

Theme From Skint (See You Later Liquidator)

Humble Pie

Well, I ain't got much bread but it's alright
I got the sun in the morning, got the moon at night
Said, I ain't got much bugs in my bin, Sam
Have another mother's ruin makes you feel alright
Ah, who is it for? We shall overdraw.

Well, I don't talk like them but I don't care much
I got a rich man's trumpet, poor man's crutch
Maybe I like to live on Diner's Club and Dow-Jones
But it's all one big community chest and chance will break my bones
Who so ever, what so ever it's for? We shall overdraw.

Oh, there's notice on the door, we shall overdraw.

Well, I have to think of contracts in the morning
Could I scratch their backs? Should they kiss my ring?
Will they, will they jump me without warning?
Making noises like a banker seems the only way to sin?
Go out to your neighbourhood greenback store, we shall overdraw
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Overdraw.

Oh Mr. Banker, won't you send some bread to me?
You know I've just been busted and I need some security
Oh Mr. Banker, won't you write this song for us?
In ture taste you've relented, there's no grizzle in my lush.

Well Mr. Ridley's bought a Bentley, Mr. Oldham sold his Rolls
Mrs. Winston's fixing guineas, Mr. Carter's digging holes
We'd like to thank you people for listening to our song
We hope you get to hear the rest of the lyric before they drop
a bomb.