

# Blur, Essex Dogs

I remember thinking murder in the car  
Watching dogs somersault  
Through sprinkles on tiny laws  
I remember the graffiti, we are your children  
Coming in with spray cans of paint  
I remember the sunset and the plains of cement  
And the way the nights seems to turn the colour  
of orangeade

In this town cellular phones are hot with thieves  
In this town we all go to terminal pubs  
It helps us sweat out those angry bits of life  
From this town the English Army grind  
Their teeth to glass  
You'll get kicked tonight  
Smell of puke and piss  
Smell of puke and piss on your stillettoes

Here comes the panic attack  
My heart stops then starts  
Give me a drink  
I'll drink your round  
I'll take you round the pole  
It's cold up here  
You'll catch the flu or you'll catch the city  
Either way, you'll catch the flu  
Or you'll catch the city