Empty Cans

Streets

If I want to sit in and drink super tenants in the day I will
No-one's going to fucking tell me Jack
But can you rely on anyone in this world?
No you can't, it's not my fault there's wall to wall empty cansEveryone wanted this to all go wrong for me from the start
It's fucked up that a mans life, can just be attacked
Watching this morning with a beer is much better relying on
Unknown cunts for mates I was given that don't have my backScott texted me to say he'd have a look at the TV for me
But I layed it down telling him to fuck right off chap
Phoned this company out the yellow pages
Told them to take away the TV and fix it quick snapThe next day they took away the TV and told me
They'd repair the little bit that's broken round on the back
I thought that would be that but the next bit was on top
This was where it all started to get a bit out of handNo-one gives a crap about Mike that's why I'm acting nasty
You know what you can do with your life, introduce it up your jacksie
'Coz no-one gives a crap about Mike that's why I'm acting nasty
You know what you can do with your life, introduce it up your jacksieThe TV man comes back later, knocks on mine
To say he's found something in the back of the TV
I'm looking at it absolutely speechless
Can't quite believe he's trying to pull this fucking stunt on meI knew it was a simple case of the power supply gone on the back
But he's trying to tap me up for more money
He says it's not like that and I'm like, "Fuck off and die"
And stick up my two fingers and one more to make threeHe say's, "Don't talk to me like that" and I don't understand
Face is in his face and I tell him I understand perfectly
And he grabs my shirt and I grab his face with my hand
So he brings his fist up and twats me a good one on my cheekNow I'm trying to pull his head down so I can knee it but he's got my ear He's twisting it round so much that it's really hurting me
And we both go down on the floor and he pushes my head back
Onto the corner of the fridge which is total agonyThen he gets up and runs out the kitchen and out of the door
Shouting stuff to me, slams the door shoutin' to me
So here I am in my house, drinking on my own settee
Everyone's a cunt in this life, no-one's there for meNo-one gives a crap about Mike that's why I'm acting nasty
You know what you can do with your life, introduce it up your jacksie
'Coz no-one gives a crap about Mike that's why I'm acting nasty
You know what you can do with your life, introduce it up your jacksieIf I want to sit in and drink super tenants

in the day I will
No-one's going to fucking tell me Jack
But can you rely on anyone in this world?
No you can't, it's all my fault there's wall to wall empty cansI sat in the kitchen all fucked off
Imagining over and over what they're all doing behind my back
Dodgy things going on, actions I regretted
Stain bottle with a pipe and tin foil on the mattScott texted me telling me he'll have a look at the TV for me
And I felt like just telling him to fuck right off chap
But what he said about wanting to do the right thing by both mates
And then opting to stay out, it seemed to matchBut I's told him he could make it up by fixing the TV
He said that's the least he could do to square things flat
I thought that would be that but then the next bit was mad
This is where everything started to all turn backThe end of the something I did not want to end
Beginning of hard times to come
But something that was not meant to be is done
And this is the start of what wasHe had to unscrew about fifteen screws before he could
Pull the panel off the back to get in the fecking thing
But just as he did so, he said he saw something
That slipped inside behind the panel, down the back of itMust have been some leaflets or a bill maybe
I didn't want to lose the bill in case it was a final warning
So we both tried to get the back off and work out
If there was any more screws to get out or if we left any inAnd when he looked down the back of the TV, his eyes just froze
Before he rammed his hand in saying, "No shit"
He's looking at me absolutely speechless
He can't quite believe what he's trying to pull out the slipI get up wondering what he's smiling about
He's shaking his head at this point with the biggest of grins
I look down the back of the TV and that's where it was
In all it's glory, my thousand quidThe end of the something I did not want to end
Beginning of hard times to come
But something that was not meant to be is done
And this is the start of what wasAbout 2 this afternoon the last of the people left my house
'Coz they never stop chattin' till all the rackets gone
I really feel like things clicked into place at some point
Or maybe it's the fact that me and Alison really got onOr maybe it's that I realized that it is true
No-one's really there fighting for you in the last garrison
No-one except yourself that is, no-one except you
You are the one who's got your back 'til the last deeds doneScott can't have my back till the absolute end
'Coz he's got to look out for what over his horizon
He's gotta to make sure he's not lonely, not broke
It's enough to worry about keeping his own head aboveI shut the door behind me, huddled up in my coat
Condensation floating off my breath, squinted out the sun
My jeans feel a bit tight, think I washed them a bit too high
I was gonna be late, so I picked up my pace to runThe end of the something I did not want to end
Beginning of hard times to come

But something that was not meant to be is done
And this is the start of what was
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