

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 trolley
Called safe and radio one
And on and on and on and on and on and on and on 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"