The 90's

Robbie Williams

Picking up the story from where I left off, it's 1990 now so school can fuck off
I got no GCSEs, nothing higher than a D,
I couldn't tell me mum because she'd batter me
Me and ?? sat on the bowling green, life is a shitter
We had five quid between us, bought us six cans of bitter
I took me ten Benson home and I smoked through the sorrow
If I could just avoid me mum maybe I'll tell her tomorrow
I stumbled through the door and said "Mum, it's like this."
She said "That man's been on the phone and you've made the list!
You're in that boy band, son, come and giz a kiss!"
Phoned up Martin and Rich and carried on getting pissed
"Boys I don't believe it, I'm gonna be famous!
Pick you up in a Porsche and buy you lots of trainers."
I met the other guys, one seemed like a cock
I think it's gonna be like New Kids on The Block

[Chorus:]
I cant be bothered, cause I'm lazy
I hate those that hate me
I cant forgive and it's crazy, baby
Now I'm a video star
Do you know who you are, baby?

I adopted four brothers, some I liked more than others
One was like a brother from another mother
But the lead singer made it hard to like him
And I still loved him, despite him
The first three months, you know, I nearly quit
I played snooker with me dad he said "Don't be a dick!
Unload the bullets, your mind is a gun,
You're gonna shoot yourself when they're number one!"

[Chorus]

Now it's dinner with Versace, lunch with Princess Diana
And I'm gonna get battered if I go out with ??
Because as much as we were loved we were also hated
The boys got jealous cause the girls got ??
Now we're famous and that, and we're dancing and that
And I'm thinking "I can't see! Why am I stood at the back?"

So fuck the band give me some ??
So now we're all a bag of nerves and not a band of brothers

[Chorus]

And now it's breaking my heart because the dream's turned to shit
It ain't broke but I'll break it in a little bit
And I'm always in trouble but I've stopped saying sorry
Everybody's worried "What the fuck's wrong with Robbie?
He's not answering his phone, he's not talking to me
I saw him on the telly at Glastonbury."
And now I'm running away from everything that I've been
And I'm pissed and I'm fucked and I'm only nineteen
I can't perform no more, I can't perform no more
But the boys know I'm fucked and so they show me the door
And if truth be told I wasn't fit enough to stay
So I put me head down and walked away.

That was the 90s; 90 to 95

[Chorus]

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