Leave The City And Come Home

The Rakes

So here you are in Hoxton two years on
Since you left that little no where that you're from
First few weeks you stayed with your ex,
Same old arguments but without the sex.

Now you're renting down the road its not so cheap
Every weekend police stayed in the street
Wirey looking kids looked up eyes down
We then biked to the arctic crown

Now they're squaring up
"What phone you got bruv"?
Yeah they're gonna give you grief
You still get home in one piece.

In the bar your mates spark celebrity
But you're not fussed by the gay guy on CBBC
Limos fury hen nights to the west end
The night is dragging its heals till the end

Now he's in your face.
"Got any drugs on you mate"?
You get out for some peace
Still get home by our feet
See now your home,
Crashing out in your coat
Jet lagged from the night bus/bars?
Planning your escape

No point in trying to act all hard
As the kids take the piss when you walk past
No sane place left to go
Your mates aren't in the start and yes I'll grow

Now you're tearing up
Just need one night off
Get out of this in one peace
And come home for some sleep

Now you're home

Crash out in your coat
Jet lagged from the night bus
And plan your escape.

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