

# Whiteboy

James

Five nights, no sleep, my mind's battered  
Stock markets free fall, dreams shattered  
Lost cause, pulled up, a sure winner  
Made a few bob, in a new job as a serial killer

You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man  
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man

Every night microwaved, TV dinners  
Mobile phones make her brain shimmer  
Don't say the see word she got the all clear  
That jokes bad taste and so dog eared

My mum says I look like Yul Brynner  
Too old for Hamlet, too young for Lear  
Got a shaved head, lost weight, fakir  
Got a pierced lip 'cause it's still hip to appear queer

You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man  
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man

And I'm all mashed up  
Mum's droning on and on, and on, and on  
And I'm all mashed up  
Mum's droning on and on, and on, and on

She wants this, she wants that  
She wants bling, she wants tat  
She wants creams that can cover the cracks

Wedded bliss, cancer scans  
She wants family man  
Self esteem and her old body back  
She says

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