

Budgie, Anne Nегgen

I don't see the future, I feel it day to day
Dirty nights are passing by, I gotta learn to pay
Trucking down to London, gigs that never end
Foggy days and motorways
Will drive me round the bend
An` again (x 8)
Went to see my agent, natty looking gent
Dirty dates and dirty plays,
We must be trucking bent
Only real solution, help me on my way
Close my eyes and visualize
Some peace to help me play
When time is tight your look ain`t right
And keeping time is an upward climb
P's and q's just follow you
And all the time you feel the grime like hell
Creeping down the highway, feel like one per cent
May god make the papers say
We're going where we'll win
We don't mind a work down
When the night is through
Kids give us the feeling that we only give to you