

Spraypaint Backalley

Damien Dempsey

Down a spraypaint backalley, I look up at the sky
And I see through red eyes
The seagulls wheel around and around Worn out couches and fridges,
and mongrel dogs roam free
There are rags and there are riches Inside this head for me

We drink cheap English cider, and smoke hashish from North Africa.
I've been tryin' to get the mix right, But I haven't got it right tonight.

Ooh, ooh, ooh.....

I've a fifteen year old moustache,
I'm so desperate for to be a man. People tell me to shave it off,
If I shave it I'm a boy again.
Watch my father and my brother, Fixing old cars.
And their rough oil stained hands,
Are skilled and scarred.

Ooh, ooh, ooh.....

Behind this big rusty shed door
There's a punch bag and a clapped out car
As the car sits on breeze blocks
The punch bag takes some heavy shots
Down the lane way sniffin' petrol
I thought pebbledash was snow
As I stumbled in a blizzard
The pain inside me disappeared
Cross the city down the alleys
A thousand kids like me
They are watching through red eyes
The flock of little birds gracefully gliding by

Ooh, ooh, ooh.....

Fought in the lane, lost in the lane
Swallowed the shame, then I fought again
Fought in the lane, cried in the lane Swallowed the pain, then
I fought again
Fell in the lane, got back up in the lane Died in the lane, and
came alive again

We are all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars
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s... the stars, ooh the stars, the stars.