

Get Out of My House

The Streets

I'm about to do something crazy, you'll regret this, I swear
This one time I really needed you to head over mine where
I was throwing up all morning, it was all in my hair
Then because I was so dizzy I almost fell down the stairs
Like you always do, you know, you just don't fucking care

[Chorus]

Go, get out of my house, please
Actually give me back my keys, but
I'll be proper angry, if
You're not back later on your knees

Look

Come on, calm down, it wasn't all totally like that
You're over-reacting just a bit, maybe we can sit down and chat
It's just, you know, I had stuff to do, you know, this and that
Maybe it wasn't so important as you being in the sack
But I had to sort out my pills man; I needed to stock up my stash
I couldn't do it any other day, I had to do it then, quick snap
And you didn't want me there last Sat., so I left you on your jack
And this Saturday I thought it was the same deal as last Sat. at your gaff

[Chorus]

You don't care about my broken TV
I sit on my sofa all day smoking weed
I never phoned that bloke from the TV company
So please don't be like this, please, please, please

Actually now I think about it, what am I guilty about?
I felt like I was in the wrong, I felt like I was the lout
Oy, this is what happened last Saturday now, I think I remember now
You were ill last Saturday and two weeks before that little bout
You know I need that medication for my epilepsy now
Or I run the risk of having a fit, you know I can't go without
So when you being in bed is because last night you got pissed
It's you that's being selfish, it's you that don't give a shit

I'm gone, I'll get out your house, then
I'll never, be back again, but

I'll still be 'ceiving when, you
Text me to make up and be friends

[ad libs to end]

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