

# The Big Issue

Chumbawamba

There are those  
Spend the night under bridges  
Over by the river  
Down in the park through the winter

But there's a house that I know  
Safe and warm  
And no-one ever goes there  
(Down where the priests bless the wine...)

She's been born into the wrong time  
She keeps nonsense on her mind  
She's a poet, she's a builder  
She's as bored as bored can be  
She's a have-not, she's a know-all  
She knows just how to say yes  
She's skating frozen chaos  
Till the no-good gods are dead

But sometimes in the dead of night  
Woken by the city lights  
She wonders how she keeps alive...

This is the girl who lost the house  
Which paid to the man who put up the rent sign  
And threw out the girl to  
Feather his own sweet home

She's a clueless social climber  
Likes the wrong side of the bed  
She's a pick-me-up and she's a drink-to-me  
In the company of friends  
She's tried every variation  
She's co common, she's so cold  
She's homesick for a future  
Can't stomach what she's told

On every street in every town  
All her days are up and down  
At home among the lost-and-found...

This is the girl who lost the house  
Which paid to the man who put up the rent sign  
And threw out the girl to  
Feather his own sweet home

Here's the good samaritan  
Looks away and carries on

This is the girl who lost the house  
Which paid to the man who put up the rent sign  
And threw out the girl to  
Feather his own sweet home

Thank you for every tree and flower  
Thank you for every sky of blue  
Thank you I should be every hour

Truely thanking you