

Jilly Armeen

Jamie T

Taking sides planning a trip,
No place like home if only could afford it.
Ticket to ride connected by the hip,
Surviving on the dabs of the dust in the pocket.

Four minute mile dressing down by a friend,
You haven't seen in a while, all comes to a head.
With just one smile to say what is said,
She's light as a feather I'm heavier than lead.

You're useless to me Jilly Armeen,
Last time I ever sing a song for them.
Using you under pseudonym never again,
You always went for my friends and not for me.

Deep cuts and shards of glass,
Broken bones in plaster cast.
Hand on the shoulder he starts to laugh,
You don't hear planes when you live under the flight path.

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