

# Same Old Thing

## The Streets

Yeah, street level  
Oh oh yeah, that's it..  
Right there  
At street level  
That's it that's it that's it  
Yeah oh tunes heavy  
At street level  
That's it that's it that's it yeah.. oh oh right there

Who's round is it?  
Down that beer quick smash my glass back down fall over the table  
All rowdy and pissed  
Seems the only difference between mid week shit and weekend is how loud I speak  
And whether I try to pull a girlfriend  
That's it who's got dough?  
Hey, you know I'd pay but I'm broke, only got coinage to show  
Putting off walking home on my own to my thrown  
Two empty takeaways ashtrays and remains of the day stoned  
Pick a bottle off the table, peel the label tell a fable  
Offer opinion for free and a solution to the latest big news story  
Football and smut daily as I ponder winning the lottery  
Buy a drink, chat to a lady, the girls well fit definitley, not maybe, she's  
rude I'd shag  
her and make tea right there

At street level  
That's it that's it that's it  
Yeah oi heavy, heavy  
At street level  
That's it that's it that's it yeah.. oh oh

Can't lounge in the boozier all day, got manouvers to make  
Gotta see a man about a dog, can't be late, I'm always late  
Raining cats and fog but nice and dry in the black dog  
Down it in one my son, can't sit here, gotta run.. things need done  
If they don't win this and the next run they getting relegated to the third  
division  
At street level, real people saying repeated sequal  
Rock and roll fall to the floor like last night, yesterday morning  
And the night before and the night before

Apparently there's a whole world out there somewhere  
it's right there, right there  
I just don't see it, I just don't see it, oi oi

At street level  
That's it that's it that's it  
Yeah, oi street level

At street level  
That's it that's it that's it  
yeah oi oi heavy.. heavy  
Lock the door on your way out