Hardest Way To Make An Easy Living

Streets

I need something in my life to straighten me out
Let's rent this shed, we'll do vocals in the bog
Call toast PR tell 'em we've opened up shop
Campaign meetings at Warner, no coke and not drunk,
Three years to make this work, or look a joke and be broke
Blag their lawyers like the con with a dog,
And there'll be no more straight scores to drop and keep dropping
Settle my gross addictions with my net and come, tell my mum over tea that my whole life's fucking up
We've got two hundred and fifty grand in the budget to go, subtract five for club promo.
Lose five for a good video and fifteen for a dud video - fuck that

It's the hardest way to make an easy living
The party stage is a bit nearer to delivery

Mayhem texts me about the press and TV
See if I've taken any Es,
So I can get some sleep,
Nap on the settee, the laptop next to me
Wince for my family at the skinner scandal of the week
TV pluggers, product managers straight up
Club promo needs to step up, help it work
Stick to our guns, don't crack to demands
Tell my mum in the car, that the car might have to go back
Two hundred and twenty five grand, twenty six grand for a showcase and, five more on tour support and support story

Chorus

We'll never get bankrupt if we never have a go
This is no ordinary label, I need to flash up my flow
Go into Morris Stead as well as Saville Row
I want a pin-stripe suit that no man owns
Cash in the Kano beat for the silver shadow
Send it to warrior for the flash and the glow
The safest way to double your money is to fold it in your pocket
Tell my mum during breakfast that I got no sleep
Eight grand payed in September, April, may and December
If this keeps going so well, this is going to be the end of us

Chorus

In spread betting it's easy to draw a small fortune start with a big fortune and lose into a small fortune
Haven't got a clue, we blindly charge on
Death threats from a boy of the girl I sarged on
She said she didn't have a bloke, another lesson marked down
Verbal agreements aren't worth the paper they're marked on
Get scans of reviews, we beg to chart up
Tell mum over tea, the press have started up
We've spent a fortune, 'cause with ghost buying it's the end for tune
We need to sell some records soon

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written by SKINNER, MICHAEL GEOFFREY
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