Same Old Thing

Anything After

Yeah, street level
Oh oh yeah, that's it..
Right there
At street level
That's it that's it that's it
Yeah oh tunes heavy
At street level
That's it that's it that's it yeah.. oh oh right there

Who's round is it?
Down that beer quick smash my glass back down fall over the table
All rowdy and pissed
Seems the only difference between mid week shit and weekend is how loud I speak
And whether I try to pull a girlfriend
That's it who's got dough?
Hey, you know I'd pay but I'm broke, only got coinage to show
Putting off walking home on my own to my thrown
Two empty takeaways ashtrays and remains of the day stoned
Pick a bottle off the table, peel the label tell a fable
Offer opinion for free and a solution to the latest big news story
Football and smut daily as I ponder winning the lottery
Buy a drink, chat to a lady, the girls well fit definitely, not maybe, she's rude I'd shag
Her and make tea right there

At street level
That's it that's it that's it
Yeah oi heavy, heavy
At street level
That's it that's it that's it yeah.. oh oh

Can't lounge in the boozer all day, got maneuvers to make
Gotta see a man about a dog, can't be late, I'm always late
Raining cats and fog but nice and dry in the black dog
Down it in one my son, can't sit here, gotta run.. things need done
If they don't win this and the next run they getting relegated to the third division
At street level, real people saying repeated sequel
Rock and roll fall to the floor like last night, yesterday morning
And the night before and the night before

Apparently there's a whole world out there somewhere

It's right there, right there
I just don't see it, I just don't see it, oi oi

At street level
That's it that's it that's it
Yeah, oi street level

At street level
That's it that's it that's it
Yeah oi oi heavy.. heavy
Lock the door on your way out

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