

Carry On

RAT BOY

Grew up to battle in the work races
Pick up your pace checking floored cigarette cases
Get on the bus see the same sad faces
Waiting for their friends in their designated spaces
It's weird to think that I've been doing this for thirteen years
and only received up to six grades
Hope soon I'll be able to learn a trade
So I can finally start getting paid

Well all my friends are growing up
And I seem to be staying the same
Going to their universities
Now I'm not a person to blame
Heard one bad story
They all know more than me
And I've never left the country
And a week around here's enough to make you crazy

What are we supposed to do?
There is no future for me and you
What am I supposed to be?
Well my eyes they can hardly see

Girls at the parties act like Skins
With the smoking and drinking and the sexting
Regret it in the morning, as the light is dawning
Cry on their sister, there's someone whose dissed her
Yes, yes, yes we've heard it all before
He's already had a fight but he still wants more
Rotten to the core, wrong side of the law
What on Earth are you doing that for?

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