

Beckton Dumps

Humble Pie

Oh yeah
I can't seem to open my eyes
But I must get out of this bed
'Cause the phone keeps ringing downstairs
And I know that this ain't no place for a sleepy head.

I go down to my chest, oh yeah!
Put on my old string vest
Swing it on, babe.

Well I feel like I'm in need so I go back up for a smoke
And then I slip back in my easy chair then I give my lucky dog
a stroke
Well he just gives me a wink and I know what that mean now
Well it mean that I need to put on his lead
If I don't want a mess on my cheap pan.

That's cool 'cause I know I can trust him
To grab the fuzz if they bust in
Get him, boy, oh yeah.

Well what does it take to make a jelly roll ?
Who can you sell ?
When I wake up to a grey day
How do I slip away so easily ?

Oh!

Baby!
Baby!

Well I feel too old to get a hair cut
And I ain't had a shave in months
Now when I don't go out, I keep my door shut
And I get on back to good old Beckton Dumps.

Drowning, now warn you
I'll be right back.