Memento Mori

Ah, what was the question Oh yeah, momento mori It means remember it's inevitable that we will all die It sounds quite depressing when said so raw and direct But it means don't hang yourself on a material life But that gets dropped when I'm bop on shopping day Am I shallow, am i hung up on such wrong ways Yes I am shallow and loving every wrong play If love is blind then why do we all buy lingerie I've got nothing in my life away from the studio So when I'm loose I end up consuming dough

Memento mori, memento mori It's latin and it says we must all die I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit So I buy buy buy buy buy

If I start to think of life I have prangs of paranoia Pull one stripey shirt off a racks or another Overthink my fate grasping a pastel jumper Panic buy a flight home, prang though actually sober Change my mind and fly back into vegas Buy more pastel shades and some famous labels Frame the ferrari through the day with the mayhem Just to forget about the race in my head I don't really care about the luck and the look But driving a ferrarri is fucking book

Memento mori, memento mori It's latin and it says we must all die I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit So I buy buy buy buy buy

I think if I could see me now from my growing past I'd Hate the shirted cunt that seems to be so fucking flash I reckon from the threadsI think all I think's about cash But my manager tells me I ought to think about cash It's like people don't know the eighties started My car just keeps carding with the card machine You don't regard the old you, driving a ferrarri Mine's the driving license through Nevada at speed I never think about money In fact I have no idea how much money I have

Memento mori, memento mori It's latin and it says we must all die I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit So I buy buy buy buy buy

Chilly 'n carmen air sips as I'm parting her hair But I'm an asbo drinker I want to be chilly parkair But asbo drinkers just don't dig my art and my flair Even if they dig my asbo driving, past their carlight flair Sometimes when I my diamond trinkets with my whores I know I've strayed a bit from my old sins and my walks But then I laugh out loud that my car still fucking talks I istene f awful for a bit but at least I'm not poor

The Streets