

# PaceMaker

## La patÃ´re rose

Juveniles, hide your porno mags  
The girl's got problems at her yard  
So she's packing up her bags full of rags  
Her man got down from Po Na Na  
While the madre still in the kitchen  
Smokes a 20-deck fagsBody bags come back on planes from war torn Iraq  
It's the stark naked truth, a dark aftermath  
Baby T, the juice and the dog just barks  
Remember man the bully always had the last laughIt was a blast last night down the old 12 Bar  
White socks, black shoes with the ballads in the car  
With a lump in a throat she won't understand  
Twos on a cigarette it's all blah blahBloody obli obla dah glug down liquor  
Life goes on for all the day trippers  
Starts off small but it's gonna get bigger  
By the end of this letter it may all be betterWell, she's always asking with the who, where and how  
The girls say, 'Ooh, la, la'  
Well, if I had another chance I'd do it differently now  
And the girls say, 'Ooh, la, la, la, la, la, la, la'From Trafalgar Square where the crack pipe reeking  
To in your dark damp flat, the ceiling's leaking  
You fell in love when you first started chatting  
But got so bored 'cause she never stopped speakingConsider this son on the bad behavior  
He's keeping all the freebies, delivering the papers  
You hate us, shake down fakers  
Oh, you'll never get nowhere, 'cause I'm the pacemakerPretty please me, oh, she's easy on the eye  
Some say that today only the good young die  
Ipee-oh-kai-yay, it's been right good day  
I wanna ask questions but I don't mean to pryHow did you get to where you're going  
To before you came slowly moseying through this bar?  
You started your race, Johnny Cockerel wants his money back  
Give up the man he's a fruit and nut barOh, I gotta see the GP, coughing up lungs  
And the doc says, 'Stop or you're going die young'  
I haven't even started to do what I done  
You young don't listen, you just carry onWell, we heard this before when your song got sung  
Get a grip son, why? 'Cause you're always drunken  
We're not captains just skivvy sunken  
Humdrum drum, drum, live fast die youngMr. Skin stumbling, the road rocky  
And trespassers on the private property  
Remember back then it was the ranter banter  
Young sons watched their young Pa's get cancerVagabond Sandy crying out for he missed her

Missed her so much that he went drank the brewery  
So sing-a-long Sam this is a song about you  
We all went out and we got pissed-olaI don't wanna fight, he's a right big cunt  
But the fellas say, 'Go on my son, my son'  
Well, it's all a bit of fun 'til someone gets done  
But the fellas say, 'Go on my son, my son'Well, I'm more likely to pick up and run  
But the fellas say, 'Go on my son, my son'  
Ah fuck it, well, he's a right big cunt  
But I'll knock him one, fuck that, run, run

Lyrics provided by

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