The Prophet

Jamie T

There's fire in her eyes in the altercation
She blames her poverty on her parents generation
She says they sniffed it up their nose now they want our payments
Its fucking cold in here, the landlord's tryna make us vagrants
And Jacky our whiskey buddy hits him with an iron fist
The landlord goes down swinging while you drink your buddies piss
I don't know what to do now that I'm definitely on a list
I just sit back, drink brew with Coca-Cola communistsI'm glad you came and turned up next to me
Like a grenade with a pin out at the party
You're like a fucking hurricane next to me
There's fire on the fringe whittle them down, downI think she lost her looks to the beauty and terror
She says her friends are fucked and in the fairest of weather
She asked me is it painless am I humouring the brainless
Being young and drunk and all fucked up and being in entertainment
I don't ask the questions I don't write the rules
I'm up for suggestions I will follow you through
It can't be any worse then what I've been up to
It can't be any worse then what I've been up toI'm glad you came and turned up next to me
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There's fire on the fringe whittle them down, downI don't know what it is that your doing to me
I haven't cracked a smile since '93
She says a pretty dull, dull place to be
No shit Sherlock, shoot them down, down, downI don't ask the questions I don't write the rules
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