Underworld, Ring Road

I want you to be the way I want you to be and when you're not it hurts me Like

Shredded tape, something sticky for

Security

Wrapped tight around a metal box to imitate

Security

There's a blue sky over me, but

The fear is on me

In a place where ball games are strictly forbidden

Luxury 2 bedroom departments

Overlook the traffic lights next to the rails

It's a hot day, it's a,

It's a hot day

A lazy day for some, but I'm bringing from the inside all these things, I see a wall

I know it's gonna fall down, maybe hurt someone after it's been

Tagged

And fly posted

It's a rush job

It looks good for long enough

Knock em out and sell 'em, move on it's a

Fast book

And the race is on

Get in, get out, get what you want, get out

It's the short term

The long term can look after itself

Unless you happen to be living here

I've gotta stop

"Refrain:"

People are squinting to block out the sun

Complaining or soaking it up

Praying for rain the next minute for a

Scorched earth

What it's worth

Enough is never enough

Let's have a little moan

Put the world to rights, sit back and watch it all slide by

It's a view from a train

Pay somebody else to drive

See the suits

I see the suits, sunning themselves on the steps

Of the supermarkets, and I think of you when I'm alone like this

Burning from the inside

I found a new door, didn't know where it went

I went through, I came out in this shopping mall

Where boys wear England shirts and Westham shirts and Arsenal shirts

And the boys from Dagenham wear jackets called Harlem

Grinning at the door of the

Anne Summers sex shop, it's St. George's day

And all the old people smile

The young people look hungry

Looking for a new door, I'm in the sun at the back of the shops where the purple wheelie bins are p " Fire Exit"

The smell of grease, there's a broken glass thing under my feet

The boys stop for a smoke in the sun

And watch girls cross from the job centre to the

Station

A drunk stands in the door of a pub (pump?)

A bunch of pea sticks in one hand

A cheery carrier bag hanging in the other

Hanging in the other

Girls in England shirts read the papers and giggle at the table in a caf Offering home-made dinners, it's good food But your clothes come out smelling of grease I got my back to the rail at the end of the alley By the by-pass, you just might see me scratching All these things Inking it out Deliver us from temptation And doubt, there's an abandoned trolly Called safe and radio one And on And another England shirt out in the sun Spring falls in, pink On the blacktop and cracks Black and yellow tape covers the scene of a break-in And every time I think of you I get my peace back

"Refrain"