

Me, White Noise

Blur

Oi
You're a little mug ya little tart
No education
Everybody comes in and out the room
They're out the room, they're in the room, they're out
That's right, no-one's hurt
You know they're not comin' in with a pair of marraccas are they?
Doin' a f*ckin' bit of marracca and stuff
Like, you know what I mean
Don't ya, you know, you know well what I mean
But I ain't moaning about it or complaining about it or anything like that
'Cos like that's what it is you know, you know and you kick a football
You kick a football, everybody kicks a football
I don't wanna rant and rave, yeah alright, at all, fair enough innit
Fair enough
And like you're going like "Sorry, sorry mate,"
You know you get down now, and you look at the wall
And what does the wall say to ya?
I ain't a mirror, f*ck off
That's the way it goes
It's true though innit?
Think about it
Don't stall man, I've got houses to build

And then you move, move, move, move
And you push, push, push, push
And you trip over yourself and you think to yourself
Why am I here?
I'm here because I've got no f*cking choice
And furthermore
Furthermore
You're boring! (repeats)

Can we stop now?
Can we stop now?
Can we stop now?
Can we stop now?
Can we stop now?
Please?

Don't even know you're innocent
Mmm

'Salright

And there's a lot of snides out there
Wanting to have a little pop at your life
But they're wrong
Nah, they're just nasty
You know, I've lived all my friggin' life, right, trying to do it right
And like, it's impossible
I've got a gun you know, and I'd use it
I wouldn't, I wouldn't, ah, I wouldn't I can't get it out you know
What I mean, if I got a gun, I would use it
But maybe I would, but maybe I wouldn't
But this is it man, this ain't America for f*ck's sake
All I wanna know is how people get in and I want them to get on

But I don't want everyone blowing each other off
If I had a bomb, I wouldn't blow up no-one up
That's the way I feel, you know on the underground train
You get on an underground train
You get on an underground train
Off you go
Zhoom, you're in Holborn
Bosh, you're in Covent Garden
Bosh, you get out, everybody's alright
Everybody's alright
No-one does that much to each other
And then you move, move, move, move
And you push, push, push, push
And you trip over yourself and you think to yourself
Why am I here?
I'm here because I've got no f*cking choice

And furthermore
Furthermore
You're boring! (repeats)

It's me, White Noise
Me, White Noise
Me, White Noise
Me, White Noise
Me, White Noise

Understand?