

Jamie T

Wrapped in cling film, staying till the morning
 Working in a shop off Newport Street
 Lived in your building high up on the ceiling
 When she rushed the floorboards creaked
 Lost in this town, haunting girl
 You're calling up my friends
 Try to find out where I've been
 I'ma holding, holding it
 Gave money to the man he put a bag in my hand
 Said, "Son, don't you understand
 This isn't the way out this is the way in
 You're doubling your trouble in" Just 300, 368
 Just 300, 368
 Just 300, 368
 Milliliters down
 Where you come from? Where you at, Jack?
 Is it the clothes, the bullet holes or the shit up your nose
 That makes your body contort like that
 Like a dead-mark street-thief feeling the crack?
 They cut the paws off the boar for a fractured jaw
 That was given to the government tax
 Way back then when Maggie-aggie-aggie
 Always made him sad but she never made him happy
 I was lost weak, bleak in the street
 Knocked me off of my feet
 Hanging round with the people I should never meet
 I will always believe that the air that we breathe
 Will choke our lungs and clog up our arteries
 Now, down on my knees, take it out the police
 Take it out, throw it down call the police
 I'm up now sitting in the gutter
 Rolling back down if I hadn't come up
 Just 300, 368
 Just 300, 368
 Just 300, 368
 Milliliters down
 While the neighbors are swapping infections
 Ken and Jimmy had a spin and went mad and got sectioned
 I was outside trying to shotgun a ride off a guy
 Who like I had no sense of direction
 Tension is building in a white heart pub
 By the time we drove by the floor's covered in blood
 Man next to me said
 Oh, they're all fucking mugs, used to roll with them cunts
 Now I fell in love with a brunette rough neck fits like
 a glove
 Kept me back down when I came back up
 When my feet hit the ground, man, I started to run
 And since that day that's all that I've done
 So if you ever see me, if the town falls down

Just start screaming if she steal crown
You know they'll be lost and I'll be found
'Cause I'm 368 downJust 300, 368
Just 300, 368
Just 300, 368
Milliliters downIt's the only way that you're getting out
If you hang around boys 'round here they'll bring you down
It's the only way that you're getting out
If you hang around boys 'round here they'll bring you downIt's the only way that you're getting out
If you hang around boys 'round here they'll bring you down
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