

# It's a Mugs Game

Soft Cell

Oh God it's another night  
And your head is feeling like a lump of lead.  
You should never have drunk those party-fours,  
You should have been home being good instead.

Ever been in a deja vu in the end it's the same  
Oh yeah you ran out of your silver thins  
And you're trying to be so high class  
Though you need a bath and your hair's looking like string  
And though you're nearly broke  
You end up paying for all the drinks  
And you tell them "Oh its nothing,  
There's a million where those come from."  
And then you whisper to your longest-suffering friend  
"Please lend me a few quid..."

Oh God it's another day  
And your stomach's feeling like a blown-up balloon.  
You should never have eaten that greasy food.  
The doctor told you that chili was bad for your blood.

And you're standing at the chemist in Boots  
Coughing up your guts like you're at deaths door  
And all this for a packet of Do-Do's  
And the assistant gives you a wink  
And you turn bright red  
It's at time like this that you wish you were dead  
And you take the whole packet  
And you feel like you've drunk a bottle of bleach  
And you tell yourself "Never, never again."  
Not until next week anyway..  
And you were never one for holding drink  
And you stagger off to the toilet  
And you throw up like it was Christmas  
And you miss the bowl and you hit your shoes  
And there's no paper towels  
What else can go wrong with you?  
It's a choice between a cab fare home  
And a packet of cigarettes  
So you choose and the money sticks  
In the machine and the manager says  
"Tough shit - drink up and leave."

Oh god it's another disease  
And you just got rid of the last.  
You were beginning to feel Okay.  
And the friends you gave it to Were speaking to you again.

You find yourself having sex in the back of a car  
And the girl underneath doesn't care who you are  
And you're nearly there and she still doesn't care  
And her chewing gum is getting stuck in your hair  
And there's something wrong, something that you've forgot  
Oh shit you've forgotten the rubber  
And you don't want a kid well deny it was you  
Oh Christ if your dad find out  
Then he'll make you stay in

And do your homework  
And cut your hair  
And wear your school uniform out in the street  
What a fate worse than death

Oh well, he can't hit you you can hit him back  
And play your records so loud  
All the ones that he especially hates  
Deep Purple in rock, Led Zeppelin too.  
Well even you hate those...  
Well, on second thought  
I think I'll leave home and go and live um... In America  
Because they earn more money there  
And you can get away with murder - yeah!

Oh, it's a mug's game

I Can't wait 'til I'm twenty-one  
And then tell them all to sod off!