

The Overload

Yard Act

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I'm shakin' up my eight ball cause I'm trying to see
What tomorrow's world has got in store for me
Yeah freedom don't come cheap
I'm bartering hard with no room to give
Living my life as if my head ain't a complete sieve

Hold your horses, bandage up it's bloodied knees
Poor thing's been exhausted since '83
But from the causeway it's hard to see the full extent of the damage
You couldn't see the woods for the trees
Fuck me, how am I supposed to cope
In the age of the gentrified savage
There's no hope

Kids these days they think they've been hard done by
But they've never even looked at an iron lung like I did once
They've got the whole thing wrong, just bumbling along
On the bottom rung sucking each other off and huffing designer bonges

It's a constant hit, it's not worth what they paying for it
In my day, the gear on the street was so weak
You could eat your ambition in a matter of weeks
Just trying to envision the peak and that's bleak (And that's bleak)

The overload of discontent
The constant burden of making sense
It won't relent, it won't repent
How to remain in dissonance

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Now then, look, what you need to understand is
If you wanna make some decent money from it
You'd be better off kicking that dickhead singer you've got out the band
And getting yourself a gig down The Grand
I know the landlord, Fat Andy
And I bet he'd be up for giving you a leg up
If you just give him a hand

Just don't be doing originals
Play the standards and don't get political
I know what that dickhead singers like
He'll end up in the back of an ambulance
With the mic stand rammed up his arse twice over
All because he couldn't ignore the flag and be polite

Show some respect and listen to my advice
'Cause if you don't challenge me on anything
You'll find I'm actually very nice
Are you listening? I'm actually very fucking nice

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