

What's the point in talking shit about the weather  
If it stops me drinking and feeling worse not better  
I try to hide the bills but they aren't going nowhere  
The telephone keeps calling, but cheap whisky says I don't care

I get my kicks  
I keep buying it  
And I deal with shit  
Coz I get my kicks at Hypervalue

The weekend comes I stay at home  
My TV does the talking  
Same again I am on my own  
My mind does all the walking  
Someone called if I go out  
The drinks will come on credit  
The sound outside too good to hide  
I think I'll go out and get it

Surrounded by the crap that I don't need  
Credit cards that make me bleed  
That's all I get in this town.