

The Crookes, Backstreet Lovers

Razor tea-cups and tip top craic
of the crooked, Backstreet Lovers and sons
Lawless law men walk the streets of
Dirty meadows of foul mouthed mothers and guns
Brick blacked-up kids mugged me the day I
ran off with your sister
a young school maid, caught up in a world of
Backstreet Lovers.
Lovers and sons, I waved her away to a friend
at least that's what she said.

Rotting teeth of a grubby gran
fill the alleys of the stolen roll-ups and blunts
a skin-head dad came cap in hand
with a duster and flash of switch blade fun
still on the dole, though the picket was broken
a soiled age ago.
But he's caught up, caught up in a world of
Backstreet Lovers
Lovers and sons, I waved her away to a friend
at least that's what she said

tangled in the roots and tangled in the weeds
of a concrete jungle came that girl from Leeds
in torn dress and tights,
she ain't no slag.
i won her over with a '40 bag.