

Drugs Party in 526

G.B.H.

Dog tired sleeping on the train.
A couple of hours and we'll be home again.
But a big man dressed in blue said,
"Hey you lot, we want you". We had a drugs party in 526. The flick knives were all they found,
Ross had lots of fun bending down.
Stranded in the smoke, get out of that.
Wilf he's safe at home stroking his cat. Lumpyjack's fault he wrote the note.
Got drunk on the duty free we got on the boat.
Living in a cell really void of time.
Offensive weapon be in court by nine.

Songwriters

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ROSS ANDREW

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