Rawhide

Jamie T

Gonna get to the post office
Walk in the door look at the shopkeeper
Say "Hello Sonny, where's your poppy?
And how much money does he keep in his locky?"Well, we heard him say and I walk away
Has he got the time to go
He screams to silence, "Dad's got no money
And I don't like violence, take what you want though"
That's enough of thatWell, they laid their plans of the mice and men
Out on the kitchen floor
Said rookie if you don't want to take the heat
You better roll out that door'Cause they're leaving five bout minutes in the car
They're gonna go driving far
And oh my god, venomous hide
We'll have hides of gold
And they moved it out to move it in
And I know what to doSaid the young man who stood next to them
No longer first of all not part of the crew
Well, oh, I say same time, time is moving fast
And motorways they fly by satellite towns of the M25Come see all your slave, you give all you gave
I'm the one who tried to save the man I love
Is it all talking true all the lies of me and you
Is it all to with prideYoung raw hide
Young raw hide
Young raw hide
You lied tonight to meWell, you drive away on the corner
Waiting on the motorway
(On the motorway)
Then I slide down town
To the bored satellite and the fightWalked in the door said sonny
Ain't funny, funny, ain't sonny hate me
I'm fine and dandy got to hand me
No one makes no money for free
Money, money, moneyGonna get to the post office
Walk in the door look at the shopkeeper
Say "Hello Sonny, where's your poppy?
And how much money does he keep in his lucky?"Well we heard him say as I walk away
Has he got the time to go
He screams to silence "Dad's got no money
And I don't like violence, take what you want though"Run, run, run your hideaway

Run, run, run your hideaway
Run, run, run your hideaway
Run, run, run your hideawayRun, run, run your hideaway
Run, run, run your hideaway
Run, run, run your hideawayLied, lied, lied
Lied to meCome see all your slave, you give all you gave
I'm the one who tried to save the man I love
Is it all talking true, all the lies of me and you
Is it all to with prideYoung raw hide
Young raw hide
Young raw hide
You lied to meGonna get to the post office
Walk in the door look at the shopkeeper
Say "Hello Sonny, where's your poppy?
And how much money does he keep in his lucky?"Gonna get to the post office
Walk in the door look at the shopkeeper
Say "Hello Sonny, where's your poppy?
And how much money does he keep in his lucky?"
Done?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/