

# The Strangers, Straighten Out

The break of day has come, I see the cracks have just begun  
To line the walls, line the walls  
I want to see the little girls and boys destroy their toys  
And line the walls, line the walls  
What a fate for little girls  
British boys minds in a whirl  
Tell you things that'll make your curls  
Straighten out, straighten out  
Straighten out, straighten out

I'm twenty years or more, just tell me what we're living for  
So tell me now, tell me now  
Frustrated intellect, the government capitulation  
Follows now, follows now  
What a fate for little girls  
British boys minds in a whirl

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