

Spice

Sam Fender

Bright kid, leaves school
Gets job, hates it
Fakes it, too long
Sees no, way out
Can't talk, to girls
No sex, for years
Loses, his will to live
But he found something better

Spice up your life
Who would want anything else?
These moment of oblivion are all I need
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Sells his, stuff for
Nothing, to fund his
Newfound, salvation
Sexual frustration
Is a thing of the past

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Smashes, up his
Mates house, goes home
Fucks up, his dad
Beats him, so bad
Arrested, thrown out
Homeless, so sad
His brother, will find him
And give him a hiding

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News in, he's off it
But he's not, the same kid
I've seen him, last Sunday
His head's fucking gone mate