

## Mobile Shack

Felt

I was born in my mother's bed  
In a downstairs room  
12 melville road  
In birmingham  
I was shocked to see the novelty  
Of a little old fat bald thing  
It was my old man

"i was born in the back  
Of a mobile shack  
And my father said to me son  
I'm gonna call you james"

Working in a shop  
Is a dead end job  
I left after eight weeks  
It was just as well  
'Cause coming up behind me  
Like a high speed train  
Was the new york city new wave  
Verlaine hell

"i was born in the back  
Of a mobile shack  
And my mother said to me son  
Play guitar"

Now i've got it easy  
Doing the things that i always wanted  
But it's not enough  
I'm gonna shoot out of this decade  
In a spaceship  
Failing that  
A hippy bus