

Memento Mori

The Streets

Ah, what was the question

Oh yeah, momento mori

It means remember it's inevitable that we will all die
It sounds quite depressing when said so raw and direct
But it means don't hang yourself on a material life
But that gets dropped when I'm bop on shopping day
Am I shallow, am I hung up on such wrong ways
Yes I am shallow and loving every wrong play
If love is blind then why do we all buy lingerie
I've got nothing in my life away from the studio
So when I'm loose I end up consuming dough

Memento mori, memento mori

It's latin and it says we must all die

I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit

So I buy buy buy buy buy buy

If I start to think of life I have prangs of paranoia

Pull one stripey shirt off a racks or another

Over think my fate grasping a pastel jumper

Panic buy a flight home, prang though actually sober

Change my mind and fly back into Vegas

Buy more pastel shades and some famous labels

Frame the Ferrari through the day with the mayhem

Just to forget about the race in my head

I don't really care about the luck and the look

But driving a Ferrari is fucking book

Memento mori, memento mori

It's latin and it says we must all die

I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit

So I buy buy buy buy buy buy

I think if I could see me now from my growing past

I'd Hate the shirted cunt that seems to be so fucking flash

I reckon from the threads I think all I think's about cash

But my manager tells me I ought to think about cash

It's like people don't know the eighties started

My car just keeps carding with the card machine

You don't regard the old you, driving a Ferrari

Mine's the driving license through Nevada at speed
I never think about money
In fact I have no idea how much money I have

Memento mori, memento mori
It's latin and it says we must all die
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit
So I buy buy buy buy buy buy

Chilly 'n Carmen air sips as I'm parting her hair
But I'm an asbo drinker I want to be chilly parkair
But asbo drinkers just don't dig my art and my flair
Even if they dig my asbo driving, past their carlight flair
Sometimes when I my diamond trinkets with my whores
I know I've strayed a bit from my old sins and my walks
But then I laugh out loud that my car still fucking talks
I feel awful for a bit but at least I'm not poor

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by SKINNER, MICHAEL GEOFFREY
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>