No More Gigs

Subhumans

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

In a smoke-filled room
"How's it going then?" (Hahaha)
It's not going at all
We got no more gigs
You always knew it could be better
But you never thought it would end
It only happens cos of other people
All the money that that they spend
On David Bowie LPsWhen I told her we were finished
She smoked a cigarette and sighed
"One last fag before we go home"
She said she loved me then she died
It doesn't happen like thisSo you always get what you pay for
But the end result is always the same
You lose everything you always wanted
Because you caouldn't afford to pay
All the smoke-filled room contains
Dejected people with no aims
A bottle of gin, a packet of cgs
Sing, brother, sing, we got no more gigsSing, brother, sing, we got no more gigs
Does it really matter?
Do you really care?

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