

North London Trash

Razorlight

I've got a flaming road to karma and a mobile phone
Was raised by the radio in a broken home
I've got a broken smile an arrogant line
I'm really no one special but I'm in my prime

I've got a hot body girlfriend
I've got a wallet full of cash
You can bury my body
I'm just North London trash, trash

I've got a flaming road to karma and I'll do it alone
I grew up with the TV in a broken home
I've got Match of the Day, black converse
I'm really no one special, but I've seen you do much worse

I've got a hot body girlfriend
She helps me spend my cash
Then we roll on my floorboards
Like nouveau North London trash

If you don't unblock this rifle it'll blow
I've seen a ship like you come and go
I'm North London trash
I'm North London trash, trash

Yeah, yeah, yeah, trash
Trash, trash, trash

I've got pandemonium in my blood, I'm at fever pitch
I could marry her for the money but she's known to be a drag
On my collateral and my arrogant streak
I'm really no one special but I'm here in my prime and my peak

My hot body girlfriend
She makes the cameras flash
You can pin up our bodies
But you can't kill North London trash

And you ain't bad looking son, she just ain't looking for you
You ain't bad looking son, she just ain't looking for you
You've shown a lot of fight, but this ain't your night, or even
your year
You ain't bad looking now, watch where you're looking now
Is anybody looking now? Oh, trash