

Cold Win

Ghostpoet

So a crunching bird flu signals another day
Boss thinks I'm stubborn eh, but I wish she would button it
New kicks, loving it, took me like two months
But big things from cold feet, one squashed like butternut
Outside the double dutch kiddies wait for chicken fix
And I hate the lunch run, six months I'm out of here
Saving up the pennies cos the city's too gritty
And cooking french fries ain't pretty

Can someone show me the way?
I don't know this place
I rose awake in a dream
I need to go back before the sun goes down on my heart
Before the sun goes down on my heart

All my clothes smell of grease
A night on holiday
Break my back all week for
Crumbs and abuse
And I swear what's the use?
Quick sip of Lucozade to pep up the bones
And amp up Ramones
And volume maximum
I'm feeling like Maximus
You know in that film? Film4 Tuesdays
And highlight of the wicked week
Complain til [?] bleak or some navy blue
I don't know you

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