

There's better ways of making cash
Than waiting in parks and selling your arse.
But I'm on the move and about to stay,
Always old in a very young way.
I'm a fool to myself when I think now,
I believed in the why but didn't know how.
And now I don't fit with no place to go,
Only down in a comical show.

All of the promises and all the dreams,
Couldn't put humpty back on his feet.
All the queens horses and all the queens guards,
Couldn't put money back in the yards.

There's better ways of losing your pride,
Than waiting in queues for a cheque at a time.
But I've been taught that it's me whose the ponce,
And I can only act as I've been taught to respond.

But there's better ways to make ends meet,
Than shuffling through life dead on your feet.
But here we are and there they stay,
With their very small handouts in a very big way.