Bittersweet Symphony

RÉN

I've got dirt on my Reeboks from staying out all night
I spent my last ten pounds on this pack of Marlborough Lights
I phoned up Stevie, I said "G, you alright?"
He said "It's six in the morning, brother! Get some shut eye!"

I feel a sense of wellbeing this time in the morning
Wear my heart out on my hoodie while the city is snoring
Drunks falling off the sidewalks, get issued a warning
Distant sirens, they crescendo like a symphony calling

This it the Britain I know, this is the Britain I love
There's poetry inside this city if you listen enough
Working class causalities out on the streets sleep rough
While a mother with her baby takes her pram to the pub

And while she's knocking them down, the cost of living goes up
I can't relate to politicians with their head in the mud
I resonate with messy Fridays, with the boys smoking bud
We do our bit to numb the struggle, as below, so above

As as above, so below, here in the city we glow
I blow a smoke ring up to heaven and it makes a halo
And then the clock strikes seven, guess it's time to head home
My companion is the city, so I'm never alone

I'm stepping in and out of gaps of the pavement cracks
And if I go to sleep now, that's an anti-climax
People rise for work and the sun mirrors that
A perfect juxtaposition for those out on the lash

Bare with me, it's beautiful, I think its irrefutable
There's beauty in a contradicting Britain... Indisputable
Junkie in a cubicle, that old spoon is usable
His mother's in a black suit, crying at a funeral

Nine to five crucible, this route is not commutable
A kid falls off the tracks and then he serves a stretch in Juvenal
Libbies at the Doleys but her dispositions humourful
While Davey's at the bookies and his mates call him delusional

Britain, drink it down and moan about the weather
When the sun starts shining feel the factor 10 tremor
Boys will be boys, will be in it together
Until the fists start flying like they're Connor McGregor

And then he's out... I think he too took it too far
I think the boy saw red, I think he hit him too hard
Now he's face down on the pavement with a face full of tar
Mad how small altercations can define who we are

That's my cue! I guess it's time to head home
It's bittersweet how my high found its way to be low
And I've said it once before, as above, so below
Living on the streets of Britain you just go with the flow

But I'm done... I'm out for the night
As the sun paints the pavements, I'll turn out the light

White noise on the radio to quiet my mind
Always was an over-thinker, just the way I'm designed

Britain, drink it down and moan about the weather
When it's all said and done we'll be in it altogether
Boys will be boys, will be like it forever
It's a bittersweet symphony, we're birds of a feather

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