

# Platinum Blonde, Doesn't Really Matter

It's been a hard day in the city  
It affects you in the most peculiar way  
Dull day don't seem pretty  
We've said all that there is to say  
And if you were to ask me questions  
You don't really want to know  
Your concern is just for show  
Your name's a number, just press a button  
Your memories lost but they've not forgotten

They try to break our lust for passion  
They try to tell us that it's not in fashion  
And if you were' to ask me questions  
What are we fighting-for?  
We're just breaking down the door

(chorus)  
It doesn't really matter  
I've been through this all before  
It doesn't really matter

They fight in England and Northern Ireland  
The police they try to hold us still  
They can bleed us and they can feed us  
But you know they'll never control our will  
And if you were to ask that question  
What are we fighting for?  
We're just breaking down the door

(chorus)