Sticks n Stones

Jamie T

When there's no one left to fight
Boys like him don't shine so bright,
Soon as I see the dust settle
He's out on the town tryin' to find trouble.
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Boys like him don't shine so bright,
Soon as I see the dust settle
He's out on the town tryin' to find trouble.I take a train again away from shame
And blame a city pained to see
A friend I hadn't seen since I was drinking underage.
I was a ten a day, how'd you say, little shit
White lightning, heightening all my courage, quick wit.
We're as thick as thieves and wannabes
Buttoned shirts and whiskey
Mutton dressed as lamb a fan of bands
Like the Jam Jam Jam Jam,
I don't know who I am, he said I dunno if I can
I said yeah man, you can-can.When there's no one left to fight
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He's out on the town tryin' to find trouble.Drunk and being sick, I feel like shit
I gotta quit I hope I haven't missed the last train
Gonna be stuck in Hampton Wick,
With the boys across the platform
Shouting lightweight prick
I'm a featherweight champion, cheap to get pissed
Wish Candy were here with me, she'd deffa deal with it
Tell 'em all to shut their mouths and go suck their mommas dicks
Coz she ain't no she ain't that low, three fingers down
Or the other two up, and I'll sing this proud.Runnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either
With your sticks n' stones, sticks n' stones
I take 'em home on my own.
Runnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either

With your sticks n' stones, sticks n' stones
I take 'em home on my own.As I travel down the track all my memories flood back.
We were runnin' at ease from enemies
And rushed back to your momma's flat
It's the only place but home I feel relaxed enough to crap
I know it sounds crude, but there's something in that.
How's Danny doin'? Hear he's high flyin' and that
Stockbroker in the city with a lady and a baby.
And Fee, is she free from the demons she had
Was it two months clean, routine to relapse.Runnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either
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I take 'em home on my own.
Runnin' with believers, no time for fever
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With your sticks n' stones, sticks n' stones
I take 'em home on my own.She smoked all of your weed
That's why the loved ones out to leave,
Why when you take the lead they stab you in the back
'Till you can't breathe, when you're bleeding on the floor
And no one hears your call at all
She screamed out to the party
You are sheeps and cattleI was hanging out with Louie in the shooting gallery
When the news got through to me about you and Jeremy.
Pat on my back, and a swig on my brew
You're still my friend, it's impossible to hate you.
Cradle to the grave, I know we always misbehave
People latch down and then they rain on our parade.
Girls we love leave when we want them to stay
Like today, remember, what Joey say?When there's no one left to fight
Boys like us don't shine so bright,
Soon as I see the dust settle
Let's go out and find some trouble!Runnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either
With your sticks n' stones, sticks n' stones
I take 'em home on my own
(repeat)

Songwriters
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