

Sat In Vicky Park

Apologies, I Have None

Give me East London summer,
Give me under the radar and I'm done.
My name is no longer low level worker and I'm gone.

I'm gone where bank accounts have no weight,
Where the 26 takes me all the way past landlords and managers,
Where I only move in straight lines forward now.
Yeah I only move in straight lines forward now.

Give me East London summer,
Give me under the radar and I'm done.
My name is no longer low level worker and I'm gone.

And I'm taking this lesson with me,
The worst mistake to make is to be afraid to make mistakes.
And I can't believe this took so long to learn,
It should be so obvious,
Like a man cannot be measured by the number of people he's fucked,
Like numbers on a payslip are no indication of worth.

My relationship with reality,
It comes and goes.
And we rarely see eye to eye.

Give me East London summer,
Give me under the radar and I'm done.
My name is no longer low level worker and I'm gone.

I only move in straight lines forward now.