

## Alright Now

Chumbawamba

(Sometimes nuts are tough to crack)  
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Beginning to wonder (Sometimes nuts are tough to crack)  
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Back in 1975 between Hell and home and a life of crime  
On Valium and something strong been chewing the fat with young beyond  
Two or three don attitude with a ready-made catch and a big bashnude  
What is this one? What's he got? Just do it, don't take one more shot  
Just do it!

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Woman born before her time, she loved alone in the pale moonshine  
Fingered Hollywood up your sun, fought two cops, knocked out one  
While some girls will and some girls won't, Frances never swallowed soap  
If a bad man laughed she spat it back, sometimes nuts are tough to crack

Excerpts from "The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner" (1962):  
"Colin Smith, 993, sir."  
"Good. Come in, Smith. Sit down. Cigarette?"  
"No, thanks."  
"Well, you're a new boy here, aren't you, Smith?"  
"Yeah."  
"Yeah. Well, so am I. Two new boys together, in a manner of speaking. Well, perhaps we can help one another."  
"How, sir?"  
"Well, you can help me by telling me all about yourself. Now, for instance, how'd you come to be here?"  
"What's that tape recorder on for, sir?"  
"Don't let it worry you."  
"No, I won't."  
"Anything you say is strictly confidential. It won't go beyond these four walls. Okay? So, how'd you come to be here?"  
"Well, I got sent, didn't I?"  
"Yes, I know you got sent, but why?"  
"I got caught. Didn't run fast enough. "  
"Well, now, when you broke into this, what was it?"  
"Bakery."  
"Bakery, yeah. What were you thinking about at the time?"  
"I wasn't thinking about anything, I was too busy breaking in."  
"Yes, but... Well, just describe the action to me in your own words. Put me in the picture."  
"Got over the wall of this baker's yard, broke into his office."

"I think you can do a bit better than this, Smith. Surely your nerves were on edge, weren't they? You felt afraid."

"Well, if I felt afraid, I mean, I wouldn't have broken in, would I?"

"Yeah, all right, fair enough. Look, I want you to help me. I'm going to say a word and I want you to reply with any word that comes into your head, okay?"

Like, if I say to you, 'Food,' what do you think of?"

"I'm sorry, I don't get the idea at all."

"Well, would you like to do it to me? Say a word to me."

"Tape recorder."

"Tape recorder. Desk. I don't know why I said desk, it just happened. Now, I'll say one to you. Water."

"Football."

"Football. Sky."

"Snow."

"Snow, indeed. Girl."

"Look...I mean, what are you trying to do to me? I don't understand."

"Now, come on, Smith, please, I'm trying to help you, help me. Girl."

"Boy."

"Boy. Have you got a girlfriend, Smith?"

"What's she got to do with you?"

"Oh, right, right. Gun."

"Horses."

"Knife."

"Smoke."

"Car."

"Compass."

"Father."

"Dead."

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Nick the lad, he nicked his coat; happy hour - just finished it

While show lap seven I towed in line; that's one little fish he left high and dry

He's an airlift plane on a bombing raid and his come-to wife will smile away

Looks like, doctor, no danger, Nick gets hard to crack it, don't ya?