

The End Of The Dark Tired Year

Piano Magic

The end of a dark, tired year
I slept bad, in bad dreams, on bad beer
I tried to get on but you nagged in my ear
And London is fucked,
A busted bike with rusted gears
I walk around with a knife in the cuff
But that's not gonna be enough

The end of a dark, tired year
I slept bad, in bad dreams, on bad beer
I tried to get on but you nagged in my ear
And London is fucked,
A busted bike with rusted gears
It makes me dark, dead in the eyes, a shark