

Nadine Shah, Twenty Things

He's got a fire in his belly□

I could never tell him

I'm the one who's always getting the blame□

now we have removed the bottle□

I'm teething and I'm tired□□

Everything is just as it was, the same□

Everything is just as it was, the same

A craving's quiet but it's plenty

I stop and count to□twenty□

Twenty□of the worst□things□that I can think□

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The playgrounds silent and it's empty□

The locals soon forget me□

I don't have the skill for playing your game

The Priest sings in the hope and ruin□

The drunkard starts to boo him□

Propping up the gossip and his good name□

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The shame is awesome but its fleeting□

Gets seen to with a beating□

Half the clergy came to hear the man sing

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They're laying flowers by the bus stop

Some poor old junkie's lucks up□

Took a man and woman on the same day□

His right leg shorter than the other

The second eldest brother□

Goes to see his mother every Sunday□

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He wrote a song for Elvis Presley□

But Elvis never heard it□

Whistling an old tune as the bell rings□

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