Pacemaker

Karthago

Juveniles, hide your porno mags
The girl's got problems at her yard
So she's packing up her bags full of rags
Her man got down from Po Na Na
While the madre still in the kitchen
Smokes a 20-deck fagsBody bags come back on planes from war torn Iraq
It's the stark naked truth, a dark aftermath
Baby T, the juice and the dog just barks
Remember man the bully always had the last laughIt was a blast last night down the old 12 Bar
White socks, black shoes with the ballads in the car
With a lump in a throat she won't understand
Twos on a cigarette it's all blah blahBloody obli obla dah glug down liquor
Life goes on for all the day trippers
Starts off small but it's gonna get bigger
By the end of this letter it may all be betterWell, she's always asking with the who, where and how
The girls say, 'Ooh, la, la'
Well, if I had another chance I'd do it differently now
And the girls say, 'Ooh, la, la, la, la, la, la, la'From Trafalgar Square where the crack pipe reeking
To in your dark damp flat, the ceiling's leaking
You fell in love when you first started chatting
But got so bored 'cause she never stopped speakingConsider this son on the bad behavior
He's keeping all the freebies, delivering the papers
You hate us, shake down fakers
Oh, you'll never get nowhere, 'cause I'm the pacemakerPretty please me, oh, she's easy on the eye
Some say that today only the good young die
Ipee-oh-kai-yay, it's been right good day
I wanna ask questions but I don't mean to pryHow did you get to where you're going
To before you came slowly moseying through this bar?
You started your race, Johny Cockerel wants his money back
Give up the man he's a fruit and nut barOh, I gotta see the GP, coughing up lungs
And the doc says, 'Stop or you're going die young'
I haven't even started to do what I done
You young don't listen, you just carry onWell, we heard this before when your song got sung
Get a grip son, why? 'Cause you're always drunken
We're not captains just skivvy sunken
Humdrum drum, drum, live fast die youngMr. Skin stumbling, the road rocky
And trespassers on the private property
Remember back then it was the ranter banter
Young sons watched their young Pa's get cancerVagabond Sandy crying out for he missed her

Missed her so much that he went drank the brewery
So sing-a-long Sam this is a song about you
We all went out and we got pissed-olaI don't wanna fight, he's a right big cunt
But the fellas say, 'Go on my son, my son'
Well, it's all a bit of fun 'til someone gets done
But the fellas say, 'Go on my son, my son'Well, I'm more likely to pick up and run
But the fellas say, 'Go on my son, my son'
Ah fuck it, well, he's a right big cunt
But I'll knock him one, fuck that, run, run

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