

Dark Days

Yard Act

The truth was sold, that's where the trail goes cold
My shoulders shudder at the thought of puffing my chest out as I walk home a lone
Under the arches, there's this bloke with car boot
Full of stolen phones, knock off cologne
And mink carcasses

Near mint condition from Selfridges, mate
I see arsonists with business rates etched on the back of empty match boxes and
Police officers getting their truncheons polished off in the bushes
Wondering what all the fuss is about and what I'm looking at

But if looks could kill
My vacant gaze wouldn't even pierce the skin
I'm not lazy, ambition is just something I have no interest in
At least when I meet my maker, I'll embrace all my mistakes
As I descend into the bowels of hell with a shit eating grin on my face

Dark days, it's a never ending cycle of abuse
Dark days, I have the blues and I can't shake them loose
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Was skeptic due to how the media had depicted ya
Though getting to know you better
We clicked and so we stuck together
Turning the corner of the burning cenotaph of those coppers clocked us
Stopped us and shook us up and down
With no grounds to and no due process
They started discussing whether to let us off for doing nothing
Or maybe pop us for "looking like" we might be hiding something
But then the radio buzzed in, "They caught car boot man with the lot"
Thank fuck, I bought you enough time not to get shot

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My best ideas are borrowed, but they're never half baked
They're hard to swallow, hey, I'm an acquired taste
And if you wanna climb the ladder of success on Judgment Day
Take my advice and reinvent the reel completely, believe me (Dark days)

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