

# Jubilee

## Blur

Jubilee slouches in the settee  
He's losing all will to move  
He gone divvy, too much telly  
He watching twenty four hours of rubbishHe got butane he got plastic bags  
His eyes are going square  
(Oh yea)  
He no loafer just anti-social  
He no going to cut his hairHe dresses incorrectly  
No one told him seventeen  
(Ooh)  
(He no mean enough)  
He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him seventeen  
(Ooh)  
(He no keen on being like anyone else)Jubilee's dad Billy Banker  
(Thinks his son's a slob)  
He is a slob  
Should get out more, stop scabbing  
He really should go and get a jobHe dresses incorrectly  
No one told him seventeen  
(He no mean enough)  
He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him where to go  
(Ooh)  
(But he just don't get out enough)He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him talk to girls  
(But he's just too spotty)  
He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him seventeen  
(Ooh)  
(He no keen on being like anyone else)  
(So he just plays on his computer game)He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him seventeen  
(He no mean enough)  
He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him where to go  
(Ooh)  
(But he just don't get out enough)He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him talk to girls

(But he's just too spotty)  
He dresses incorrectly  
No one told him seventeen  
(Ooh)  
(He not keen on being like)  
(Anyone he's not being like)  
(Anyone Jubilee's not like)  
(Anyone else)

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