

Hanging Round

RAT BOY

Well my name and your name are still carved on that brick wall bus stop
From the late night kebab and chips and waiting for the bus that never came
Spend nights huddled up in doors
Well I wish my girl were as dirty as this van
Well what now big man?
This is all a part of our master plan

Every light in the night looks like a police car coming round the bend
The boy's soon traded in the 'peds to be a part of the latest trend
When's it all gonna end? Some friendships never mend but we can try to prete
nd
I still stand by you when you act like you do, when you're acting like a tot
al

Yawn in the morning, awake at night
Always act tough but we've never had a fight
Last generation of the door knockers
Bit weird, feel uncomfortable around the coppers
Writing hieroglyphics on the wall
I've never been out on the pull
Walking home with taxis and drunks
It's just that feeling of rejection

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Job seeker's line getting longer and longer
For sale signs getting bigger and bigger
When you gonna figure out what its all about
There's a lout with a foul mouth
Drinks are warm and the weather is cold
The girls are too young and the men are too old
Live for the weekend work for the money
Wake up early the next day, its good money

Well I can't go home tonight
Won't you let me in, won't you let me in
I won't kick up a fuss no fight
Just a bit tired, like, and you must know it
Well I can't go home tonight
I'll be out by the time that its light
We sleep separately in the same bed
Well I can't go home tonight

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