

Wrapped in cling film, staying til the morning  
Working in a shop off New Bond Street  
Lived in your building high up on the ceiling  
When she rushed the floorboards creaked

Lost in this town, haunting girl  
Your calling up my friends  
Try to find out where I've been  
I'm a holding, holding again

Gave money to the man he put a bag in my hand  
Said son don't you understand  
This isn't the way out this is the way in  
Your doubling your troubling

Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight  
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty eight  
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty eight  
Millilitres down

Where you come from, where you at Jack  
Is it the clothes, the bullet holes or the shit up your nose  
That makes your body contort like that  
Like a Denmark Street thief feeding the crack  
They cut the paws off the boar for the fractured jaw  
That was given to the government tax  
Way back then when Maggie-aggie-aggie  
Always made em sad but she never made em happy  
I was lost, weak, bleak in the street  
Knocked me off of my feet  
Hanging round with the people I should never meet  
I'll always believe that the air that we breathe  
Will choke our lungs and clog up our arteries  
And now, I'm down on my knees take it up on the police  
Take it down for a man did a call the police  
And I'm up now, sitting in the gutter  
Rolling back down if I had to cover upper

Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight  
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight  
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight  
Millilitres down

While the neighbours are swapping infections  
Ken and Jimmy had a spin and went mad and got sectioned  
I was outside trying to shotgun a ride off a guy who like I has no sense of  
direction  
Tension is building in a white heart pub  
By the time we drove by the floor's covered in blood  
Man next to me said oh, fucking much just throw them cunts  
Fore I fell in love with a brunette rough neck  
Fits like a glove, kept me back down  
When I came back up  
When my feet hit the ground man, I started to run  
And since that day that's all that I've done  
So if you ever see me, if the town falls down  
Just start screaming as she steals off his crown

You know they'll be lost and I'll be found  
Cause I'm three hundred and sixty eight down

Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight  
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight,  
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty eight  
Millilitres down

It's the only way that you're getting out  
If you hang around boys round here they'll bring you down

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