

Here's Ya Getaway

Jamie T

Bye bye baby I'll cya later
Bye bye baby I'll cya later
My man looks like the old Shakin' Stevens
He says I resemble like the old Steptoe
He sits down slow but quick sniff up the blow
Reminisce about beans and how we all do grow
And the good man says bloody feel like leaving
But hes lean again forgotten what I already know
Made enough money shottin' bobby bills and po
He spent it all quick sniffin' up on the blow

Hard for your playin no smoking on the night bus
No shit Holmes with your big boy Sherlock
The man got chickenpox at 23
If you go down the docks you better take all of your money money money money

It ain't no dunny, it's a toilet
Great granddaddy, got sent there
So go back home
Stop cloggin' up pubs with your bullshit talkin'
And the nightbuses that complain at us
Peeps call us right-wing but we're pretty fucking liberal
I shit you, you not cos we're all for the equal
And yes J, I agree the first Predator is much better than the sequel
No question, the second one's feeble
Kids with skids, and coughing up dust
Yeah I'm waiting man, I cuss, must, and man
Now bike chain broken, now that too much rust
And people slowly stepping in ways trying to cuss us

Here's ya getaway
I ain't gonna try to cry
Hard for your playin no smoking on the night bus
And so I must say
Kids with skids, and coughing up dust
I sad to see you cut the ties
Good man says bloody feel like leaving

In these cities, hard to see the stars overhead
Can see the moon though the street light turns it blood red
The star symbolises the guts we bled
The mouth got fed the winding alleys that we tread
The moon much bigger representing the dead
Who lie in the sewers under soldier's feet
They stir as you march while your asleep they walk the street
Put your ears to the drain you can hear them weep

So we all chat about it and we decided you should getaway
Here's ya getaway
You're getting away
Man here's ya getaway
And yeah bye bye baby
I'll see you later
I'll see you later
Here's ya getaway
Rob the bank here's ya getaway
And I'll take my ticket get out of this town

And get away
Here's ya getaway
Ah cha cha baby
Here's ya getaway
Rob the bank take the getaway
And I'll talk to the pigs hear as I say
And I'd get yourself out of this city, oh getaway
Oh man here's ya getaway
And I'd getaway, getaway, I'd getaway
Oh yeah show to the peeps I see what I see
And oh, rob the bank, Make a getaway
And I'll rob the bank, but I'll take a getaway

Here's ya getaway
Bye bye baby I'll
I ain't gonna try to cry
But I must say
Bye bye baby I'll
I sad to see you cut the ties
Bye bye baby I'll cya later