

# Whiteboy

## James

Five nights, no sleep, my mind's battered  
Stock markets free fall, dreams shattered  
    Lost cause, pulled up, a sure winner  
Made a few bob, in a new job as a serial killer  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man  
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
    Every night microwaved, TV dinners  
    Mobile phones make her brain shimmer  
    Don't say the c word she got the all clear  
That jokes bad taste and so dog eared  
    My mum says I look like Yul Brynner  
    Too old for Hamlet, too young for Lear  
    Got a shaved head, lost weight, fakir  
Got a pierced lip 'cause it's still hip to appear queer  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man  
You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
    And I'm all mashed up  
    Mum's droning on and on, and on, and on  
    And I'm all mashed up  
Mum's droning on and on, and on, and on  
    She wants this, she wants that  
    She wants bling, she wants tat  
She wants creams that can cover the cracks  
    Wedded bliss, cancer scans  
    She wants family man  
    Self esteem and her old body back  
She says  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, boy, man  
    You wanna talk to me, whiteboy, man

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