Sheila (featuring Lilly Allen)

Jamie T

Sheila goes out with her mate Stella,
It gets poured all over her fella,
'cause she's says, man he ain't no better
Than the next man kicking up fuss
Drunk, she stumbles down by a river
Screams calling London,
None of us heard her coming,
I guess the carpet weren't rolled out(Oh when my love, my darling,)
You've left me here alone,
I'll walk the streets of London
Which once seemed all our own.The vast suburban churches
Together we have found:
The ones which smelt of gaslight
The ones in incense drown'dHer lingo went from the cockney to the gringo
Any time she sing a song, the other girls sing along
And tell all the fellas that that lady is single
A fickle way to tickle on my young mans ting
She's up for doing what she like any day more like the night
She ground drunk the soles that she stole/brought/borrowed
She didn't like fights, but at the same time understood that
Fellas will be fellas till the end of time(heavens what a noise, cold blooded murder of the english tongue)
(good heavens you boys, blue-blooded murder of the english tongue)Jack had a gang that he called the many grams,
He was known as smack jack the cracker man
In life he was dealt some shit hands
But the boys got the back now
And jay went the same way as mickey and dan
A pen to mans upon the arrow wans
And man lisa had a baby with sam,
And now jack on his own man,
Well done jack, glug down that cider,
Your right she's a slut and you never fucking liked her
Not like what he stopped so shocked
'cause it turns out the last dance killed the pied piper
Tough little big man friends with your daughters
Only 'cause they drive him to pick up all his quarters
Brawler, larger lout rawness
Alter the forth from their three
But they ain't near the border

Two young guns are by your hell fire corner
Always need a favour, they never took a order,
Behave young scally wag, a fine young galahad
Glad ragged up but only ever getting fag hags,
Arm on his shoulder, cheeked by some type
Slag better understand he chained to the glamour
(?) superficial the issue
But one me and jack, dirty 5 doppelgangersSheila Goes out with her mate stella,
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'cause she's says, man he ain't no better
Than the next man kicking up fuss
Drunk, she stumbles down by a river
Screams calling london,
None of us heard her coming,
I guess the carpet weren't rolled out(its over man, its over) (get out, GET OUT)So this a short story bout the girl georgina
Never seen a worse, clean young mess
Under stress at best, but she pleased to see ya,
With love, god bless, we lay her body to rest,
Now it all dear started with daddys alcoholic
Light weights chinking down, numbing his brain,
And the doctor said he couldn't the heart their started
Now beat up, drugged up she feelin the strain
She says in a rap what the fuck I'm spose to do
Fuck it I'll start stop keep running through,
True but you try ain't easy to do,
She been buckle belt beaten from the bat like a brat,
Dunno where she goin but she know where she at,
So georgy its like a chain react,
But the truth is you know she probably fought back,
Tears stream down her face,
She screamed away,
When I fall, no one catch me
Alone lonely, I'll overdose slowly
Get scared, I'll scream and shout
But you know it won't matter she'll be passing out
I say giggidibigidiup just another day
Another sad story, that's trajegdy,
Paramedic announced death at 10.30
Rip it up kick it to spit up the viewsSheila Goes out with her mate stella,
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Songwriters
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