

# British Intelligence

Jamie T

British Intelligence, they're on your back  
And they won't catch no one so they won't catch me  
Three, fours and right up your back  
And you just got sacked, now your money's not free

Taking time has never won enough  
And three to the four when you're really wired  
Too much is never enough, now you're fired

This is for the cold concrete sold by the feet  
Taxed by a man that I'm yet to meet  
Pay an army, I'm hardly ready to speak  
Memories start in 93

And Roxy came round last week  
And told me she's sick and tired of women

I'm still traveling trains delayed in the rain on a Monday morning  
Watched by surveillance teams business men live out their dreams  
And sleep with secretaries  
In stockrooms over flowed with coffee and machines

While we're still riding  
Trying to find a place where they're not watching  
Called her up in the end  
To apologize for being so drunk and stubborn

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The 501's a selfish son  
Travel down the inner to the suburban  
He's lurking, burning cigarettes on  
We'll be on the bar that his lover works in

And, and a legal lay in the end  
Jessie from the west said marry up quick  
Get lost in the system  
With a BCG and a finger print scan

Well the boys from old Poland  
Work their fingers to the bone for the minimum  
Man, I was outside calling a friend  
Trying to save claim on the money I lent

While were still riding  
Trying to find a place where their not watching  
Called her up again  
Identity cards and camera men

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He said Suzie, would you lose me in trouble?  
He said Suzie, let's move on the double  
Would we, please get him in trouble?  
He said could we, would we get him in trouble?  
So would you, should we better get him in trouble?  
Three weeks down and now you've burst you're

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