

PX CD

SS looks like SS without the line leather  
Wallpaper in the lift  
I still buy your shirt  
Through the eye of a needle  
The red blood of history  
At your disposal  
High heels, Evel Knievel  
A picture of Keef lookin' like a twat  
Who cares about rock stars anymore?  
Big leather chairs and panelled walls in Tudor flats  
It gave birth to a million street alcoholics  
That you ignore  
Ooh, I need a D-string from the guitar store  
I'm turnin' over a new leaf  
There's no drugs left on this one  
Plastic belly, "Oooh, my gawd, Sharif."  
Opinionated trainees  
You've had ya 15 minutes on Facebook  
Where the garden of splendour fell all over ya  
You loved it  
Print the A4 page  
Print the A4 page...  
Ah fuck off!  
Sir Paul, you can find binspiration in everything  
The recyclable black bins  
Bags of dog shit  
Angels sing

New bragues, do a selfie  
Quick, do it in the design office  
This place looks sick  
Better than your own house  
Anything's better than ya own house  
The Lamp in Sneino is better than your own house  
Get a quick giggle out of the unfortunate drinking  
Holes of the lower classes  
It's muggins after ten by the angry underclasses  
"What y'got?"  
"Nothin'."  
"Don't looke like it."  
"Oi, what you got?"  
"Nothin'."  
"It don't look like it."  
Stuck on repeat with a broken nose and robbery  
Beat Street

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The recyclable black bins  
Bags of dog shit  
Angels sing