

In the City

Good Shoes

The Story started and it ended so quick
Like jack and gill but with heroin
Disco lights and a glint in the eye of
Dancing girls at the Candybox night

Queuing up for something under priced
Working weekends just to pay for drugs
This little story keeps repeating itself
Reading fashion mags to look at the girls

In the city, in the city tonight
You live by the sword but you die by the knife

I want it all; I want it all for me
These things in life they just don't come for free
Converse boots and a look on her face
That says if you've got the money then I'm yours tonight