

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