

Whiteboy

James

Five nights, no sleep, my mind's battered
Stock markets free fall, dreams shattered
Lost cause, pulled up, a sure winner
Made a few bob, in a new job as a serial killer

You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man

Every night microwaved, TV dinners
Mobile phones make her brain shimmer
Don't say the see word she got the all clear
That jokes bad taste and so dog eared

My mum says I look like Yul Brynner
Too old for Hamlet, too young for Lear
Got a shaved head, lost weight, fakir
Got a pierced lip 'cause it's still hip to appear queer

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You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man

And I'm all mashed up
Mum's droning on and on, and on, and on
And I'm all mashed up
Mum's droning on and on, and on, and on

She wants this, she wants that
She wants bling, she wants tat
She wants creams that can cover the cracks

Wedded bliss, cancer scans
She wants family man
Self esteem and her old body back
She says

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