

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.