

Total Control Racing

I was supposed to be going out, that took ages
Kids are hardcore, aren't they?
They don't mess about
Madhouse, chit-chat, duties, more nappies
Then I manage to get out
The sharp night whistled around my coat, as I motioned up to the main road
The wails of your offspring behind ya, cracking window
It's hard, innit, when you plan to do something
But at that moment you realize it's not quite right
Not really something you should be doing tonight
Well before me a few hellos, expectant mums with blokes that I know
The bus whirred, three-fifty all-day ticket
But I knew deep down I wasn't going to use it later

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I arrange my coat on the front seat and blend it in with the low lighting
People on the way out too, talking
Everyone still looks like Ena Sharples and Ray Reardon
People need to move on
That '50s look can do one
Elvis has definitely left the fucking building
I got a wine, large, shoved it down me, awful
I hate the 5.8
I thought about it, I thought about his face when I asked if he had any Rioj
a
He didn't like it
Don't look at me like that
Like you think I'm some wine twat
I like it
I sit in me house a lot
Eventually you get an idea, little shit
Go and listen to some fucking garage punk, you pointy little tit

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The sofa sank, I couldn't relax
I felt cramped but luckily the table next to me got up and left
And apart from the eight empty pint glasses they left on the table
I thought it was the better bet, more upright
I ain't slouching, I'm not a beatnik
Although, this pub did call for that kind of angle
I hate going out, going out is for young people
I can't sit and enjoy a drink, I want the lot
Have you got any numbers?
And how much has he got?
The trappings of luxury can't save you from the nail-
biting boredom of repetitive brain injury
The injury of your useless mind, stuck to the track
Clinging onto years of that's not yours that's mine, give me it

Total Control Racing, TCR
Going round and round, under the bridges
Slowing down, it's all about technique
Hand shandy chic, under five second flat
The tragedy of the male-less fucking man

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