

Maximo Park, The National Health

England is ill and it is not alone
I heard it through the tinny speakers on a cameraphone
The things you hear and the things you see
Are amplified into a ca,ca, cacophony
The lost identity in my dream before
I ride the local train, I'm not above the law

Serendipity puts away with me
Houdini couldn't escape from me

I wouldn't bet my life (He wouldn't bet his life)
Maybe things will change tomorrow
I wouldn't bet my life (You would be mad to try)
Maybe things will change tomorrow

The daily grind, the moral wealth
A potrait of the national health
The national health

England is sick and I'm a casualty
I'm in a constant state of flux in terms of what to be
We generalise and we live inside
I feel we're heading for a ca, ca, catastrophe
The lost identity in my dream before
I ride the local train, I'm not above the law

Serendipity took ahold of me
Fellini couldn't have dreamt of this

I wouldn't bet my life (He wouldn't bet his life)
Maybe things will change tomorrow
I wouldn't bet my life (You would be mad to try)
Maybe things will change tomorrow

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Did you hear? (You what?)
I went down to the council today (What did they say?)
They sent me away (No way!)
My word holds no sway (Who's to blame?)
You are... (Oh yeah?)
I guess I couldn't be tamed

The daily grind, the moral wealth
The family binds by means of stealth
A portrait of the national health!