

## No More Gigs

Subhumans

In a smoke-filled room  
"How's it going then?" (Hahaha)  
It's not going at all  
We got no more gigs  
You always knew it could be better  
But you never thought it would end  
It only happens cos of other people  
All the money that that they spend  
On David Bowie LPs  
When I told her we were finished  
She smoked a cigarette and sighed  
"One last fag before we go home"  
She said she loved me then she died  
It doesn't happen like this  
So you always get what you pay for  
But the end result is always the same  
You lose everything you always wanted  
Because you couldn't afford to pay  
All the smoke-filled room contains  
Dejected people with no aims  
A bottle of gin, a packet of cigs  
Sing, brother, sing, we got no more gigs  
Sing, brother, sing, we got no more gigs  
Does it really matter?  
Do you really care?