

At 17 you're in a world of your own
You think that no-one quite understands
Your mother is telling you to stay at home
Your father has quite different plans

You've packed your bags and you're ready to leave
Like so many times before
You leave the envelope on the kitchen table
As you turn the key of the door

I'm so sorry but you'll never understand
But you've never had the problems that I've had
And I think that I can make it
But life is just a game
And I'm dealing all my aces
While I grit my teeth in pain

I'm not a casualty (Hey boy)
I'm not a number (Do you really care?)
I'm not a casualty (Hey boy)
I'm not a number (Do you really care?)

I'm looking through glossy magazines
They make it look oh so real
But my life isn't quite right just now
Who knows just how I feel

Another tube station and a false address
Know where to sleep tonight
Another false friend who smiles and smiles
And smiles through his evil eyes

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