

Leon

Baxter Dury

I've tried so hard to run, we don't belong here
I'll find you anywhere in broken glass

Why am I condemned?
'Cause I'm the son of a musician
Because I don't wash or you think I'm too posh

I'm too heavy
Where's your daddy?

Fuck you Leon, you stole the sunglasses and I got busted
I'm the son of a famous working class poet who knows
But mumma's normal she'll solve the issue
She'll call the police and get off with it
I'll go back to school and everything will be normal
Porridge in the morning and be normal

I'm afraid we cannot contact your parents

Okay, sit in this damp cell and don't you say where fuckin Leon
is

I have to sit here looking at the ladies cats, fuck that

Daddy lives in St Tropez, what am I gonna say?

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No one's at home, no charges, no sunglasses
No point in keeping me
Just because my daddy's famous in Kensington High Street
Leon fucked you
Who stole the computer game, I'll get the blame
I'm not normal citizen, always will carry your debt
You think I'll care?

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