I wake up on broken glass
But you left your number
All the members of the cast
Reckon I was lumbered

Did you steal it Did you screw me Did you peel it Did you do me

Are you out there Mr no-one Is my investment growing Sorry that I got so drunk But I wrote you a poem

Did you search me Did you turn me over While I cold turkeyed On the sofa

Did you steal my money

How can we forgive a grievance
Now that we all live with demons
Did you know that poor old veteran
That you kicked out of his bed
Says that he cannot forget you
But he does not wish you dead
Leave his gold watch in reception
He will keep the sixteen stitches in his head
Did you steal his money

Did you pinch my trainer football Say if you half inched it Thought I heard a female foot fall While I washed my kitchen

Did you use me Why'd I trust you Why'd you abuse me I won't bust you

Did you steal my lorry
It fell right off my lorry

Did you pinch my brasso Nick my gelt you asshole