

# Becca, Becca, Becca

RAT BOY

Becca, Becca, Becca, slept with forty fellas  
She's eighteen, on the scene forever  
Don't know Diana, Blair or booze  
But she knows [?] one-two-threes  
Because she works on the bar almost every night  
Got a pick-and-mix of the finest dicks  
She know what she wants, she can get any man  
And she won't fall for any of your cheap plans

Open thighs, ripped tights, she don't have any right  
Rusty mopeds, mornings in bed  
Girls hit roulettes, man on a street bench

Gone back to the hometown, same ground, raining down  
National Express and it could've cost less  
CCTV on board  
Lot more than the government can afford  
Cameron's cuts and the Queen's criminals  
Cutting all the costs while sending subliminals  
Selling off your gold when you get old  
Do as you're told, go bald, and then fold

I've been running round  
Running round the same town  
Acting like a total clown  
Chasing my baby round, baby round  
I've been running round  
Running round the same town  
Acting like a total clown  
Chasing my baby round

Finish education but in this nation  
Can never find a job, from the car, I've been robbed  
Handed in a CV, parents don't believe me  
They think that it's easy, wish that they could just see  
But I'm doing just fine  
I ain't on the streets, a product of crime  
I'm just taking my time to find my mind  
I'm one-of-a-kind

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I'd like to, lad, but don't think we can afford to  
You'll have to ask your mother