

Get Down

Kid Kapichi

So it's Friday night
And work was shite, surprise, surprise
But it's all good vibes
Getting ready to "Staying Alive"
Group chat's popping off
Kev can't make it, that's a shame
Says he's got a cough
Alexa, play Elton John (Sorry)
Alexa, I didn't even fucking say it wrong
Julie's on the way down
On the way from London town
Tracked her on Find My Friends
So I say "see you soon" and press send
Jumped in the cab, check my phone, keys, wallet
"It's this one here mate", I say
Feet to the curb, and I'm off like a rocket

I get high when I'm feeling low
I go fast when I'm feeling slow
I get down, I get down, I get down, I get down
Down, I get down, I get down, I get down

So we get to the bar and Charlie's working (Charlie)
That's good, he's my favourite by far
He always sorts me out
Especially when he knows I'm skint
So we down two mojitos, avoiding the mint
I stick a quid on the pool table to save my place
And these two blokes walk in, both off of their face
The more sober man approaches the taps, he says
"I'll have two pornstars, and some drinks to go with that"
Clicking his fingers, waving his hands
Charlie shoots me a look, urging me to bite my tongue
This time I'll oblige, let them have their fun
Just remember, the night's still young

I get high when I'm feeling low
I go fast when I'm feeling slow
I get down, I get down, I get down, I get down
Down, I get down, I get down, I get down
I stay up 'cause I feel alright
I proceed 'til I see the light
I get down, I get down, I get down, I get down
Down, I get down, I get down, I get down

I get out of my head
All these things I said I never said
I can't tell if I'm dead

Six of us around the table staring into the abyss
Is this what it's come to? Is this really it?
5 a.m. and five percent
And I don't dare look at my bank account
How the hell am I gonna pay my rent?
"Might have to hit the road soon, fellas
Mother's day tomorrow, don't wanna be a dick"
"Staying Alive's" just come on shuffle, I feel sick

Trying to call a cab but they won't answer
"Hey mate, have you ever heard this song called 'Tiny Dancer?'"
I nod with a blank expression, wishin' I was anywhere but here
I take one last sip from the can, but someone's ashed in the beer

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