

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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