

# Pet Shop Boys, King's Cross

The man at the back of the queue was sent  
To feel the smack of firm government  
Linger by the flyposter, for a fight  
It's the same story every night  
I've been hurt and we've been had  
You leave home, and you don't go back

Someone told me Monday, someone told me Saturday  
Wait until tomorrow and there's still no way  
Read it in a book or write it in a letter  
Wake up in the morning and there's still no guarantee

Only last night I found myself lost  
By the station called King's Cross  
Dead and wounded on either side  
You know it's only a matter of time  
I've been good and I've been bad  
I've been guilty of hanging around

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So I went looking out today  
For the one who got away  
Murder walking round the block  
Ending up in King's Cross  
Good luck, bad luck waiting in a line  
It takes more than the matter of time

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And there's still no guarantee  
There is still no guarantee