

Mine Is At

Edwyn Collins

I slept in the subway
Just for a ruse
No stars for company
Just a bottle of booze
See my lifestyle ain't changed much
I just take more risks
That's remarkably easy
When you're remarkably pissed

Good times, bad times
Talking blues and spinning rhymes
And this is where mine is at
This is where mine is at
Through strange times, deranged times
I've only taken what was mine
And this is where mine is at
This is where mine is at

I moved to the country
Bought a rooster and hen
It's just the drink talking
I've been at it again
See I love to bullshit
Though I'm more honest than most
As I write from my cottage
On the Derbyshire coast

Good times, bad times
Talking blues and spinning rhymes
And this is where mine is at
This is where mine is at
Through strange times, deranged times
I've only taken what was mine
And this is where mine is at
This is where mine is at

The lies that I swallowed
Force fed as a child
A promise so hollow
My anger, my bile
Now my head is swimming
The heather's on fire
The bottle's been opened
But the genie's expired

Good times, bad times
Talking blues and spinning rhymes
And this is where mine is at
This is where mine is at
Through strange times, deranged times
I've only taken what was mine
And this is where mine is at
This is where mine is at
This is where mine is coming from
This is where mine is at