

# Aztec Camera, Get Outta London

Words and music by Roddy Frame

The sun dying on a dusty room,  
TV lying to me through the gloom,  
Even remote control can't change this mood,  
Get outta London while the getting's good,  
Get outta London while I know I could,  
Get outta London.

Train's come just ride and believe,  
The engine running's all the music I need,  
I've got a fear of the past and a hunger to feed,  
Get outta London and you shall be free,  
Get outta London and it's guaranteed,  
Get outta London.

I walked the avenue of dumb signs,  
Meant nothing and it felt fine,  
Then I remembered what was really mine,  
A silver shiver running down my spine.  
Down where the streets are pave with sick schemes,  
The river's running like a snake through a dream,  
The politicians gaze across its slime,  
I need another way to waste my time,  
Get outta London, get outta London.

I saw the spectre of charity,  
And he didn't seem brotherly,  
Popping up what should be blown away.  
A brotherhood of man in disarray,  
I got hit by the dreamers disease,  
Where your big ideas,  
Don't make connection with your buckling knees,  
And saw the greed and agreed that it sucked,  
But they said, "Don't laugh at money cos it's bad luck"  
Get outta London, get outta London.