

# 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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