

Backin' up stories what you talk, Earl's Court
Nickname like the Kangaroo Valley
From top to the bottom of the under-walk
Where boys fuck girls that they never will marry
You're happy as Larry to dill-dally
Dark alleys, back from the rallies
It's bullshit they say that you got no talent
Well, pigs fuckin' fly and it ain't about oil
And Fox News has always been fair and balanced

Do you ever feel like you want to go home?
Lost in the crowd and you feel alone
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Lost in the crowd and you feel alone

Dilly-dally past, you're the last fast man
To charge any money on your mobile phone
And it's all about this, understand, man
We'll chat it like Dapper Dan 'cause Dan's always talking
Dan chats black, Buddy Holly ain't half of the money
Of the income that he makes down monthly
Through talkin' down on your mobile phone
While kiddie paints the town with the shilling, pence and pound
s
It's illegal to think that you ain't fuckin' prone
To all of the bollocks that is chattin' all around ya
Sometimes it gets in your head
And you can't get away from the feelin'
That you're breakin' on the ground
Breakin' up no luck, stop like some fuck
Caught in a right rut, she looks like a right slut
You must lust, touch, 'cause you want so much
You look so shook, but you're just man lovestruck

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