

Wrapped in cling film, staying til the morning
Working in a shop off New Bond Street
Lived in your building high up on the ceiling
When she rushed the floorboards creaked

Lost in this town, haunting girl
Your calling up my friends
Try to find out where I've been
I'm a holding, holding again

Gave money to the man he put a bag in my hand
Said son don't you understand
This isn't the way out this is the way in
Your doubling your troubling

Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty eight
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty eight
Millilitres down

Where you come from, where you at Jack
Is it the clothes, the bullet holes or the shit up your nose
That makes your body contort like that
Like a Denmark Street thief feeding the crack
They cut the paws off the boar for the fractured jaw
That was given to the government tax
Way back then when Maggie-aggie-aggie
Always made em sad but she never made em happy
I was lost, weak, bleak in the street
Knocked me off of my feet
Hanging round with the people I should never meet
I'll always believe that the air that we breathe
Will choke our lungs and clog up our arteries
And now, I'm down on my knees take it up on the police
Take it down for a man did a call the police
And I'm up now, sitting in the gutter
Rolling back down if I had to cover upper

Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight
Millilitres down

While the neighbours are swapping infections
Ken and Jimmy had a spin and went mad and got sectioned
I was outside trying to shotgun a ride off a guy who like I has no sense of
direction
Tension is building in a white heart pub
By the time we drove by the floor's covered in blood
Man next to me said oh, fucking much just throw them cunts
Fore I fell in love with a brunette rough neck
Fits like a glove, kept me back down
When I came back up
When my feet hit the ground man, I started to run
And since that day that's all that I've done
So if you ever see me, if the town falls down
Just start screaming as she steals off his crown

You know they'll be lost and I'll be found
Cause I'm three hundred and sixty eight down

Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty-eight,
Three hundred, three hundred and sixty eight
Millilitres down

It's the only way that you're getting out
If you hang around boys round here they'll bring you down

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