please leave the tools at home

You lower standards and expectations of love
You never aim for people that you think are levels above
You're always chasing the same skirts round
Round the local pub

Where were you when I needed you?
Up the posh end of town
You're supposed to protect and serve
You're out for a perve just driving around