Sticks 'n' Stones

[unknown]

When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble
When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find troubleI took a train again away from shame and blame a city pained to see
A friend I hadn't seen since I was drinkin' underage
I was a ten a day, how'd you say, little shit
White lightnin', heightenin' all my courage, quick witWe wore checkered season wallabies, buttoned shirts and whiskey
Mutton dressed as lamb a fan of bands like The Jam, Jam, Jam, Jam
I don't know who I am, he said I dunno if I can
I said yeah man, you can, canWhen there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find trouble
When there's no one left to fight boys like him don't shine so bright
Soon as I see the dust settle he's out on the town tryin' to find troubleDrunk and being sick, I feel like shit, I gotta quit
I hope I haven't missed the last train, gonna be stuck in Hampton Wick
With the boys across the platform shoutin' lightweight prick
I'm a featherweight champion, cheap to get pissedWish Candy were here with me, she'd definitely deal with it
Tell 'em all to shut their mouths and go suck their mommas dicks
'Cause she ain't, no she ain't that low, three fingers down
Or the other two up and I'll sing this proudRunnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either
With your sticks 'n' stones, sticks 'n' stones
I take 'em home on my ownRunnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either
With your sticks 'n' stones, sticks 'n' stones
I take 'em home on my ownAs I travel down the track all my memories flood back
We were runnin' at ease from enemies
And rushed back to your momma's flat
It's the only place but home I feel relaxed enough to crap
I know it sounds crude, but there's somethin' in thatHow's Danny doin'? Hear he's high flyin' and that
Stockbroker in the city with a lady and a baby
And Fee, is she free from the demons she had?
Was it two months clean, routine to relapse?Runnin' with believers, no time for fever
And I haven't got time for you either
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With your sticks 'n' stones, sticks 'n' stones
I take 'em home on my ownShe smoked all of your weed that's why the loved ones out to leave
Why when you take the lead they stab you in the back
'Till you can't breathe when you're bleedin' on the floor
And no one hears your call at all
She screamed out to the party, you are sheeps and cattleI was hangin' out with Louie in the shootin' gallery
When the news got through to me about you and Jeremy
Pat on my back and a swig on my brew
You're still my friend, it's impossible to hate youCradle to the grave, I know we always misbehave
People latch down and then they rain on our parade
Girls, we love leave when we want them to stay
Like today, remember what joey said?When there's no one left to fight boys like us don't shine so bright
Soon as I see the dust settle let's go out and find some troubleRunnin' with believers, no time for fever
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