

## Turn Round M8

RAT BOY

Bored of working through the racing days  
Don't fall through the concrete holes  
Or anything else because that's just another fact  
That they can't help you with

The cunt stunk of skunk as he grabbed me by the neck  
Trackies and North Face, a future court case  
Wrong place wrong time, I'm a victim of a crime  
My life and my belongings have done been put on the line  
If he gets caught he probably won't even get a fine  
My shit already sold never get back what's mine  
The sad thing is, well, this ain't the first time  
And when I think of it, it sends stabbings down my spine

Bored of working through the racing days  
Don't fall through the concrete holes  
Or anything else because that's just another fact  
That they can't help you with  
There's nothing new under the sun  
And modern life has lost its fun  
And anywhere I go, they'll take your money  
I can't take it anymore

Turn around, walk away  
You might live another day  
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You might live another day  
Turn around, walk away  
You might live another day  
Turn around, walk away  
You might live another day

Roses round the railings, picture what I'm saying  
Spending all your savings just to keep up with your cravings  
Wannabe road men cracked tarmac needs a mend  
Well I start to wonder where all the money gets spent  
On rent, we keep looking up for tomorrow  
We beg, we steal, we borrow, next year no more sorrow  
And the sad thing is, well, this ain't the last time  
And when I think of it, it sends stabbings down my spine

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