

Leave Fast

Sam Fender

Dark grey vistas of this weathered place
The blue star on the Nautilus
The old boys like chimneys
Mass of filth and rubbish outside the houses
And broken fridges and torn up sofas

The boy races, tearin' down the Beehive Road
Leadin' out to coastlines
Where kids freeze their lungs and
Run amongst the rolling dunes away from everyone

Oh, leave fast or stay forever
An old man told me to leave fast or stay forever
Leave fast or stay forever
Ooh-ooh

Boarded up windows on the promenade
The shells of old nightclubs
And halfway houses
Intoxicated people battlin' on the regular
In a lazy lowlights bar

Poor souls sleepin' on shop front doors
Being turfed off by the council
Forgotten by our government
And selfish little baby with no responsibility
Watching people die in the cold

Oh, leave fast or stay forever
An old man told me to leave fast or stay forever
An old man told me to leave fast or stay forever

Ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh