

So Lonely Was the Ballad

Jamie T

So lonely was the ballad
Harmonica man Sam was so knackered after jives of love
He puts on the gloves and then puts on his hat
Then it's home to the missus who sits on his tongueSelfish sons with their packs of cigarettes
Forking out two take your girl with the ticket
Sometimes sane other times not with it
Standing at the picket, man your hands theyre freezingGirls with their pearls on the flex of Monroe
It's an half g blow Marilyns gone loco
Navaho, hi ho silver
Hey ho, let's go dancing with the average joesWe talk with their fists and argue with their friends
Always take the piss but theyre loyal in the end
But watch out 'cause theyll steal your girlfriend
Take her 'round the back; she'll come back limpingGirls singing on the bus, fellas kicking up a fuss
Crying out sighs but theyre still looking dangerous
Oh, this is definitely all for you
Living life in the fast lane and a
Give it up when you got no game, well, oh
Oh, this is definitely all for youSo remember when you choke there's a reason being
We leaving the town 'cause we ain't been believing
Blowing up smoke from the lungs to the ceiling
Making sure nightmares turn up when you're dreamingWe all good, we can bounce this way
On the mike everyday, kicking up the country, oh
Good time in the old city
Who listening and who wants more?'Cause the girls singing on the bus, fellas kicking up a fuss
Crying out sighs and theyre still looking dangerous
Oh, this is definitely all for you
Living life in the fast lane and a
Give it up when you got no game
I said, Oh, this is definitely all for youAnd how it was they noticed
How the panic times subsided after listening to this tape
So, we would appreciate your feedbackPeople who have panic attacks
Often feel that they should be able to deal with them
And indeed the resources you need are already within you
It's just that sometimes the appropriate responses
To a particular situation are not immediately accessibleSome of them said you never made the cut
And young son break away wanna be older
Sober as a judge as the door slammed shut
Three bags full and a yes for the no sirSay as you leave them, "Get up and go, go"
Say, "Hello, showaddy waddy wa wo wo"

There's never been a better way
Than getting right out of this town on MondayWell, I still wear my old tap shoes, they fit
You and me looked twelve years old back
When I was ten whilst boozy Suzie
Got woozy with a hoozy, advantage takenIf I ever see again that chaperon
Get kicked in the teeth by street-done tone
Well, her dress is ripped and her shoes are soaking
One step, three back, drinking potionGirls singing on the bus, fellas kicking up a fuss
Crying out sighs and theyre still looking dangerous
Oh, this is definitely all for you
Living life in the fast lane and a
Give it up when you got no game
Well oh, this is definitely all for you

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