

Dreaming of the place
Bring myself away
Like in Barking days
Scared my face away
No one to complain
Baby, what's the grade?

I'm riding switch, I can't escape
Future back into the gate
I bust it up on Ilford Lane
[?] my grade

I'm riding switch, I can't escape
Future back into the gate
I bust it up on Ilford Lane

My feelings never had no ethics
My feelings never have been ethical
My feelings never had no ethics (always feeling)
My feelings never have been ethical
My feelings never had no ethics
My feelings never have been ethical (ethical)
My feelings never had no ethics
My feelings never have been ethical

Dreaming of the place
Bring myself away
Like in Barking days

I'm riding switch, I can't escape
I bust it up on Ilford Lane
[?] my grave

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