

## Sticks 'n' Stones

Jamie T

When there's no one left to fight, boys like him don't shine so bright,  
Soon as I see the dust settle, he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble.  
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Soon as I see (LIGHTWEIGHT PRICK!) the dust settle, he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble.

I take a train again away from shame and blame a city pained to see,  
a friend I hadn't seen since I was drinking underage.  
I was a ten a day, how'd you say, little shit, white lightning, heightening all my courage, quick wit.  
We wore checkered season wallabies, buttoned shirts and whiskey, mutt on dressed as lamb, a fan of bands like The Jam Jam Jam Jam,  
I don't know who I am, he said I dunno if I can, I said yeah man, you can-can.

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Drunk and being sick, I feel like shit, I gotta quit.  
I hope I haven't missed the last train gonna be stuck in Hampton Wick,  
With the boys across the platform shouting "lightweight prick!"  
I'm a featherweight champion, cheap to get pissed, wish Candy were here with me, she'd deffa deal with it, tell 'em all to shut their mouths and go suck their mommas dicks, coz she ain't no she ain't that low, three fingers down, or the other two up, and I'll sing this proud.

Runnin' with believers, no time for fever, and I haven't got time for you either, with your sticks n' stones, sticks n' stones, I take 'em home on my own.  
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As I travel down the track all my memories flood back.  
We were runnin' at ease from enemies, and rushed back to your momma's flat, it's the only place but home I feel relaxed enough to crap, I know it sounds crude, but there's something in that.  
How's danny doin'? Hear he's high flyin' and that, stockbroker in the city with a lady and a baby.  
And Fee, is she free from the demons she had? Was it two months clean, routine to relapse.

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She smoked all of your weed that's why the loved ones out to leave, Why when you take the lead they stab you in the back 'till you can't breathe,

When you're bleeding on the floor, and no one hears your call at all, she screamed out to the party 'you are sheeps and cattle!'

I was hanging out with Louie in the shooting gallery, when the news got through to me about you and Jeremy.

Pat on my back, and a swig on my brew, you're still my friend, it's impossible to hate you.

Cradle to the grave, I know we always misbehave, people latch down and then they rain on our parade.

Girls we love leave when we want them to stay, like today, remember, what shall we say?

When there's no one left to fight, boys like us don't shine so bright

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Soon as I see the dust settle, let's go out and find some trouble!

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