British Intelligence

Jamie T

British Intelligence, they're on your back
And they won't catch no one so they won't catch me
Three, fours and right up your back
And you just got sacked, now your money's not freeTaking time has never won enough
And three to the four when you're really wired
Too much is never enough, now you're firedThis is for the cold concrete sold by the feet
Taxed by a man that I'm yet to meet
Pay an army, I'm hardly ready to speak
Memories start in 93And [Incomprehensible] came round last week
And told me she's sick and tired of womenI'm still traveling trains delayed in the rain on a Monday morning
Watched by surveillance teams business men live out their dreams
And sleep with secretaries
In stockrooms over flowed with coffee and machinesWhile we're still riding
Trying to find a place where they're not watching
Called her up in the end
To apologize for being so drunk and stubbornBritish Intelligence, they're on your back
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Travel down the inner to the suburban
He's lurking, burning cigarettes on
We'll be on the bar that his lover works inAnd, and a legal lay in the end
Jessie from the west said marry up quick
Get lost in the system
With a BCG and a finger print scanWhile the boys from old Poland
Work their fingers to the bone for the minimum
Man, I was outside calling a friend
Trying to save claim on the money I lentWhile were still riding
Trying to find a place where their not watching
Called her up again
Identity cards and camera menBritish Intelligence, they're on your back
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He said Suzie, let's move on the double

Would we, please get him in trouble?
He said could we, would we get him in trouble?
So would you, should we better get him in trouble?
Three weeks down and now you've burst you'reBritish Intelligence, they're on your back
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