

Give Me My Lighter Back

The Streets

'Cause I can't be doing with your crap anymore
So why don't you give me my lighter back, and then track?
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So why don't you give me my lighter back, and then track?

You walk in the door, packed pockets; guess what, geez?
Say you've had it but now you've lost it again
You've forgotten to bring your wallet
But fair play, I buy youse a brandy and Coke, safe
I always do anything for my mates, go sit down, I'll bring it over
'Cause I'm no way that you always seem to avoid paying
But your blag, blag, blag, gets scene, scene, scene
And how many missed calls have I got to take
Before you get some credit and call me for a change?
Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh?

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Oi, then after I top non one two one, I notice you've gone
And I'm sat staring into space
Lookin' like a billy, no mates on his tod
My favorite lighter seems to have done one
'Cause it was here when you were here
And now it's gone now you're gone
I mean, just 'cause I bought you a drink
I'm not trying to tie you to the seat
I don't give to receive, but you seem to live to receive
So I end up chatting to Andy
Talking about his fucking grief
With the knob you gave me for twos

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Half-hour on, I'm makin' my way to the bog
Say "Hi" to him, nod to the corner, say "Safe" to your one
Now walk past the bar where you're at
You've blatantly bought her a jar
With the money you said that you didn't have
I walk past but I wanna lose my rag
And then I do my business, and as I've come out the bog
Your girlfriend walks in, sees you drinkin' with next girl
And tips the drink over your head
And if you ask me, it serves you fuckin' right
You have to hold it down

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Oi, I got a bassline solo comin' for you, man
Oi, bassline solo, take the bassline solo
Raw, raw
Bassline solo, na-na-na-na
Oi, James Hyman
Thank you very much for the Xbox
I've been fucking killing that Halo game