

# As Time Goes By

Devlin

I'm fed up with life at the minute  
So I get it off my chest when I'm writing my lyrics  
Having to give my Nan hospital visits  
I just pray to God she don't turn to a spirit  
Cause she's the only Nan I've got left  
And it hurts in my head when I contemplate her death  
Knowing that one day soon she'll be gone  
That thought leaves me short of breath  
Yeah that's just one of the things  
That makes me feel like I'm running in rings  
No process made that's a regular thing  
But if I stop spitting that would be the death of a king  
I've got to learn to focus my mind at the lowest of times  
Then lo and behold the scene could be mine  
Draw you a picture with words I describe with a caption beside

As life goes by, in the blink of an eye  
I stay focused on writing my rhymes  
These streets are inviting to crime  
If I didn't write music I'd probably go mad in my mind  
Because it's only music that keeps me sane  
Plus bud and beers to forget the pain  
Just reflecting my days go away

Let me tell another story, tell about a 23 year old man that don't wanna' fail  
Every move he makes his heart's in it, from the start to the finish  
Because losing ain't never ever been an option  
Constantly cooking up plans and concoctions  
Raised in a place called Hoxton  
By his Nan and granddad, gets to see his mum on a weekend  
That was a treat then she was spoilt rotten and then its back to the east then  
Years later man will be sick with a big pen  
Living in a place where the youths strap big lens  
Pure drama a star performer leave the boost so hot u could call it a sauna  
10 out of 10 I'm back at it again whatever the outcome its music to the end

Just another day in the life this music ain't paying me right  
Like a worker at MacDonald's receiving minimum wage  
I get pennies for the shit that I've write on the pages  
Like I'm feeling so what in slaved due to power and urban decay  
There ain't no prospects in the UK today  
So my mates keep playing up the 'caine  
I don't know what I stand in the struggling and strain  
I'm trapped in the thunder and rain  
But I don't give a fuck for the fame so if I full pray to my sins then lust is to blame  
I'm in your ear like blood in your veins  
And yeah I'm on the road like buskers and trains  
I'm just like everyone I love to be paid  
I'm messed up it must be the bud that I blaze  
There ain't nothing for us  
The way I'm feeling there ain't no word in the thesaurus  
Born on the 7th of may I'm a Taurus  
Can't keep my job cause I can't take orders  
I feel like I'm outside of the borders

Looking inside of the rich and the borders then I take a look around my head  
quarters  
And I'm ripping my hair out soon my heads gonna' look like Gail Porter's  
They hit us with extortion and treat illegal immigrants much more important  
than me and you  
Cause I've lived there all my life and live got nothing to show for it  
And you can't get rich from work so spitting I've gotta' have a really good  
go at it  
I've put my boat in the stream and now I keep rowing it it's my dream I won'  
t let go of it