

Tough Guys

Cock Sparrer

I know he's not the kind, the kind that settles down
And I know he finds it hard to keep his feet on the ground
He goes drinking every night down the pub with all his mates
Getting into fight's staying out till late
But when he comes home rolling drunk
Don't get the 'ump, just remember

Even tough guys need someone some times
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He don't where armani suits or shirts pressed nice and clean
He wears doc martens boots and dirty Levi jeans
Your friend's all think he's gross and your parents hate his guts
And once he gave you a dose but the tablets cleared it up
They all say he's no good, but he's misunderstood, and remember

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He drives his car to fast he don't remember what you said
His promises don't last and he's lousy in bed
And when you're at a party and he's puking in the bin
And you're try to remember what you ever saw in him
So don't go into one, he's only having fun, and remember

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