

# Gran's for Tea

## The View

There's a mile long queue at the chippy  
I wish I was at my Gran's for tea  
These people call me their friend, but they don't think the same as me  
Are you fed up chasing your tail round this housing scheme  
Drinkin' your drink now  
And staying up too early in the morning  
I wander through the streets of Dundee  
Mum said you shouldn't walk them alone  
A fight's a fight, 'n' that's quite alright  
But please leave the tools at home  
You lower standards and expectations of love  
You never aim for people that you think are levels above  
You're always chasing the same skirts round  
Round the local pub  
Where were you when I needed you?  
Up the posh end of town  
You're supposed to protect and serve  
You're out for a perve just driving around

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