

Dirty Kitchens

Boston Manor

'Cause I'm not the person I used to be and I'm speaking straight through me
Weaknesses are others faults but do you have to put me down?
Maybe I'm lacking your wit but trust me I see straight through it
This is not a joke yeah you fucking hurt, trust me I mean every fucking word

It called for me to write this song
Did you ever wonder maybe you were wrong?
And all those doubts you put inside my head
Did you ever wonder it's maybe you instead?

Condescension and scrutiny, with emphasis and energy
Dirty kitchens, shitty night, I'm fucking done
You're middle class, you're university, you've got a mum and dad and you're healthy
So help me out there's no I in team, but you're on the verge

It called for me to write this song
Did you ever wonder maybe you were wrong?
And all those doubts you put inside my head
Did you ever wonder it's maybe you instead?

Another year (another year)
We're almost done
Another year (another year)
It was almost fun
Another year (another year)
You should be the wind in my sails
Another year (another year)
Not the hole in my faith

In the words of my new friends
At least I'm fucking trying