

# British Hell

Jamie T

They call us walking corpses  
Unholy living dead  
Hey, they wanna lock us up  
Keep us in this British hell

Cannibalise  
Hell of a life  
Pelican leg they bled  
The dead until the dead they come alive  
There comes a time we must all die  
In that moment  
Do a line  
Become the ones we have all hated  
Spelunk the queue  
This shit you knew  
The toilet line created  
Feel obliged  
We must arise  
And fuck them cunts that are giving eyes  
Feel it pumping through my chest  
The bass it bottoms the top of her spine  
You see her every other night  
She hates the times when I get wasted  
The landlock blues  
The shit we use  
The island we've created comes alive

Hold you close if only for a second  
Use it as excuses but I bet he's got a weapon  
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Use it as excuses but I bet he's got a weapon

And now we're driving in her car  
In the dark  
In the deep, dank bush  
Panicking and trauma  
Guess it's something that I took  
Cos I never needed no-one  
I'm a self-made man  
But now I'm seeing double (double, double)  
Well I see her at the bar  
In The Star  
At the after-after-party  
I said "Do you like the coup de grâce?"  
Keep me warm up in the tap  
That feeling of half-empty  
I remember middle twenty  
I was arrogant and uncouth  
I know exactly who you are

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But we still ain't talking and blistering  
Pills on the side  
When overseas expats are burning flags  
And vote that way is shocking  
But it ain't uncommon  
In this world to eat a lie  
To meet the demons in my head  
Demons in my bed