

All Got Our Runnins

The Streets

Again I step out my yard
head swings round, clocks my landlord
start chippin' up the road cos I owe him three-weeks dough

The ship's sinkin', tele's on the blink
'n' in the pub it's one beer to last all evening
later on chips for feedin'

When the quids are down
try sneakin' a bottle of brandy round bouncers into the Ministry Of Sound
scored, Moffat, back indoors with a profit
'cos they do say havin' no money forces one to make the right choices on life each day
if you can't pay you can't play

Success hides a multitude of sins
but I ain't successful and my piggy-bank's still in the bin,
been there since I was a kid

Goin' round in circles, not being careful but say;
"I get paid on Friday, can't wait to live life my way"

'Cos on the streets I'm just a geezer
I gotta make ends meet, yeah?
gotta do what I need to
shit, we all got our runnin's now
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Brut pocket I'm back in the Burassic seat again
after spending sixty pound last week on beers with friends
brought it all on myself see, granted
now I'm scorin' draw for everyone to get my next spliff sorted
hang round mum's house to get smothered
got no tins in the cupboard this week
hold on to your seat 'cos it's all gone a bit Pete
live for the moment said he *wrong*
downin' beers out of my tree, now the moment's passed the cash is a distant
memory
you know things are bleak when you're tellin' the birds you asked out last week that things

Are busy
when really you've got no dough in the piggy
two days after pay day's clocked
and it's back at The Black Dog stuffin' them socks into pool table pockets

I'm skint, got no moolah
need to get some colour in my cheeks says mum
that'll be my English inner city tan
I'm skinny like a woman, need to get some punan' through the door
Please Sir, can I have some more?

oi.
oi, lend me a tenner so I can go to the chip-shop,
twenty-four garage and then for a quick top,

this time opting for the reassuringly cheap option

When the quids are down,
my Schott hoodie's my ball gown
my essential accessory is my bad day frown 'cos,
life in the third-class carriage can be evil
when your only ticket to freedom is a permit to travel
so, Uncle Shiner, you best go get the spade and dig me a grave
'cos I can't pay the rent but I got ' hundred-and-
nine pound pair o' trainers on

La la la
and then this geezer turned round to me and said
"What are you doing, you twat"
and I was like
"What the fuck, is this, what are you saying, you div?"
oi& that's it.