It's a Mugs Game

Soft Cell

Oh God, it's another night
And your head is feeling like a lump of lead
You should never have drunk those party-fours
You should of been home being good insteadEver been in a deja vue and the end is the same again
You ran out of your silver thins and you're trying to be so high class
Though you need a bath and your hair's looking like string
And though you're nearly broke you end up paying for all the drinksAnd you tell them, "Oh, it's nothing
There's a million where those came from"
And then you whisper to your longest suffering friend
"Please lend me a few quid"Oh God, it's another day
And your stomach's feeling like a blown-up balloon
You should never have eaten that greasy food
The doctor told you that chile was bad for your bloodAnd you're standing at the chemist in boots
Coughing up your guts like you're at deaths door
And all this for a packet of Do-Do's
And the assistant gives you a wink and you turn bright red
It's at time like this that you wish you were deadAnd you take the whole packet and you feel like you've drunk
A bottle of bleach and you tell yourself
"Never, never again, not until next week anyway"
And you were never one for holding drinkAnd you stagger off to the toilet
And you throw up like it was Christmas
And you miss the bowl and you hit your shoes
And there's no paper towels, what else can go wrong for youIt's a choice between a cab fare home and a packet of cigarettes
So you choose and the money sticks in the machine
And the manager says
"Tough shit, drink up and leave"Oh God, it's another disease
And you just got rid of the last
You were beginning to feel okay
And the friends you gave it to were speaking to you againAnd you find yourself having sex in the back of the car
And the girl underneath doesn't care who you are
And you're nearly there and she still doesn't care
And her chewing gum is getting stuck in your hairAnd there's something wrong
Something that you forgot
Oh shit, you've forgotten the rubber
And you don't want a kidWell, deny it was you, oh Christ, if your dad finds out
Then he'll make you stay in and do your homework
And cut your hair and wear your school uniform out in the street
What a fate worse than deathOh well, he can't hit you, you can hit him back

And play your records so loud
All the ones that he especially hates
Deep Purple in Rock, Led Zeppelin II
Well, even you hate thoseWell, on second thoughts
I think I'll leave home and go and live in America
Because they earn more money there
And you can get away with murder, yeahOh, this is a mugs game
I can't wait until I'm twenty one
And I can tell them all to sod off

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